The Saturday Evening
# POST
October 4, 1958 – 15¢

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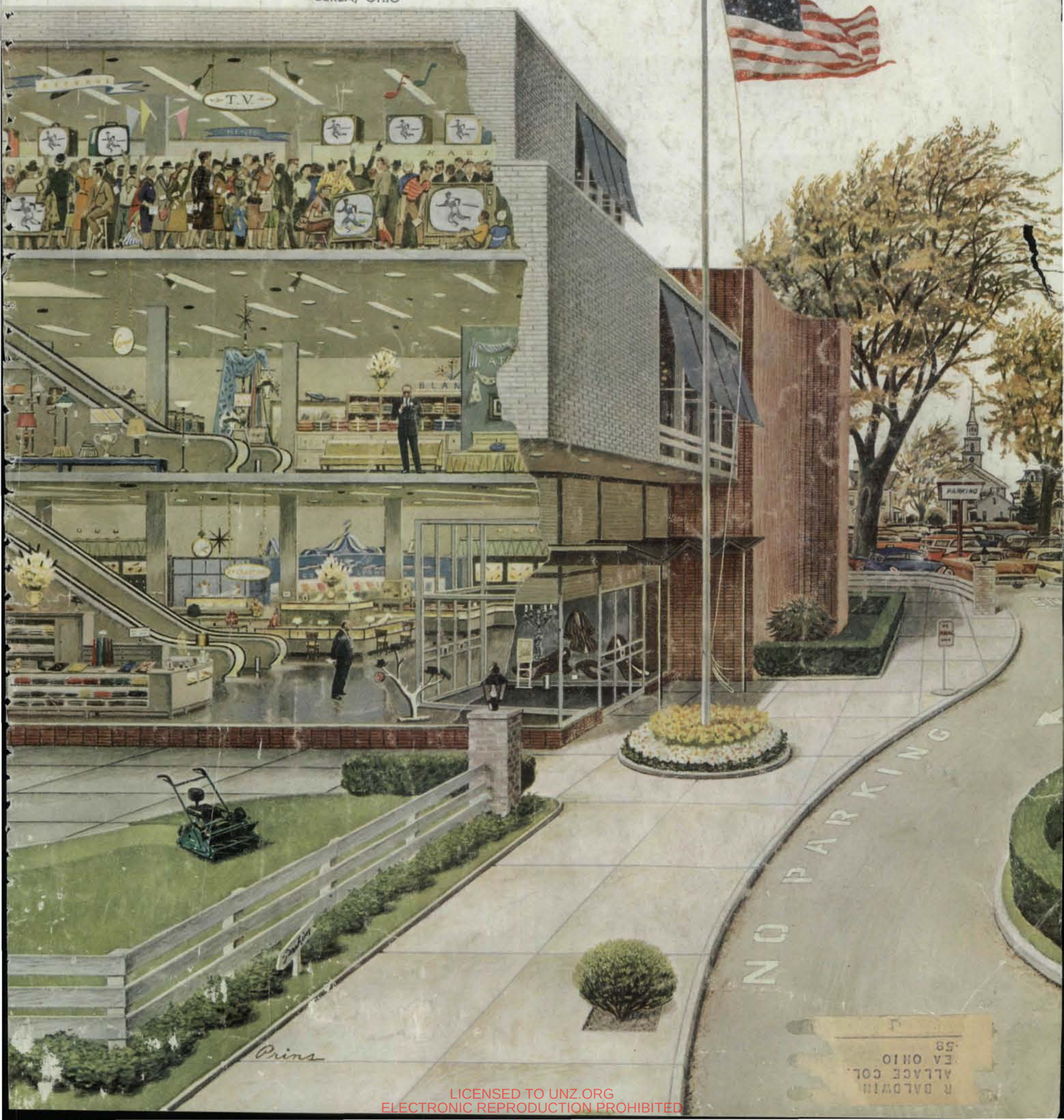
## A Startling New Novel:
## THE UGLY AMERICAN

## A Special Color Feature:
## MODERNISTIC CHURCHES

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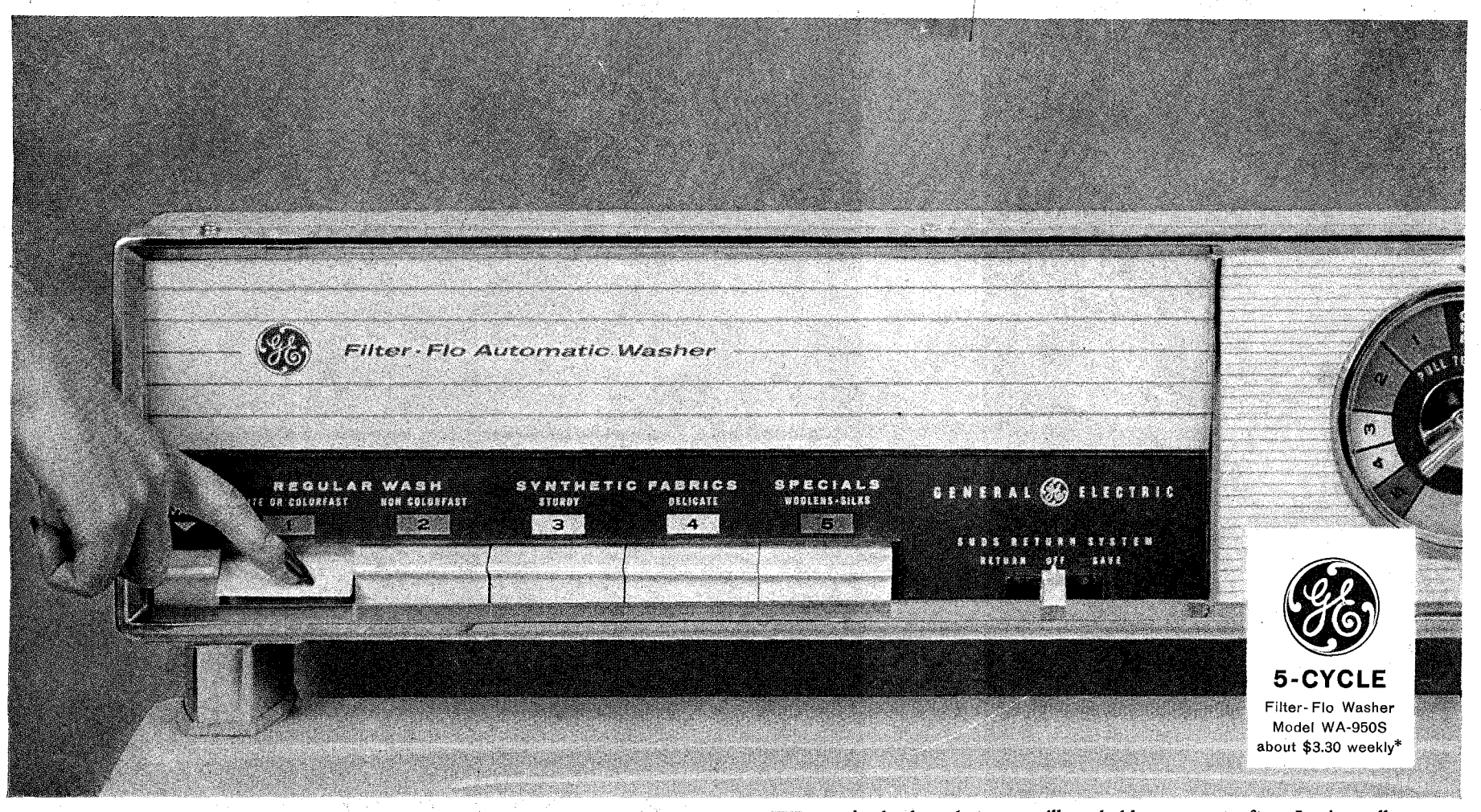


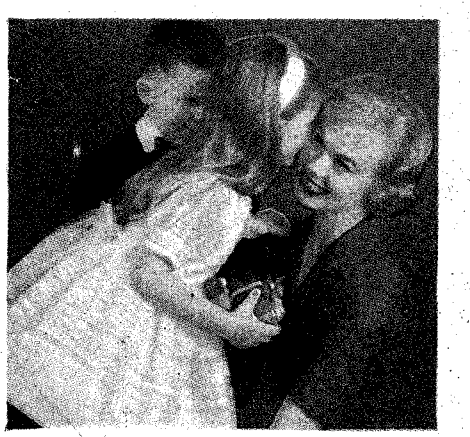

**1** . . . is the key that you will probably use most often. It gives all your white and colorfast cottons and linens (the bulk of your washday loads) the hot water and vigorous activation they need to get them sparkling clean, and a thorough rinsing in warm water. Fast spin extracts so much water they'll dry in no time.

New as today's fabrics . . .

# 1959 G-E 5-CYCLE FILTER-FLO® WASHER!

**2** . . . is pre-set to give dark or nonfast colors the warm water, fast spin they need. Vigorous activation gets them clean as a whistle.

**3** . . . gives sturdy wash 'n wear clothes brisk washing in warm water. Slow spin prevents deep-set wrinkles. Even saves ironing!



**4** . . . gives fragile wash 'n wear, other delicates you've been hand-washing, gentle action, warm water, slow spin.

**5** . . . gives "specials" like blankets slow wash speed, warm water, fast spin to get out extra water wool absorbs.

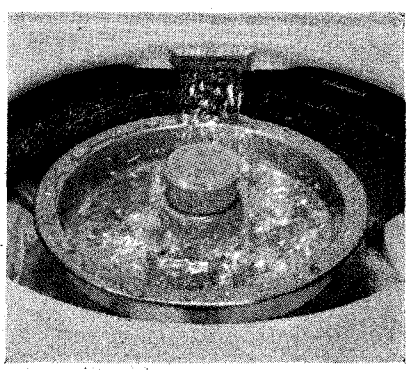
## The only washer with **5** separate, pre-set cycles to give all your washables custom care—automatically!

You just touch one key—turn the dial to the matching number! And that's *all* you do to get just-right washing care for all your wash—from sturdy blue jeans to the most delicate wash 'n wear synthetics. *Only* the new General Electric 5-Cycle Filter-Flo Washer has an *automatic* cycle to fit all your washing needs!

*After small down payment. See your G-E dealer for his prices and liberal terms. *Buy now for extra values!* Most models available in Canada. General Electric Company, Appliance Park, Louisville 1, Ky.

**NO LINT FUZZ!** Filter-Flo Washing System cleans and re-cleans wash and rinse waters to give you cleaner clothes. And this filter is *dependable*—can't clog or impede water flow! A handy detergent dispenser, too!

**PLUS Features:** Big capacity; Cold Water Wash; Rinse Dispenser; Suds Return (optional); G-E Written Warranty; in colors or white. At your G-E dealer's now, with matching dryer.



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B-12



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## Twice as fast as aspirin for millions! Even faster for many others!

**Clinical tests prove that for pain of headaches, neuralgia, cold miseries and muscular aches . . . Bufferin gives you . . .**

**Fast Relief!** Bufferin acts twice as fast as aspirin for millions of people, *even faster* for many others. For Bufferin contains Di-Alminate*, an exclusive combination of anti-acids. Added to the world's finest aspirin, these anti-acids literally rush the pain reliever into the *blood stream where it must go to relieve pain.*

**Long-Lasting Relief!** And with Di-Alminate, Bufferin's pain relief is long-lasting, too. Even an hour after dosage, Bufferin still has more pain reliever at work in the blood stream than has aspirin.

**Safe Relief!** All aspirin is acid. Chemically it is known as acetylsalicylic acid and can upset the stomach. But Bufferin's Di-Alminate is anti-acid. It counteracts acid; prevents aspirin irritation of the stomach. And unlike many remedies, Bufferin contains no nerve-jangling, sleep-disturbing caffeine.

Another fine product of Bristol-Myers.

**Bufferin won't upset the stomach as aspirin often does**

*Bristol-Myers' brand of aluminum glycinate and magnesium carbonate

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An average commercial farm today is likely to have equipment and implements valued from $15,000 to $20,000, buildings another $20,000 to $30,000.

To operate a 250-acre farm in the Midwest requires nineteen pieces of equipment, according to today's best practices. In addition to this basic equipment, some of which is shown above, other types of specialized equipment have contributed substantially to the efficiency of the modern farmer. The cotton picker (above, back row, fourth from the left) is an example.

This equipment is almost all steel. And Republic is one of the largest suppliers to farm equipment makers. In addition, Republic Steel produces the Woven and Barbed Wire Fencing, Galvanized Steel Roofing and Siding, and Nails, shown above, which are so essential to farm operation.

*(Pictured above—back row left to right, Allis-Chalmers Combine, New Holland Baler, New Idea Corn Picker-Sheller, John Deere Cotton Picker, John Deere 6-Row Corn Planter, and Tractor. Center row, Oliver Drill, Ford Tractor and Ford 4-Row Cultivator with Fertilizer Attachment. Front row, Massey-Ferguson Rake, Minneapolis-Moline Plow, and J. I. Case Forage Harvester.)*

# Modern miracle of loaves and fishes

The modern commercial farmer compares with yesteryear's as today's industrialist compares with the handcraftsman. The evolution has occurred largely within the last twenty years with the extensive use of steel equipment and steel implements to supplement manpower.

Only about twenty percent of all the farms in this country produce eighty percent of the nation's crops. These are commonly referred to as "commercial" farms, although they are mostly family owned and operated. Commercial farms number less than a million and a half out of the four million farms. They vary greatly in size. Generally, they are classified as producing more than $5,000 worth of farm products annually.

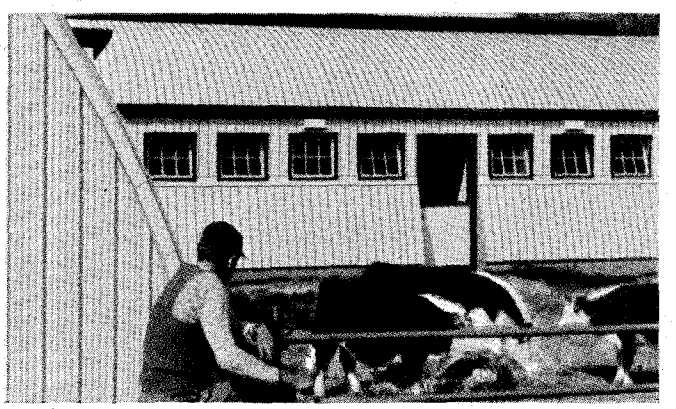
The rocketing increase in farm productivity has been achieved by the same means that increased factory productivity: new methods, new materials, and new equipment—all made possible to a large extent by steel.

**REPUBLIC STEEL**

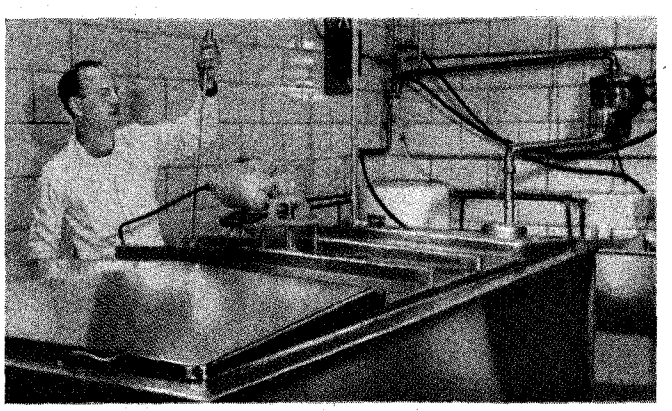
General Offices • Cleveland 1, Ohio

*Wherever you live, the things that make your life easier, more fun, more rewarding are made from Republic steels and steel products.*

Packaged foods are as common in farm kitchens as in the city. Large-scale farming has actually reduced the cost of raw food, in relation to manhours. The store price of the package, of course, includes more than the food. It includes built-in maid service—the preparation, cooking, seasoning, and packaging of the food. Producing, processing, and marketing of farm products is a ninety billion dollar business, annually using millions of tons of steel—7,000,000 tons just on the farms. Almost all of it is in the light forms Republic Steel specializes in.



Modern farms are mechanized. Farm buildings house equipment of high value. The most efficient buildings are covered with steel—strong, wind- and fire-resistant, verminproof, and requiring little maintenance. Republic furnishes millions of square feet of galvanized steel roofing and siding for farm buildings of all types.



From milking machines, through pipes to a bulk milk storage tank (above) it's stainless steel all the way in a modern dairy farm. Why stainless? Stainless steel is extensively used in milk handling because it is the sanitary metal—easy to clean and to keep clean. And stainless *lasts*—with practically no maintenance. Republic Steel is the world's largest manufacturer of stainless and alloy steels.

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# THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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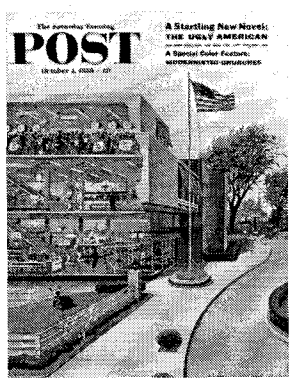


## THE COVER

Thanks to artist Ben Prins' ability to remove the side of a building without anybody getting scared about falling out, we are now participating in the annual nervous breakdown called the World Series. Somebody has just struck a telling blow, and everybody in that standing-room crowd is full of rapture or agony. Pretty soon, by the law of batting averages, some mighty man on the other team will smite the spheroid to Kingdom Come, and all the happy people will shift gears into profound sorrow while the grieving folk have their innings at crying hallelujah. Let us assume that this sort of thing goes on for seven games; then all the fanatics can gradually uncoil their nerves for a day or two—until a football game comes up. Is such suffering worth while? You bet your life it is.


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# PICTURE
## Of The Month

Within your memory of pulse-racing moments of the screen, we are confident you have never encountered anything to equal that split-second in M-G-M's "Torpedo Run" when a submarine Commander finds in his line of fire the enemy transport on which his loved ones are held prisoner.

This superlative film from M-G-M, in Metrocolor and CinemaScope, gives Glenn Ford fans, Ernest Borgnine fans and excitement-fans in general a real run for their money. Diane Brewster and Dean Jones are co-starred.

More than just the most suspenseful submarine picture of them all, "Torpedo Run" is a chronicle of people, of a Navy wife and her child, of the husband, a Naval officer who left his family at Manila only to learn of their disappearance when that city fell.

In this absorbing piece of personal history, Lieutenant Commander Barney Doyle (Ford) is assigned to track down the Shinaru, flag-ship carrier of the treacherous Pearl Harbor attackers. Equally eager is his friend and executive officer Archer Sloan (Borgnine).

As they near their prey, they learn that Barney's wife and child are among the 1400 American prisoners aboard a Japanese transport that runs interference as a screen for the elusive Shinaru.

As we re-live with him tender memories of Jane and their love, his ship closes in for the kill. Can Barney get the Shinaru without sacrificing first the U.S. hostages, among them his very own?

The answer is just one of the surprise twists in this exposition of what makes heroes tick and their women stick. Here for all women to see is a devotion and love as deep as the ocean that separates them. And through it all is the fascination of the submarine, the sheer poetry of its graceful, deadly knifing through water-spaces, its bravado sortie, deep into the mine-infested net-traps of Tokyo Bay itself.

For this grand combination of artistry and action, bows should be taken by director Joseph Pevney, producer Edmund Grainger, scenarists Richard Sale and William Wister Haines, working tautly from stories by Sale.

Our breathless advice: Don't walk . . . run to the nearest theatre playing M-G-M's "Torpedo Run."

*P. S. Tip-off! The Hollywood grapevine tells us that M-G-M's "tom thumb" is to be the happy holiday treat for Christmas—New Year's.*

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# Letters

## Indestructible Frenchman

Dear Sirs:

Bravo to Pete Martin on his interview with Maurice Chevalier [I CALL ON MAURICE CHEVALIER, Aug. 30]. Done with skill, understanding and good taste, it is the highlight of your magazine for this week. My appreciation!

ESTHER L. WARNER
*Hagerstown, Md.*

Dear Sirs:

Pete Martin's visit reminded me of the happy afternoon in November, 1954, when I was a guest at Chevalier's home outside Paris.

I was one of the writers (along with Mort Lachman and Bill Larkin) who accompanied Bob Hope to France to film a television show.

Somehow, Bob managed to convince Chevalier that the only place to rehearse was his living room, so we drove out to his estate. . . .

Chevalier, a gracious and indefatigable host, showed us his fabulous collection of paintings (Matisse, Picasso, Renoir, Manet, Utrillo, Dufy, etc.) which of necessity were hung so close together you could hardly tell the color of the walls. He also had early photos of many show-business greats, including a picture of a *thin* Sophie Tucker, which is a collector's item any way you look at it.

MARTIN A. RAGAWAY
*Beverly Hills, Calif.*

Dear Sirs:

Enjoyed the visit with Chevalier. . . . But wasn't he married once?

MARY SMITH BAKER
*Tulsa, Okla.*

● *Yes, briefly, to Yvonne Vallée.*
*—ED.*

## Our Canadian Friends

Dear Sirs:

Your article about John G. Diefenbaker [CANADA'S AMAZING PRIME MINISTER, by Milton MacKaye, Aug. 30] . . . is most interesting and a contribution to friendship between our two countries.

HORACE R. KARSELL
*Bloomington, Ind.*

Dear Sirs:

A masterly effort, both in style and in content.

L. M. BURGESS
*Ottawa, Ontario*

Dear Sirs:

Probably the most nauseating tripe you have ever published. The cabinet ministers of our new government now spend all their time in petty squabbling, and in contradicting each other.

J. H. NEWLOVE
*Kamsack, Saskatchewan*

Dear Sirs:

I notice on page 14 your reference to the nation of Canada as a "Dominion."

Did you ever hear of the second British North American Act of 1949?

WARREN RUGGLES
*Norwalk, Ohio*

● *No. But it is true that the term "Dominion" was quietly dropped while the Liberals were in power. Diefenbaker's government may reverse that policy.* *—ED.*

Dear Sirs:

Mr. MacKaye consistently refers to Mr. Diefenbaker's "Conservative Party." Not so! The party is the Progressive-Conservative Party. . . .

As Mr. MacKaye rightly declares, the term Conservative "was a nasty word." It implied a clinging to the status quo. Consequently the name was changed to indicate that the Conservatives were as progressive and forward-looking as the opposing Liberal Party.

REV. FRED SPECKEEN
*Mason, Mich.*

Dear Sirs:

On behalf of Kiwanians on both sides of the border, I want to commend you for the excellent article, THE CASE OF THE FRIENDLY FOREIGNERS [by Paul Schubert] which appeared in the August 2 issue of the Post.

Your writer has put into words the spirit of friendship which exists between our two countries, and which we have been attempting for more than thirty years to portray dramatically with our annual, Kiwanis-sponsored "United States-Canadian Good Will Week."

KENNETH B. LOHEED, *President*
*Kiwanis International*
*Toronto, Ontario*

## Larcenous Bird

Dear Sirs:

I have just read and enjoyed very much the article by Roul Tunley, HE RUNS A BIRD COLLEGE [Aug. 23]. But I must take exception to Dr. Fluck's statement that blue jays do not rob other birds' nests. . . .

*Mrs. Fluck with pet jay, Saucy.*

A mocking bird built her nest in a hibiscus bush at the corner of our house. There were four eggs in it. The following day there were three, and so on until one egg remained. We were quite puzzled about what was happening until we saw a blue jay light on the nest, pick a hole in the center of the egg, insert his bill in the hole so that he could carry it away a little distance, and then proceed to eat it. . . .

We consider them just plain gangsters.

ALBERT H. JEPHCOTT
*Dunedin, Fla.*

Dear Sirs:

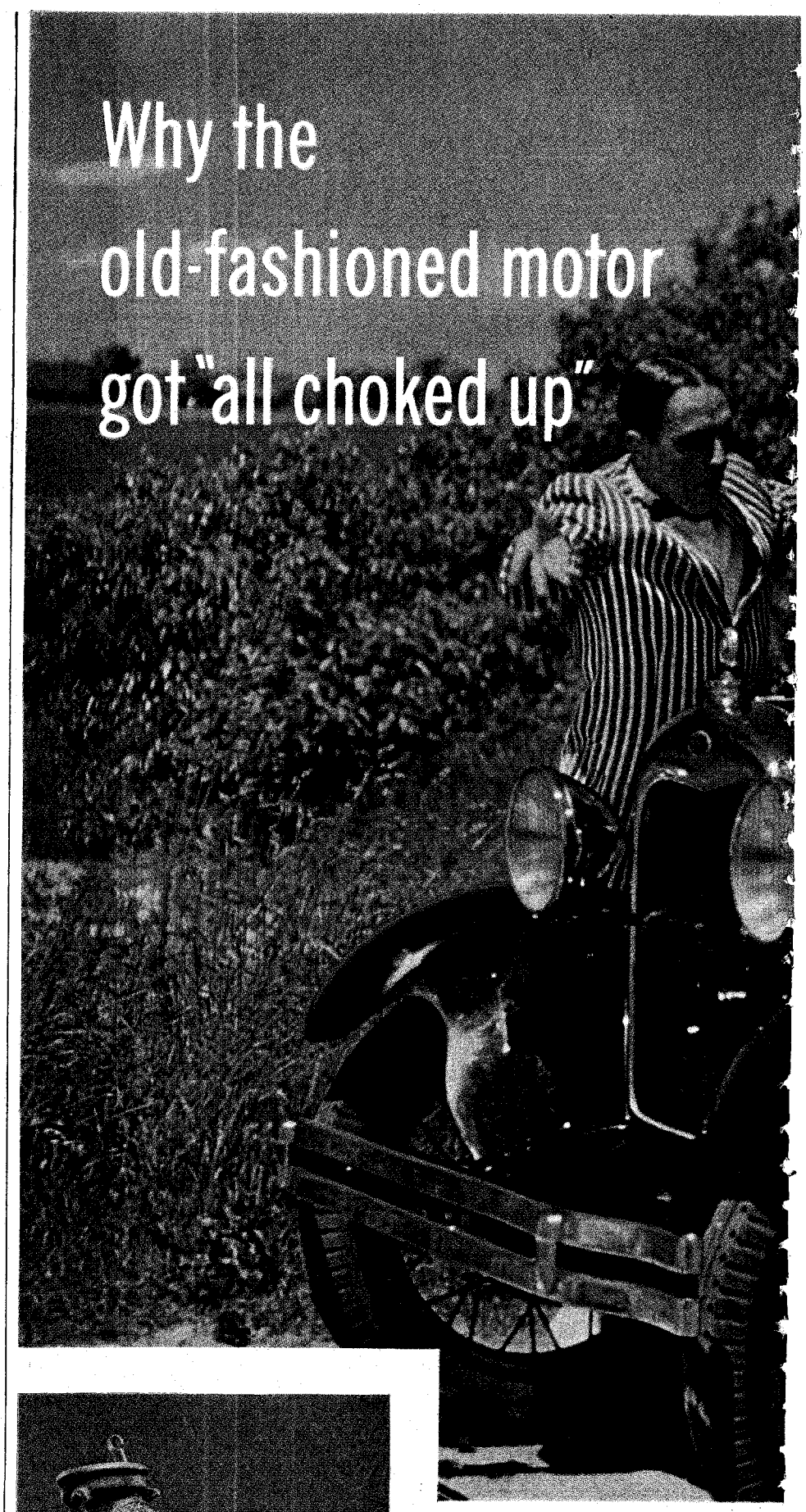
I recall seeing a blue jay fly from a sparrow's nest with a young bird in his beak.

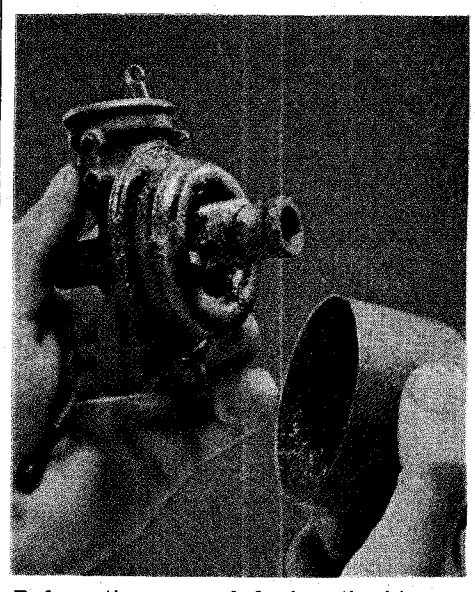
GRETCHEN B. STONE
*Long Beach, Calif.*

Dear Sirs:

Mr. Tunley has accurately caught the spirit and the purpose of our programs. However . . . I hasten to correct some errors. . . .

(Continued on Page 6)

**Before the use of fuel antioxidants,** sludged-up carburetors required periodical "boiling out." But now, DBPC antioxidant, added to the gasoline in the early stages of refining, eliminates gum formation, keeps the motor running smoothly.

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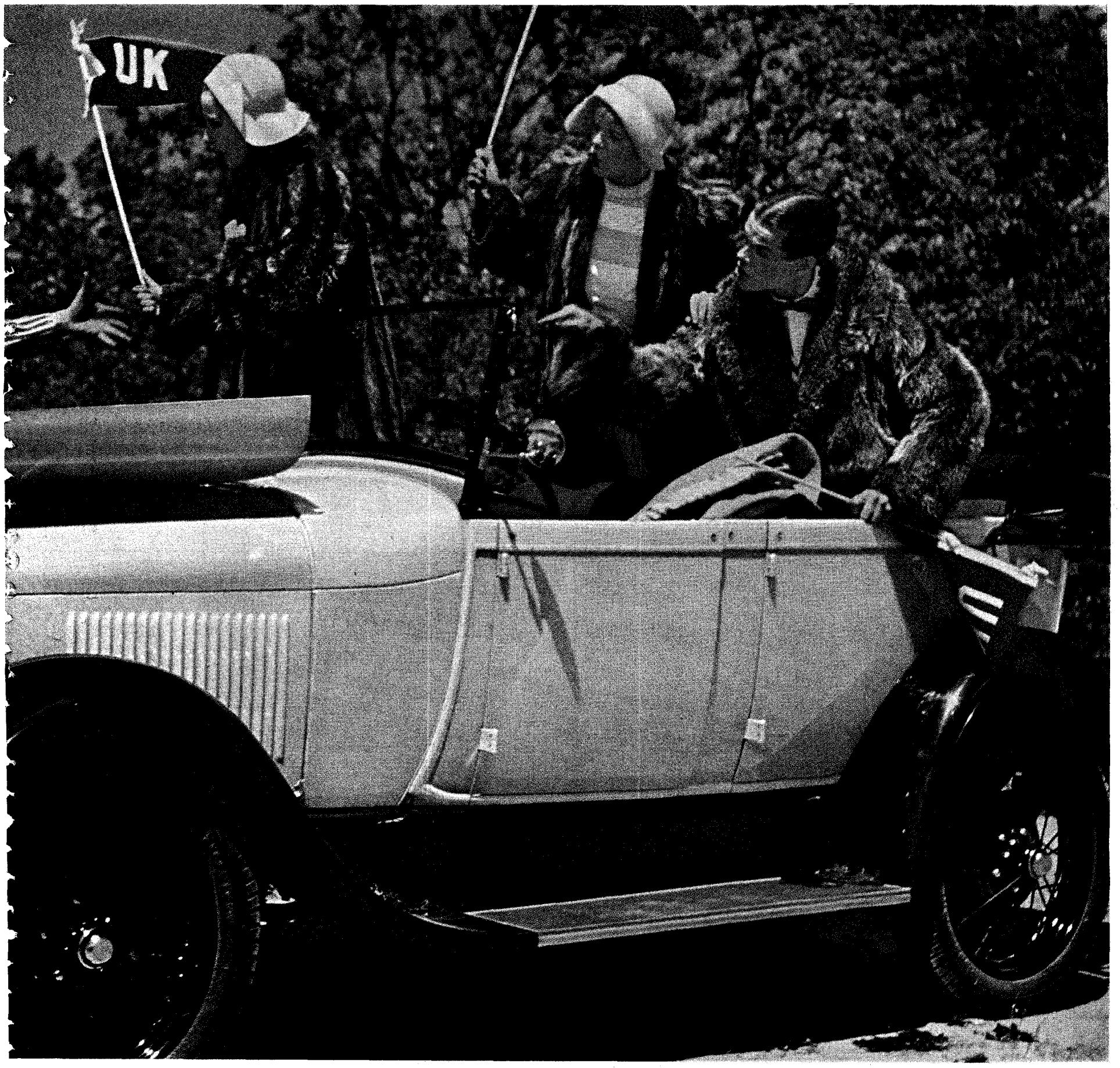


Old-time flivvers used old-time gasolines, and some of those old-time gasolines gummed up carburetors and manifolds. Deposits of oxidized fuel piled up in the motor's "throat" and choked it into the exasperating habit of stalling. Nowadays, gasolines are fortified with certain chemicals which prevent the formation of gum. One of the most successful and most economical of these additives is DBPC® antioxidant—a product of Koppers. Costing less than one hundredth of a cent per gallon of gasoline, it eliminates the build-up of deposits in gasoline at the refinery, in storage, and also in the fuel system of your car. RESEARCH AND PRODUCTION in the field of chemistry is but one more way in which Koppers serves the nation's growing industries, so that they, in turn, may better serve you. Koppers also produces plastics, dyestuffs, tar products, pressure-treated wood, sound control equipment, and blast-furnace, foundry, and industrial coke; designs and builds coke ovens, steel mills and chemical plants. Koppers Company, Inc., Pittsburgh 19, Pennsylvania.

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. . . helping industry serve you better

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# We might have lost everything

(Based on Company files #TC53-74 & 75)

We all got out of the house safely. Frightened, but unhurt.

Our house was a shambles, but we had a feeling things would turn out all right. We had insurance.

The Nixons next door put us up for the rest of the night. Early next morning, before we even had a chance to think very much about what we'd do, our Hartford Group Agent appeared.

He told us to try not to worry about what we'd lost. Insisted on taking care of all the details. Said that was all part of his job as our local Hartford Group Agent.

And he really followed through. The week hadn't ended before he handed me two checks. One for damage to the house. The other for damage to our furniture and other belongings.

"We're not always able to pay a claim this fast," he said, "but I can tell you that the Hartford always does its best to make prompt settlements and fair ones."

Small wonder Peg and I are sold on the Hartford . . . and recommend our Hartford Group Agent to all our friends.

**You get these three benefits when you're insured through a Hartford Group Agent:**

**1. Capable Insurance Counsel.** Hartford Group Agents are trained, experienced men, qualified to help you with your insurance problems.

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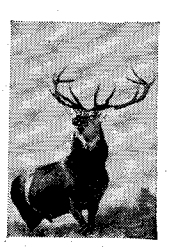


Hartford Fire Insurance Company · Hartford Accident and Indemnity Company · Hartford Live Stock Insurance Company Citizens Insurance Company of New Jersey, *Hartford 15, Conn.* · New York Underwriters Insurance Company, *New York 38, New York* · Northwestern Fire and Marine Insurance Company · Twin City Fire Insurance Company, *Minneapolis 2, Minn.*


# Letters

(Continued from Page 4)

Blue jays occasionally rob nests, but I have never seen a jay rob a nest of *living* young. Blue jays like egg shells and often bird-watchers draw their own erroneous conclusions when they see a jay carrying an egg shell. . . .

As for jays planting [almost] *all* the oak trees in New Jersey and Pennsylvania, this is obviously wrong. What I do say is that jays and crows have planted many, possibly even most, of the pin-oak trees in Washington Crossing Park. . . .

Mr. Tunley's comments on the sparrow hawk are obviously intended to cover two different hawk species, the sparrow hawk and the sharp-shinned hawk. Throughout much of the year, the sparrow hawk is a "grasshopper hawk" and kills little other prey. The hawk which Mr. Tunley refers to as preying on diseased and injured birds is either the sharp-shinned hawk or the cooper's hawk. . . .

The last correction . . . which I want to make strongly, is to completely disavow the title "[probably, the] most popular bird lecturer in America." I can name at least fifty men and women who are worthy of this title. I am not.

PAUL H. FLUCK, M.D.
*Lambertville, N.J.*

## Letters From Lawyers

Dear Sirs:

Please have Edwin Lanham, author of I MARRIED MURDER [July 12–Aug. 30] explain just how his Stella could make her jugular vein throb (Aug. 16, page 78: "I could see the throb of her jugular vein").

When he is through explaining, perhaps your staff of manuscript readers will have learned new facts about the anatomy of humans. . . .

It *is* a good story, though!

ARTHUR E. SCHIFFERMAN
*Attorney-at-Law*
*Los Angeles, Calif.*

● *"I would say," author Lanham concedes, "that Mr. Schifferman has me by the jugular." —ED.*

Dear Sirs:

One of the most voluminous, tedious, tiresome stories that I have ever seen in any magazine.

PHILIP S. VAN CISE
*Attorney-at-Law*
*Denver, Colo.*

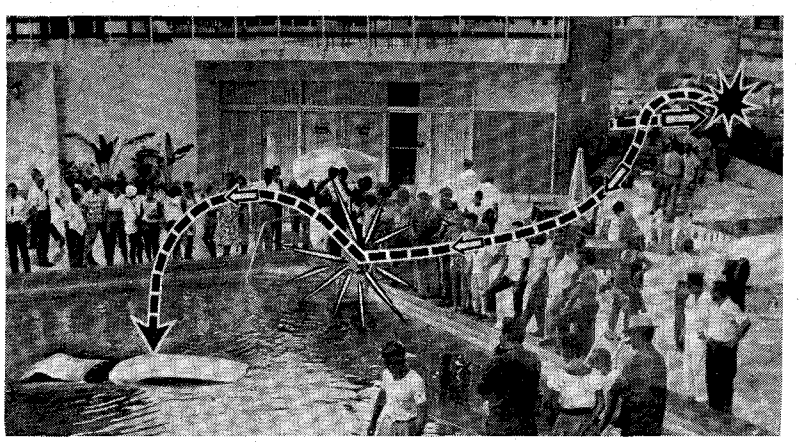
## The Cars That Tried to Swim

● *In our August 30 Letters, we reprinted a cartoon showing an automobile accidentally dunked in a swimming pool—and alongside the cartoon we published a news photograph of a submerged convertible in the pool of a California motel. —ED.*

Dear Sirs:

Regarding IT COULD HAPPEN—AND IT DID!: It did again, last night in Miami. [See below.] After witnessing the accident, I went home and found your issue in the mail box. "It could happen" could be a habit. Let's barricade all swimming pools.

ANDREW LIOTTA
*Miami, Fla.*



Dear Sirs:

Anything they [Californians] can do, we can do better.

MRS. JAMES MC CRIMMON
*Miami, Fla.*

Dear Sirs:

Is it possible you started an epidemic?

T. BERRY ARMITAGE
*San Leandro, Calif.*

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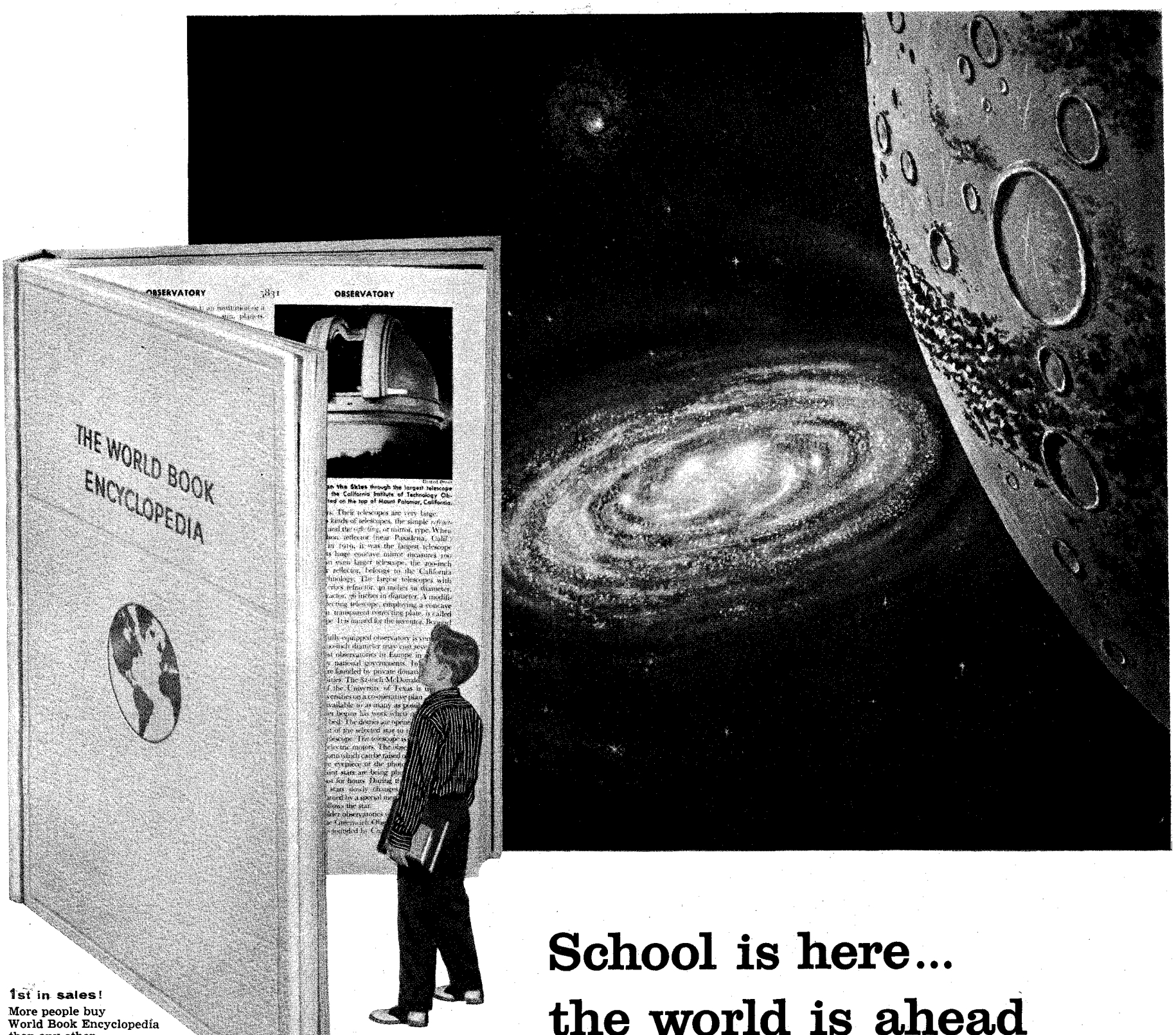


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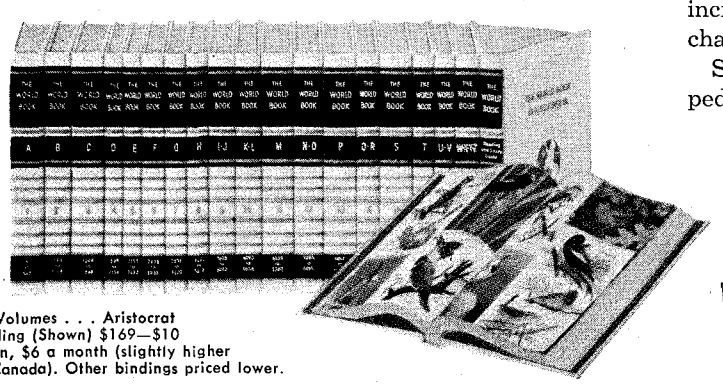

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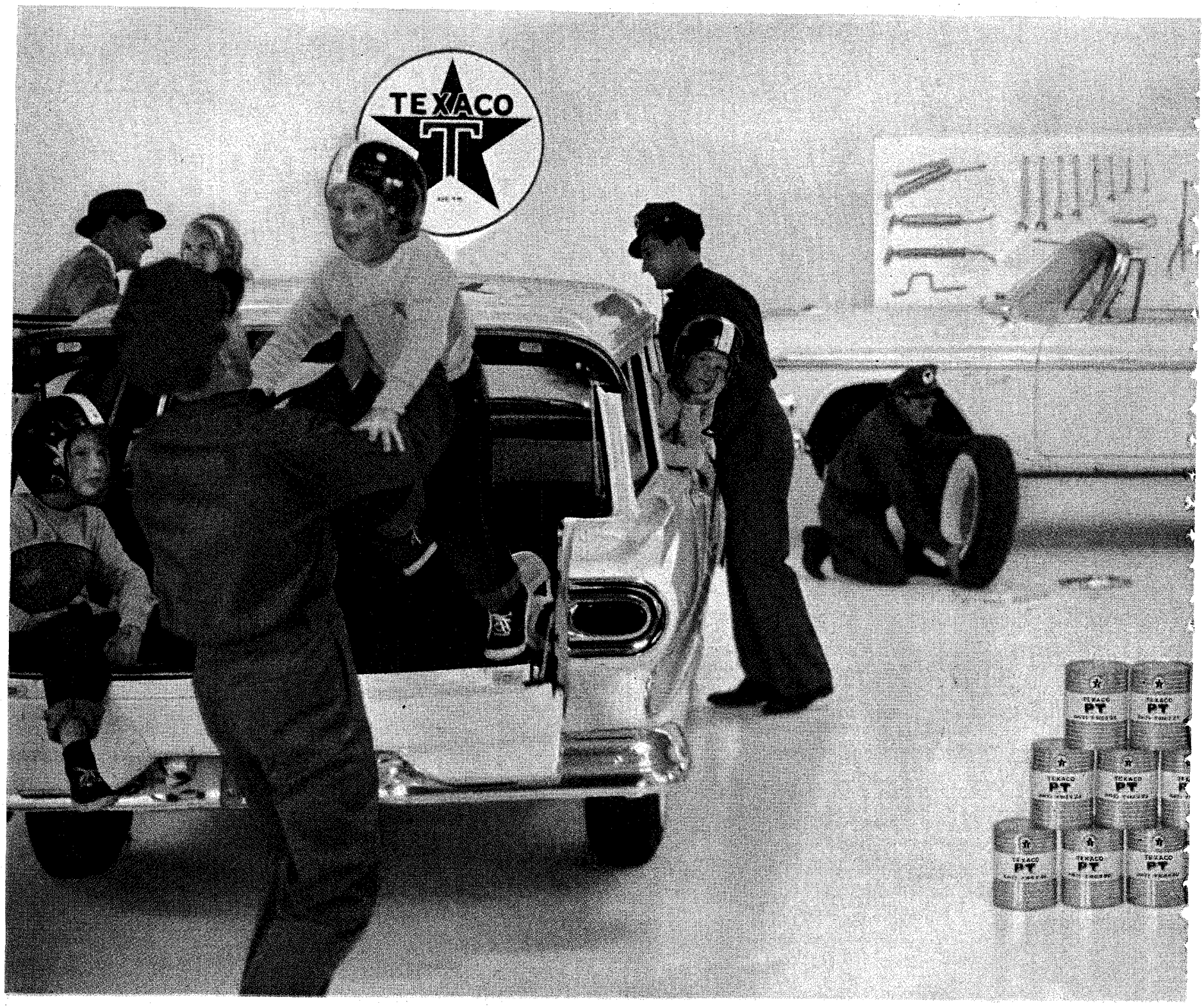
# Kick off this Fall with a Texaco

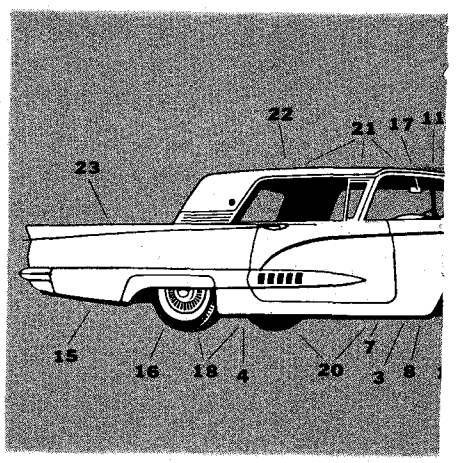



## Saves your car, saves you trouble and money. Here's what you get:

Summer's gone and chances are your car's been put through a lot of extra mileage. So now's the time to see your Texaco Dealer. He checks and corrects. He prevents trouble before it can mean trouble for you. He lubricates. He puts your car in shape for safer, surer Fall and Winter driving. (Many Texaco Dealers have a special "package-price" for a complete Safe-T check-up and Fall car-conditioning.) *See diagram at right. Shown are just a few of the things your Texaco Dealer can check, and services he is trained to do.*

At the same time — get Texaco PT Anti-Freeze. Avoid costly freeze-ups. Enjoy the Guaranteed Protection that only Texaco PT gives you . . . *because it's the finest anti-freeze you can buy!*

**1** Chassis-lubricate with Texaco Marfak. **2** Crankcase-drain and refill with all-temperature Havoline Special 10W-30. **3** Automatic Transmission-change or add Texaco Texamatic Fluid. **4** Differential. **5** Oil Filter. **6** Air Cleaner. **7** Power Steering fluid. **8** Brake fluid. **9** Wheel Bearings. **10** Manifold Heat Control Valve. **11** Heater & Defroster. **12** Battery. **13** Spark Plugs. **14** Cooling System—Radiator, Fan Belt, Hose, Water Pump—and protect with Texaco PT Anti-Freeze. **15** Muffler & Tail Pipe. **16** Shock Absorbers. **17** Windshield Wipers. **18** Tires. **19** Lights & Signals. **20** Body Hinges, Locks & Catches. **21** Windows & Mirrors. **22** Car Interior. **23** And, fill your tank with Sky Chief Su-preme gasoline, with Petrox, for Instant Power... or lively-powered, regular-price Fire Chief.

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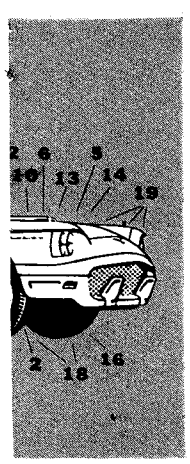
October 4, 1958

# Safe-T check-up!

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# Editorials

## Now the Communists Give Us the One-Two in Asia

There should have been no surprise over the Red Chinese attacks on the islands in Formosa Strait. Early in August the foreign ministry in Taipei warned that the Reds were building up for action.

There were two reasons for the warning. One was the huddle between Nikita Khrushchev and Mao Tse-tung in Peiping. The other was the later concentration of supersonic MIG-17's, fresh from Russia, along the mainland coast opposite the Quemoy and Matsu islands, with the opening of eight new airfields in that area and the deployment of several divisions of crack Red troops a bit farther inland.

In that August-fourth statement the foreign ministry said: "The Chinese Communists may embark upon fresh adventures in the Far East with a view to furthering their long-nurtured aim of expansion while the free nations are preoccupied with indirect aggression in the Middle East."

The next day the defense ministry in Taipei reported the massing of invasion craft, estimated that as many as 4000 assorted motorized junks and other craft were being made ready just up the coast. It repeated earlier warnings that Russian submarines had been supplied to the Chinese Reds.

The world-wide reaction to the aforementioned Mao-Khrushchev conference was a speculative orgy. Correspondents in London and Washington, and in nearly every other seat of authority, guessed that Khrushchev's flight to Peiping meant that he had been summoned by Mao Tse-tung and ordered to renege on his promise to attend a summit meeting under Security Council auspices. In London anonymous experts fell over themselves in their efforts to tell the world what a stupendous power Red China had become. Some suggested that China might supplant the U.S.S.R. as boss of the Communist world!

It wasn't more than ten days after Khrushchev's return from Peiping that officialdom in Washington learned that a very different interpretation could be put on Khrushchev's trip to the Far East. This was that the Soviet dictator wanted to know exactly what Red China could do to divert American attention from the Middle East.

Before Khrushchev arrived for this meeting, the Red Chinese had been holding a military conference including all high-ranking officers and a plethora of political commissars. Khrushchev was accompanied by no authorities on foreign affairs, but he brought along his top military authority, Rodion Malinovsky, minister of defense. It was a military conference to determine what service the Red Chinese could do the Kremlin. Recent events off Formosa presumably resulted from orders given not by Mao but by Khrushchev.

A Chinese Communist radio broadcaster recently declared that "the Chinese people have already met the American paper tiger on the Korean battlefield" and found that "he is outwardly strong, but all withered up inside." That opinion, which might tempt the Reds too far, is one consequence of our having failed to pursue the Reds into their "privileged sanctuary" in Manchuria six years ago. The Eisenhower-Dulles firm stand, so mercilessly attacked by the liberal left, deserves united support. Experience should have taught us that avoiding one showdown with the Communists means a new showdown later—possibly under even less favorable conditions.

## The U.S.A. Will Soon Have a National Recreation Program

Ever-increasing use of this country's outdoor recreational resources is posing a new problem of supply and demand. Spiraling population, ease of travel and the need for relief from modern tensions are combining to tax the capacity of the nation's playgrounds. As Assistant Secretary of the Interior Ross L. Leffler said recently: "Recreation—outdoor, nature-produced recreation, which rehabilitates the mind and feeds the spirit—has become one of the great basic needs of the country."

The growing demand for such recreation is shown in the figures. Visits to the national forests jumped from eighteen million to fifty-three million within a ten-year period. The National Park Service, which was designed to handle twenty-five million visitors annually, played host to fifty-nine million last year. Visits to the state parks rose from ninety-two million to more than two hundred and sixteen million in the last decade. A national hunting-and-fishing survey by the Fish and Wildlife Service showed that nearly twenty-five million Americans either hunt or fish or do both.

Until lately the facilities for such recreation have been a stepchild in resource planning. The first move to change this situation has been made. Congress recently established a National Outdoor Recreation Resources Review Commission and gave it a three-year job. The action can greatly enhance the satisfactions of American life and it may set a new course in the development of our renewable natural resources.

It isn't to be just a Washington affair. The commission is to consist of seven public members and four from each house of Congress. It is directed to recognize that solutions to problems of outdoor recreational resources are responsibilities of all levels of government, and of individuals and private organizations as well. It is to have the help of a twenty-five-man advisory council, drawn from state agencies and private interests concerned with these resources.

The commission's first task is to inventory and evaluate the available resources and their possibilities for expansion. (Not included are such urban facilities as golf courses and playgrounds.) It is to study trends for indications of the amount, kind and location of the recreational resources that will be needed at certain dates in the future. Then the commission is to recommend what policies should be adopted and programs initiated to meet these requirements. The recommendations are to be made on a state-by-state, regional and national basis, and in such a way as to make them of maximum value to the states in working out their own programs.

## United Fund Giving is One of America's Settled Traditions

In 1930, according to the United Community Funds and Councils of America, there were in the United States 386 Community Chests which raised a total of $84,796,505. That was when we were in the trough of the depression. Brother, Can You Spare a Dime? was about to become the top tune. This year, with the recession apparently receding, there are 2100 United Funds and Community Chests whose campaigns are just getting under way. They expect the American people to contribute about $412,000,000.

What this appears to indicate, aside from a decline in the value of the dollar, is that Americans have accepted federated charity as an established way of doing things. Undoubtedly much more than $84,000,000 was contributed to charitable causes in 1930, but much of it went to individual agencies, many of which have joined United Fund or Community Chest campaigns since then. Many people still prefer to support charities outside these funds, perhaps because the organization is too local or specialized to qualify for a city-wide appeal. But by and large the elimination of competition from welfare giving has been accepted as a good idea.

Many wonder why so much money is needed at a time when government, local or national, has taken over so much welfare work—and when grinding poverty is far less of a problem than it used to be. One answer can be found by calling the roll of the agencies represented in any typical fund. It will be found that the agencies which dole out buckets of coal and children's shoes to needy families are running second to agencies which deal with a new set of problems, some of them linked to prosperity: broken homes, juvenile delinquency, neglected children, alcoholism, racial tension. Such evils are tougher to deal with than handing out food packages or finding homes for evicted families.

That is one explanation of the large amounts asked for this year by these 2100 campaigns.

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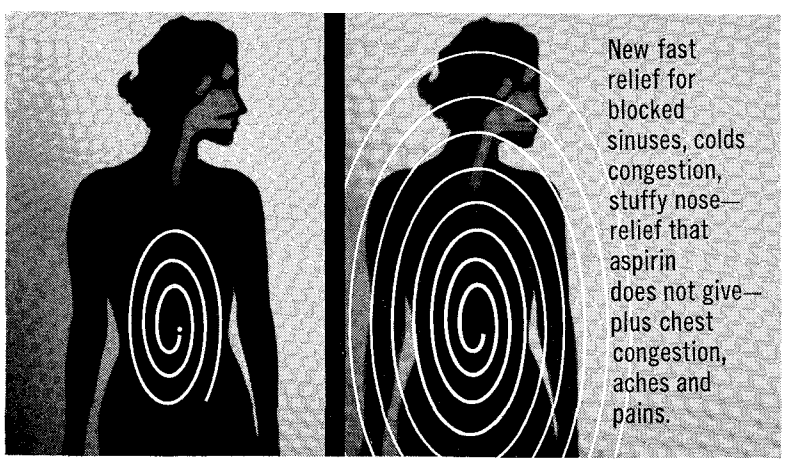
"A while ago my sinuses hurt, my head was throbbing . . .
"I was sniffling, sneezing . . . all stuffed up.
"I ached all over and felt tired, dragged-out ...
"Then I took these new Vicks cold tablets— and I never felt better so fast in my life!"
VICKS

# New Vicks Double-Buffered Cold Tablets act to relieve colds, sinus pain 53% faster

## than other leading antihistamine cold tablets


New fast relief for blocked sinuses, colds congestion, stuffy nose— relief that aspirin does not give— plus chest congestion, aches and pains.

While the other leading antihistamine cold tablets tested are only partially at work . . .

New Vicks Double-Buffered Cold Tablets have already rushed cold-and-sinus pain relievers into the body 53% faster.

**1. DOUBLE-BUFFERED cold-and-sinus pain relievers proved 53% faster at university.** Tests at a famous university found that while other leading antihistamine cold tablets are only partially at work . . . Vicks Double-Buffered Cold Tablets have already rushed cold-and-sinus pain relievers into the body 53% faster.

**2. RELIEVE COLDS CONGESTION and blocked sinuses . . . promote sinus drainage.** Vicks Double-Buffered Cold Tablets do more than relieve sore throat, chest congestion, aches and pains . . . they relieve congested sinus passages, promote sinus drainage . . . and relieve sniffles, sneezes, cold-stuffed nose—relief that aspirin does not give.

**3. PICK YOU UP with stimulating medications.** New Vicks Double-Buffered Cold Tablets relieve that tired, dragged-out feeling of a cold with two stimulating medications. Pick you up fast, help you feel more alert.

**For your family's health trust VICKS . . . makers of world's leading colds medications**

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# Dart...America's best loved shirt...why?

## ...because of its nonwilt collar, authentic styling, perfect fit, long-wearing qualities, "Sanforized" label.

The medium-point, nonwilt collar is fussed over through 22 manufacturing steps. That's why it sits right, feels right, looks right throughout its long life.

Or, consider its fine *combed* cotton broadcloth. Feels more luxurious, wears longer, gives you greater comfort.

Too, look at the cut. Mitoga-tapered to follow a man's build—to fit where a shirt should fit—*everywhere.*

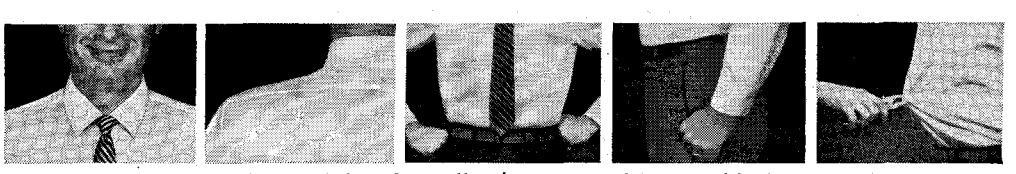
Other Arrow *Dart* virtues: no-chip, anchor-stitched buttons that won't come off . . . generous elbow room to keep sleeves from riding up your arm . . . "Sanforized" labeled to assure lasting fit.

No other shirt at any price is endowed with such attributes. Yet the *Dart* costs but $4. Its luxury twin, the *Dale,* is $5. At Arrow retailers everywhere.

*Cluett, Peabody & Co., Inc.*

ARROW

first in fashion



**Men prefer Arrow 5-to-1** because of perfect collar fit, shoulder line contour, Mitoga tailoring to conform with natural body lines, tapered sleeves, anchored buttons, and "Sanforized" fabrics.

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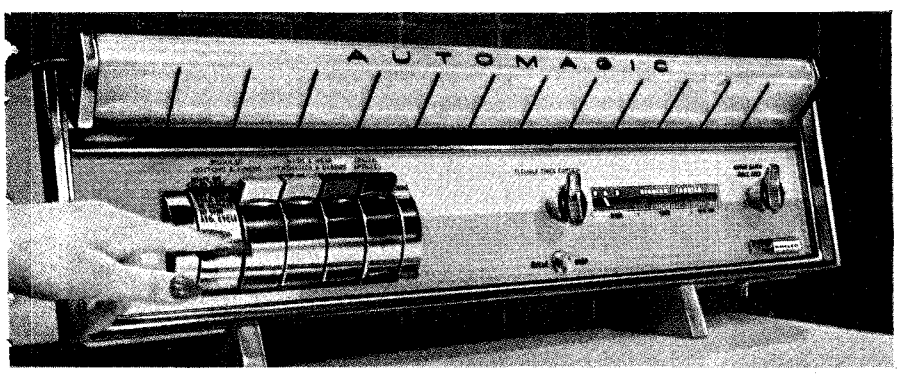
**HIGH-FREQUENCY WASHING ACTION** as it would look if you could dive in and watch it from inside the tub. No blades to twist or tangle! Instead Philco's blade-free agitator sends out 600 impulses a minute . . . sets up high-frequency water currents that send clothes looping and diving in a constant 360° orbit around the tub. Washes cleanest of all top-loaders, 7% cleaner than the next leading brand.

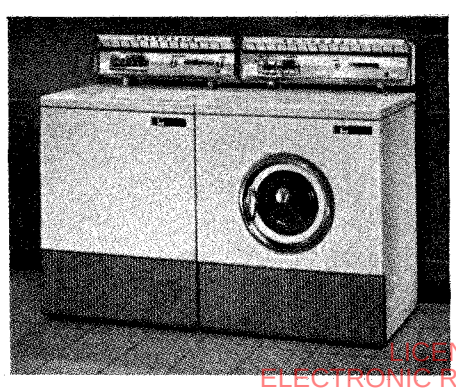
# Totally new! PHILCO "Automagic" Washer with fabulous high-frequency washing action!




**FIVE FULLY AUTOMATIC CYCLES**—one for every fabric load, including wash 'n' wear. Just touch a single key. Automatically, you get the proper washing time, wash and rinse temperatures, wash and spin speeds. Exclusive in the Philco "Automagic."

**TRIPLE-DUTY FILTER-DISPENSER** is built into agitator. Automatically dispenses wash and rinse ingredients. Filters every drop of water in the tub every ten seconds to remove all lint.

**NEW "AIR CONDITIONED" DRYER.** New Philco "Automagic" dryer creates an ideal drying climate for clothes. Available in gas or electric. Matches your Philco "Automagic" washer to make a perfect home laundry "Twosome."



## Easily washes and rinses seven sheets at once!

Here is something really new—and better—in automatic washing machines! Philco didn't just add a few gadgets to an old model, but developed an entirely new principle of clothes washing—high-frequency action.

No harsh blades! Fast-moving waves of water—600 a minute—do the work. This cleaning action is so powerful you can wash seven sheets at once. Yet so gentle you can wash a bridal veil without tearing or tangling. And look at all the other exciting, new features in the Philco "Automagic."

**Five wash and rinse temperatures** including cold water wash for woolens, etc.

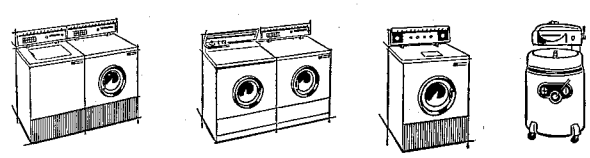
**"Can't-overload" construction.** Exclusive "Ball Point Balance" prevents cut-offs, even with heaviest loads. No half-washed clothes—ever!

**Trouble-free parts**—proved in engineering "life" tests. One-year warranty.

*Predicta*, Philco symbol of advanced engineering, now comes to home laundry. See the "Automagic" at your Philco dealer today!

*LOOK AHEAD ... and you'll choose* **PHILCO®**

**THIRTY-TWO PHILCO-BENDIX WASHERS, DRYERS, COMBINATIONS**



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# Somehow we have a hunch we're being followed

Our ears may be a bit biased, but as the '59 cars of our competitors make their bows we could swear we can hear more and more people saying "*Chrysler Corporation sure started something*".

Certainly you can see the unmistakable influence of design and engineering principles pioneered by Chrysler Corporation. It was the start of an inevitable trend.

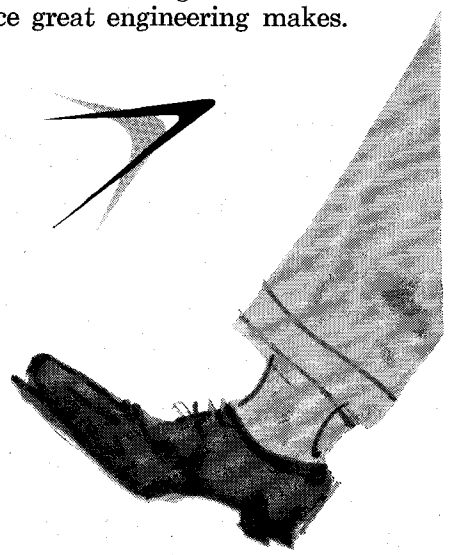
Very soon now the 1959 models of the cars that started it will be ready for you to look at.

See them. Then make your own decision.

*But don't just stand there looking. Take a drive.*

The important thing about these cars of The *Forward* Look for 1959 is that they *can do what they look like they can do*, and they look like they can do more than any other cars on the road.

A drive will bring out the difference great engineering makes.



# New cars of The *Forward* Look for 1959 from Chrysler Corporation

**Plymouth • Dodge • DeSoto • Chrysler • Imperial**

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From Owens-Illinois comes a famous guarantee . . . still in force after 20 years

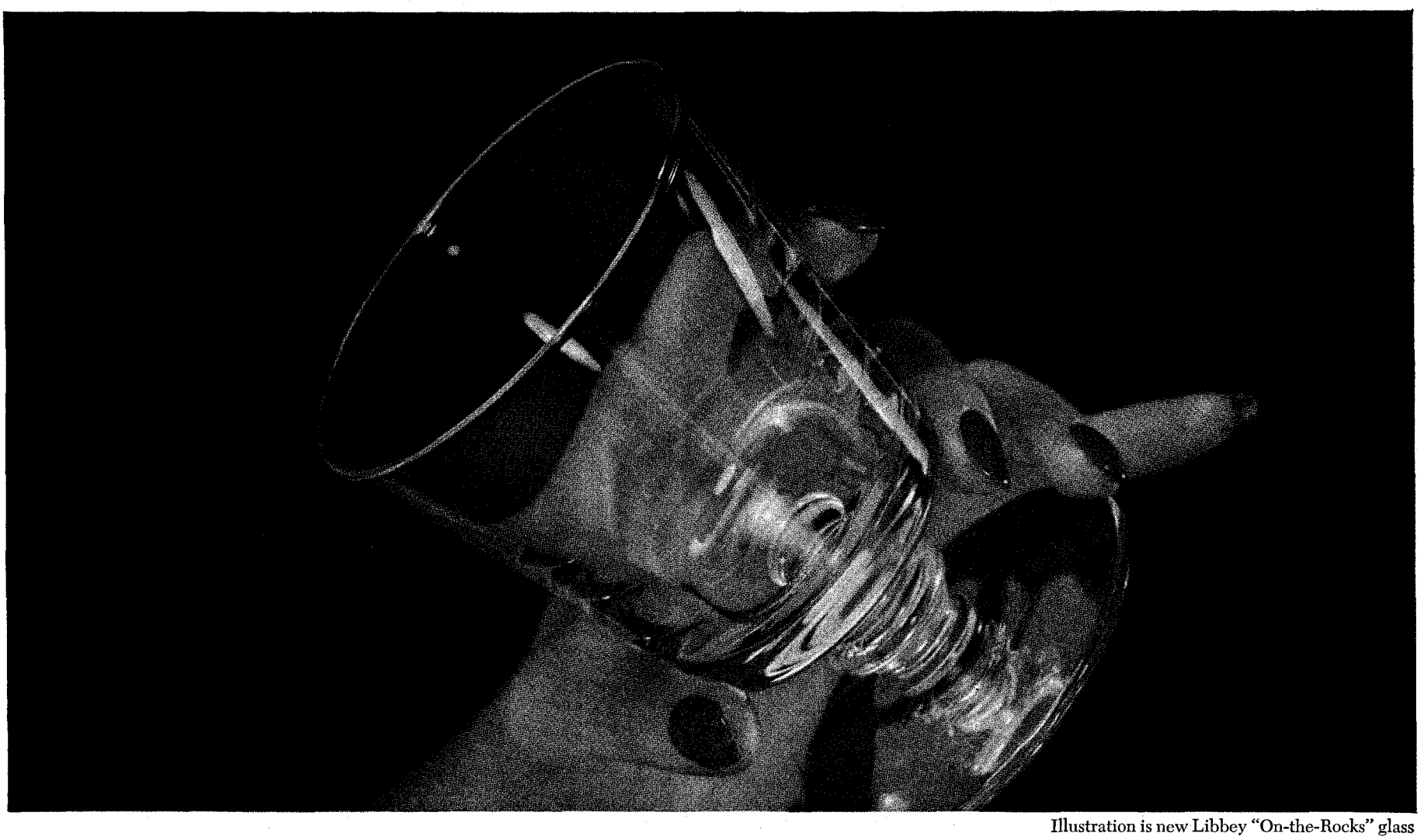

Illustration is new Libbey "On-the-Rocks" glass

## "If any 'Safedge' glass becomes chipped on the rim, it will be replaced free of cost"

Almost twenty years ago Libbey—a division of Owens-Illinois—perfected a unique fire process for safeguarding the rims of fine glassware. They called this glassware "Safedge"—and to prove the process was as good as claimed, they backed it with the most dramatic guarantee in glass history:

"If any Safedge glass becomes chipped on the rim, *from any cause whatsoever*, it will be replaced free of cost." This offer, of course, still stands.

Today, Libbey "Everyday Crystal" with the famous Safedge guarantee graces even the finest tables, yet sells at low prices.

Libbey Safedge is a typical Owens-Illinois development and reflects the sort of imagination and research that go into all of the Owens-Illinois family of quality products.

Duraglas containers • Metal and plastic closures
Kimble laboratory glassware • Libbey Safedge glassware
Plastic containers and fitments • Glass block
Kimble television bulbs • Plywood
Kimble vials and ampuls • Hemingray insulators
Pharmaceutical glassware • Kraft paper
Multiwall bags • Kimble glass tubing

LIBBEY SAFEDGE GLASSWARE
AN (O) PRODUCT

OWENS-ILLINOIS
GENERAL OFFICES · TOLEDO 1, OHIO

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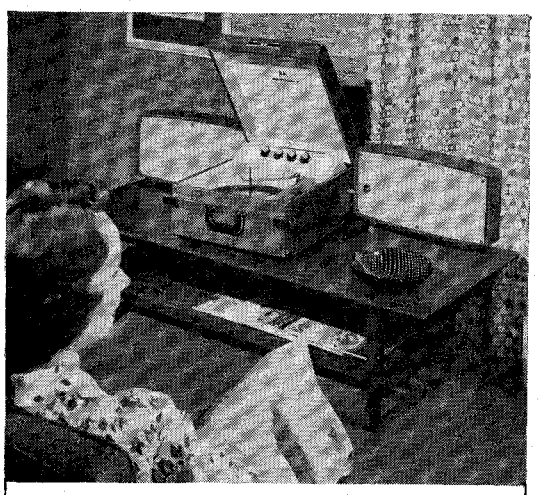
# Which type of Stereo High Fidelity is best for your home?

## Only *you* can tell...and only MOTOROLA can show you...*easily*

**. . . for only Motorola has the remarkably simple means . . . Portable Stereo High Fidelity . . . to demonstrate stereophonic sound where it counts—IN YOUR HOME!**



**Enjoy this 10-minute stereo demonstration in your home** this week! The Motorola Portable Stereo High Fidelity sets up in seconds, will tell you . . . in just a few delightful, revealing minutes . . . whether you should own one- or two-unit cabinets, and show you the best places for it. See your Motorola dealer today.

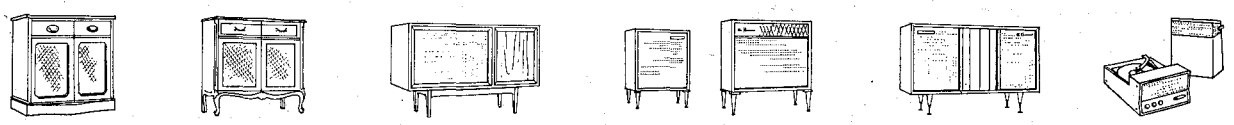
Stereophonic high fidelity . . . the miraculous new era in sound reproduction . . . is here! And Motorola will help guide you in custom-choosing the stereo system that best fits your home.

One-unit or two-unit stereo? Conserve room space or make broad use of it? A thrilling Motorola home demonstration of brilliant, room-filling depth-in-sound will, in just 10 short minutes, make all the answers clear.

The Deluxe Portable Stereo High Fidelity itself will go beautifully in your den or "rec" room. Or you may choose, among Motorola's contemporary, traditional, or period cabinets, the one- or two-unit *furniture-styled* stereo that conforms most favorably to the decor of your home.

Rely on your own two ears . . . in your own home . . . to decide what kind of stereo sound you want most. Depend on Motorola to give you the type, the size, and the style of stereo high fidelity that suits your home best!

Visit your dealer to see other Motorola Stereo High Fidelity in charming, furniture-styled single-unit or matching two-unit cabinets



*More to enjoy from*

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# The coin, the watch and the flower...

Within a few weeks you'll be able to board a luxurious Boeing 707. Your first flight in this jet-age airliner will be one of the travel highlights of your life. You'll cruise serenely through high, weatherless skies, so completely free from vibration you'll be able to stand a half-dollar on edge.

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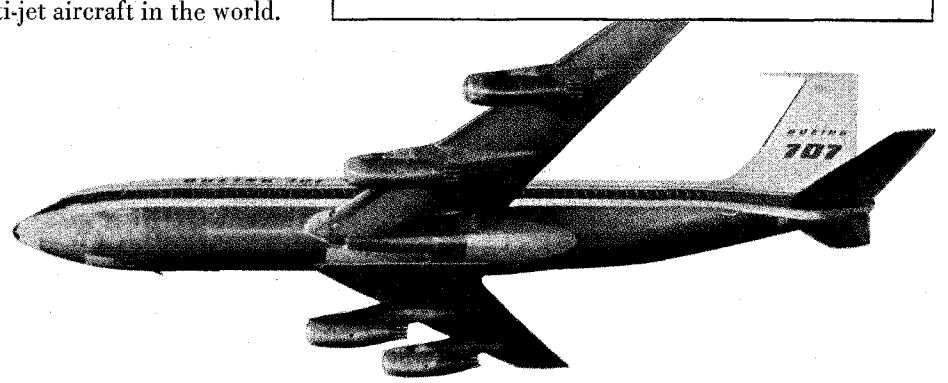


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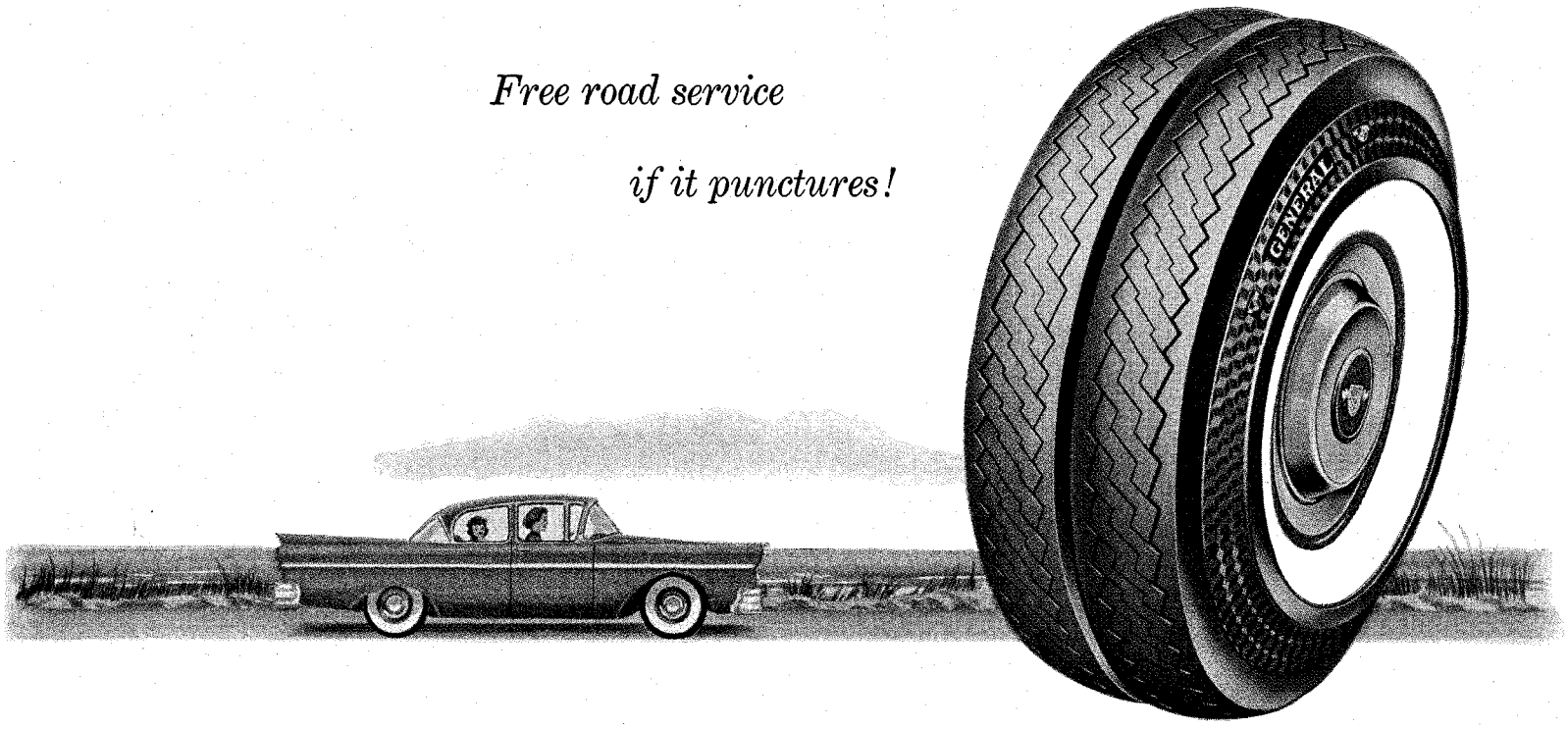


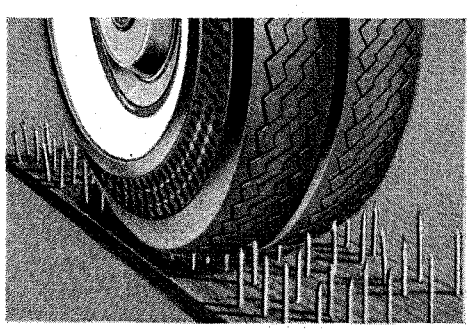

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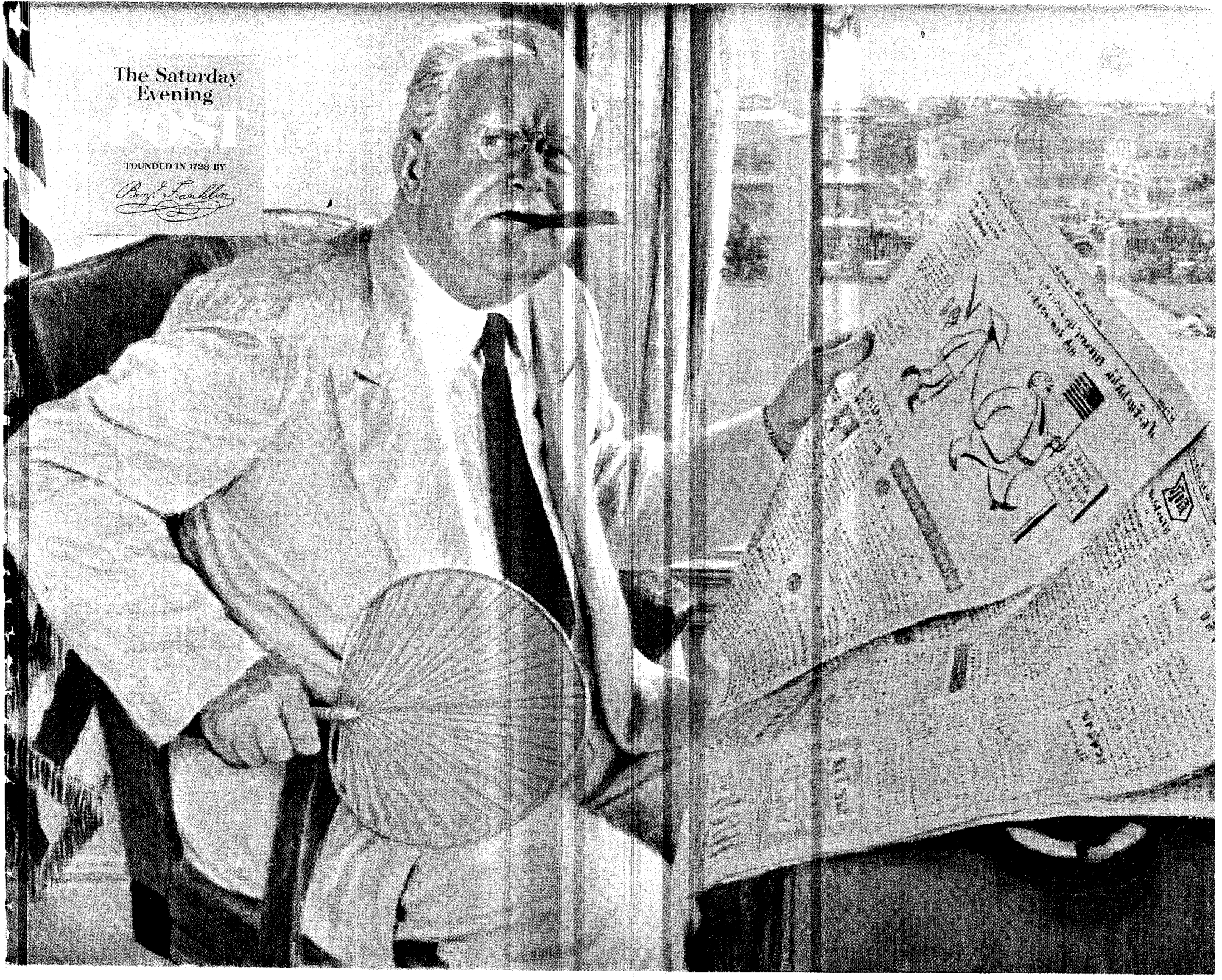
The Saturday Evening POST

FOUNDED IN 1728 BY
Benj. Franklin



"Get me that Prince Ngong, or whatever his name is, the one responsible for protocol," the ambassador said.

# The Ugly American

**PART ONE**

## The Regrettable Ambassador

By WILLIAM J. LEDERER and EUGENE BURDICK

A new and revealing novel about
the Americans we send to represent us overseas—
including some who may shock you.

The Hon. Louis Sears, American ambassador to Sarkhan, was angry. He smoothed out the editorial page of the Sarkhan Eastern Star, the most widely distributed paper in Haidho, and studied the cartoon.

"I don't care what the prime minister and all those little advisers of his say," Ambassador Sears muttered to himself, "the Eastern Star is a Red paper, and that cartoon looks too much like me to be an accident."

He jerked his head away from the paper, with a tic of anger, and turned toward the window. The lawn of the embassy swept down to the main road of Haidho in a green, carefully trimmed wave. On each side it broke into a froth of color—the red and purple of bougainvillaea, the myriad orchids hanging from banyan trees and the crisp lines of bamboo trees. A wrought-iron fence separated embassy grounds from the confusion and noise of the road.

From the countryside a line of women were moving into Haidho, as they did every morning, carrying on their backs fagots of wood or baskets of vegetables. Whenever a man passed, he was on a bicycle, making his way along the chattering lines of women.



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*Strange little monkeys*, Sears thought, forgetting for a moment his pique at the cartoon. *Women do all the work and men have all the fun.*

The only motorized vehicles he could see were trucks which had been given to the Sarkhanese Government by the American military advisory group. They went down the road at a fast clip, carrying military supplies toward the north—neat boxes of hand grenades, bundles of barbed wire, drums of gasoline and oil, .50-caliber machine guns.

*And all of it made in America*, Ambassador Sears thought. His anger returned, and he looked again at the Eastern Star. The cartoon showed a short, fat American, his mouth open like a braying mule's, leading a thin, gracefully built Sarkhanese man by a tether around his neck toward a sign bearing two of the ten Sarkhanese words the ambassador could recognize—the name of a soft drink. Underneath the fat man was one word in English: "Lucky."

Ambassador Sears wished some American in the embassy could read Sarkhanese. He hated to ask the native translators attached to the United States Information Agency about the meaning of cartoons and editorials, suspecting that they always lied. But they couldn't soft-soap him on this one, not when the fat character was called "Lucky."

Back in the States, "Lucky Louis" had been Ambassador Sears' nickname. For eighteen years he had been a popular and successful Senator, but it was said that he always won his elections by lucky flukes. Sears won the first time because his opponent dropped dead ten days before the election. During his second campaign his opponent's wife got involved in a scandal. He scraped through on momentum the third time, but the fourth time up his luck turned and he lost.

Actually, Sears' final defeat had not worried him much. He had been in politics long enough to know that the party owed him something. Two days after the election he called on the national committee with his voting record in his brief case.

The political strategists were ready for him. "What kind of a job would you like, Lucky?"

"A Federal judgeship with a nice long tenure," he answered promptly.

"O.K., but there won't be an opening for two years. In the meantime, Lucky, how would you like to be an ambassador?"

"Me—an ambassador?" Sears pictured himself in a morning coat and striped trousers at the Court of St. James's, or running the handsome embassy building in Paris. "Now look, boys, an ambassador has to spend a lot more than he makes. You know my personal situation; everything I've gotten has gone into the party."

The strategists nodded. It was a remark they heard often, but it never failed to touch them. Well, then, "There's an ambassadorship open in Sarkhan. It pays $17,500 and you could save money on that. There's an entertainment allowance of $15,000, and you can buy liquor tax-free. There's also an ambassador's mansion which you get rent-free."

"Where in the world is Sarkhan?" asked Lucky.

"It's a small country out toward Burma and Thailand."

"Now, you know I'm not prejudiced, but I just don't work well with blacks."

"They're not black, they're brown. Well, if you don't want it, we can fix you up as legal assistant to ——"

"I'll take it."

At first Ambassador Sears had liked his assignment. It was true about the cheap liquor, and the ambassador's mansion was the most spacious and beautifully furnished house he had ever occupied. Mrs. Sears loved it. Soon after his arrival, however, the cartoons had started and Ambassador Sears had felt profoundly hurt. In America, he had never minded kidding about his stoutness. In fact, at Rotary meetings he began his speeches by saying, "Now, for a fat man, I think I'm doing all right by you boys in Washington." It had always got a laugh. But Ambassador Sears felt that it was quite another thing for natives to joke about his physique.

He was still looking at the cartoon when the door opened. It was Margaret Johnson, the embassy's press attaché. She was flushed with excitement.

"Ambassador, a mob of people beat up John Colvin—that powdered-milk man—and dumped his body on the embassy steps some time last night," she said. "We called the doctor and he thinks the man will live, but we'd better prepare a statement for the papers."

"Oh, for Pete's sake!" Ambassador Sears exclaimed. "Why does this kind of thing always have to happen so early in the morning? Why did they beat him up?"

"We're not sure," Margaret said. "There was a note pinned to his body which said something about his molesting Sarkhanese girls."

Ambassador Sears sat back in his chair and laughed. "Well, I'll be damned," he said. "I always thought that guy Colvin was a little too solemn. I tell you, Maggie, it's always those quiet guys who play rough with girls."

Margaret's face showed her distaste for the ambassador's reaction, but her voice was calm.

"This might turn out to be a pretty serious thing, Mr. Ambassador," she said. "One of the Sarkhan political parties might make it an issue and blow it up all out of proportion."

"Aw, come off it, Maggie," Ambassador Sears said. "Since when does a boy-meets-girl affair involve big politics? If you want something to worry about, worry about this cartoon. Get me that Prince Ngong, or whatever his name is, the one responsible for protocol. After we get this newspaper business cleared up, I'll go to the hospital and see that fool Colvin."

Miss Johnson nodded politely and left the office.

In the midst of vague and unremarkable dreams, John Colvin came back to reality slowly. The hospital room emerged, sunny and quiet. He realized that he was in a bed, swathed in gauze and conscious of pain behind a soft barrier of drugs.

The memory of the events which had put him in the hospital returned. He even remembered his astonishment that Deong, a man who had been his friend, was now holding a gun in his back. He had met Deong shortly after he had parachuted into Sarkhan in 1943. It had been a meeting which had saved his life.

Colvin had been dropped into Sarkhan with two other Americans, all carefully selected. They knew the Sarkhanese language perfectly, and their faces had been dyed the light brown of native Sarkhanese. They were OSS agents, tough enough to think they would live forever. Two weeks later Colvin was the only one still alive—and he had had four narrow escapes from Japanese patrols. At last he was running down a jungle path in a desperate effort to escape encirclement; he had come then into a small clearing where Deong was watering the family buffalo. They had stared at one another for a long moment, and Colvin had decided to trust this stranger.

"I am an American intelligence agent here to fight the Japanese," Colvin had said rapidly in Sarkhanese. "I am surrounded by a Japanese patrol, and if I cannot find a hiding place in a few moments they will capture me. Can you help me?"

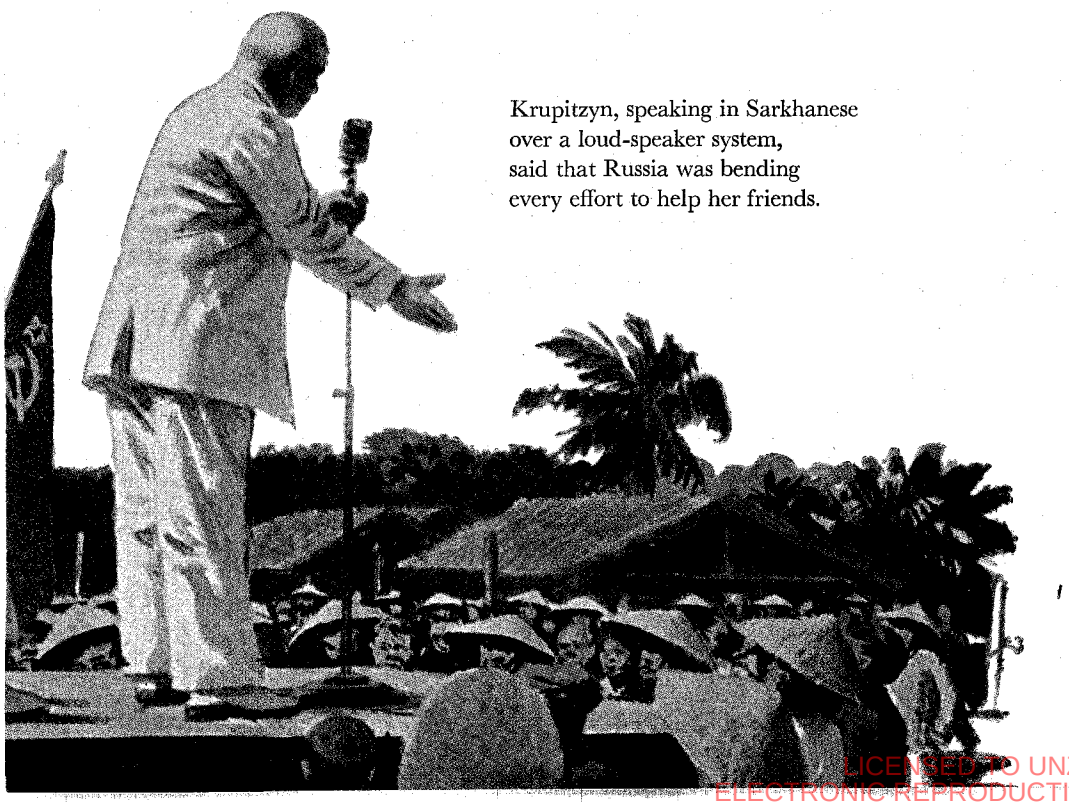
Deong, from his seat on the water buffalo's shoulders, looked down at Colvin for a moment. Then he slid to the ground. "I will help you," Deong said, his eyes shining with excitement.

He took Colvin's arm and ran with him toward a shallow ditch. He snatched three hollow reeds from the edge of the ditch, and pushed John into the water.

"Breathe through the reeds, and do not come out of the water until I pull the reeds from your mouth," Deong said.

He pushed Colvin entirely under and put a large stone on his chest to hold him there. The ditch held

(Continued on Page 108)



Krupitzyn, speaking in Sarkhanese over a loud-speaker system, said that Russia was bending every effort to help her friends.

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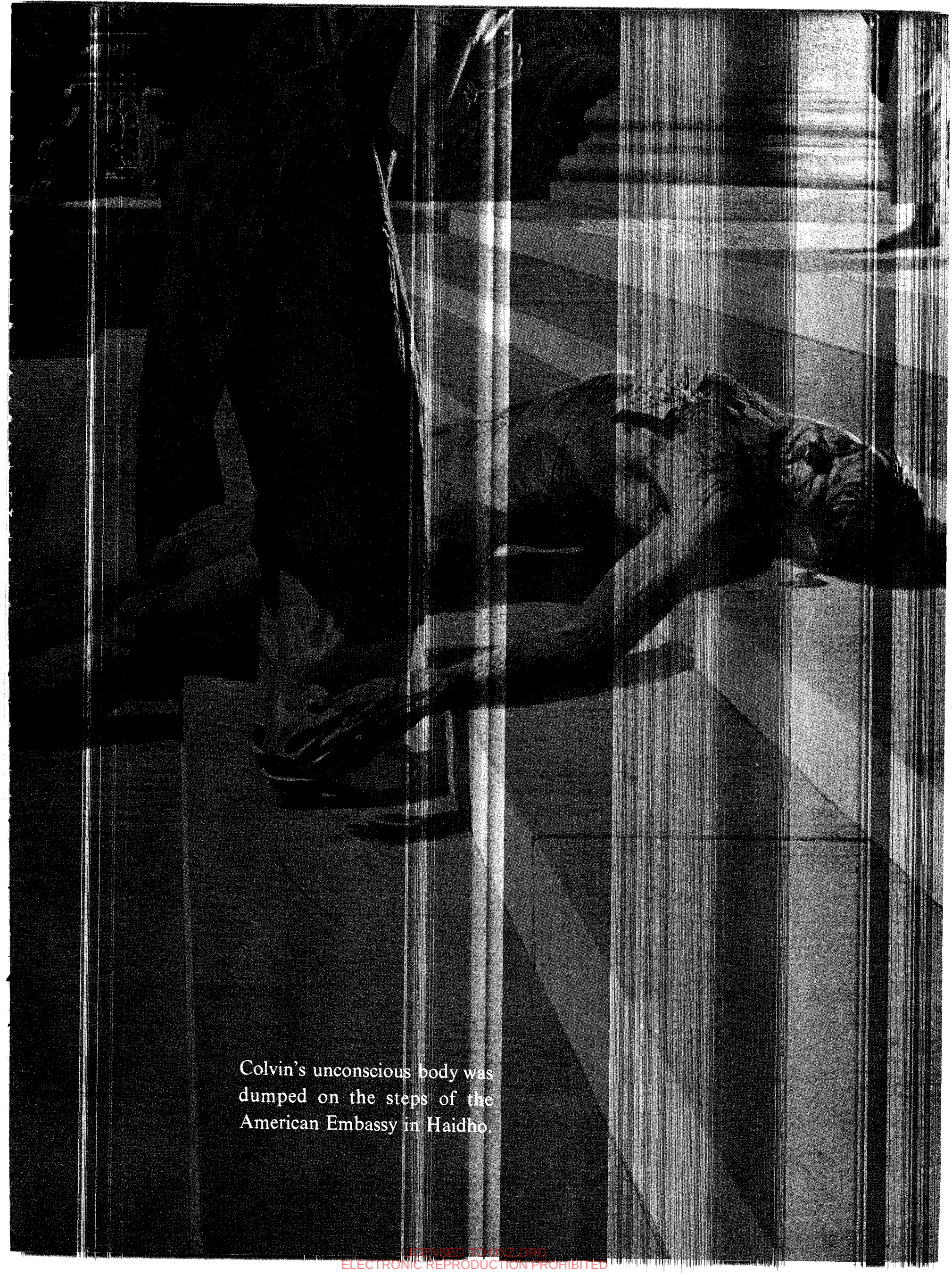

Colvin's unconscious body was dumped on the steps of the American Embassy in Haidho.

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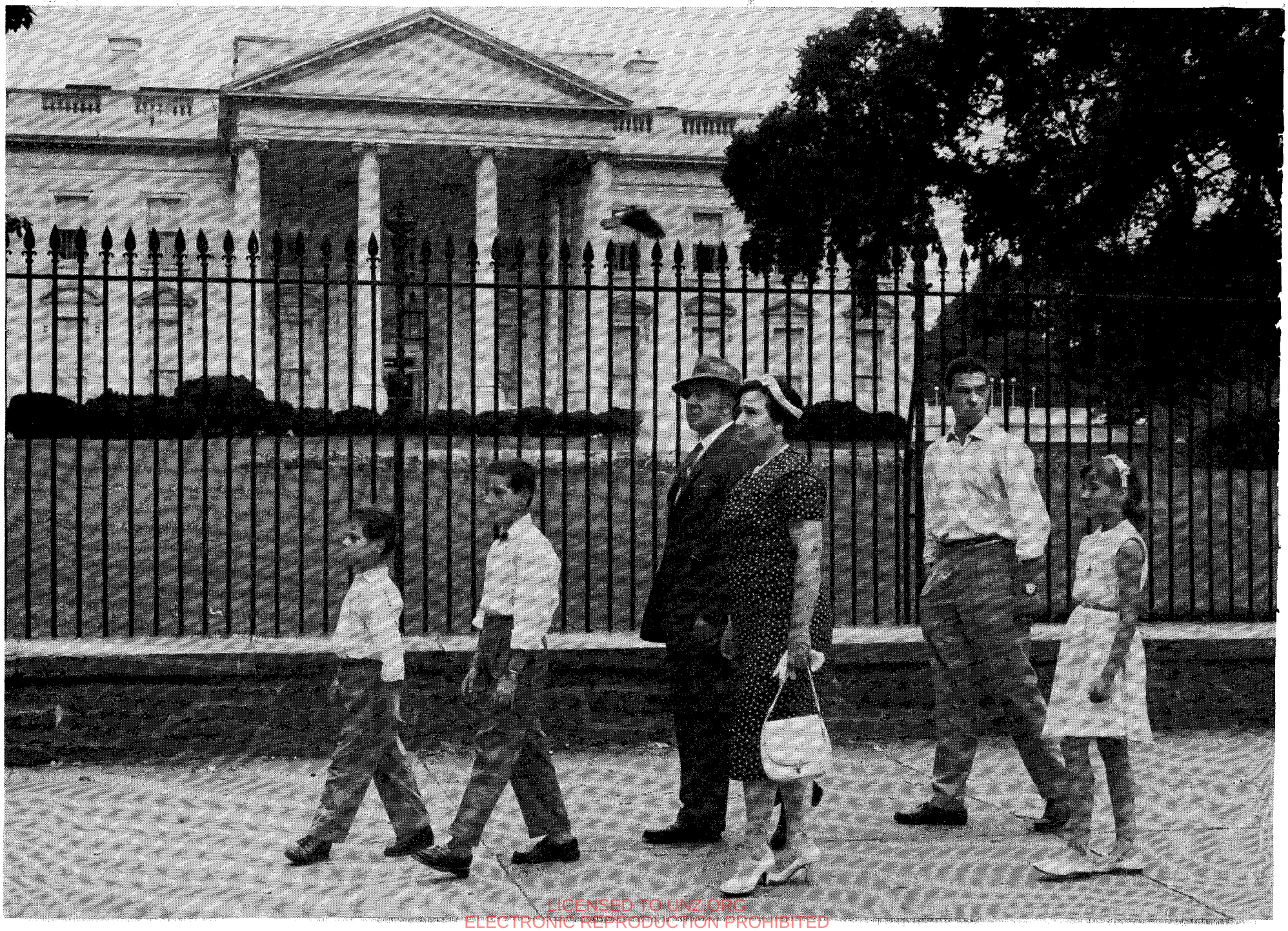
The Marinaros now live in Washington, D.C. Their benefactor, Robert Buell (left), who met them in Egypt, paid for their trip to the U.S.

# The Man Who Found His Country

This is the touching true story of a 22-year struggle against red tape, prison camps and starvation by Costantino Marinaro, who wanted more than anything else in the world to become an American.

By BEVERLY SMITH, Jr., *Washington Editor of The Saturday Evening Post*

Marinaro had studied the White House on film long before he could stroll past it. Below (left to right) are Roberto, Arnaldo, Mr. and Mrs. Marinaro, Dominic and Rita.



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After 22 years of frustration, the Marinaros arrived in their new country last April with four children and $20. Now they are happily settled

At seven A.M., last April third, Mr. and Mrs. Marinaro and their four children landed at New York's Idlewild Airport from Naples. They had never flown before; the twenty-three-hour trip aboard the crowded plane had been strange and tiring; they descended shakily to the concrete.

Once on the ground the younger children jumped with excitement. Papa and Mamma Marinaro brushed tears of joy from their cheeks. For twenty-two years they had looked forward to this moment, and worked toward it through a sea of troubles. For the last sixteen months they had known, over and over, the hope deferred that maketh the heart sick. Now they were here, in America!

But where was their sponsor, the kind Mr. Buell whose efforts had at last made possible their entrance into the promised land? They had not seen him for nine years, but he had assured them he would be here to meet them. Surely he would soon show up or send them some message.

The Marinaros' papers were in order. They passed quickly through Immigration and Customs. They settled down in the waiting room, eagerly scanning the faces of all who entered. An hour passed; another. Their worry increased. What could they do? Their total capital, for the family of six, was twenty dollars—not nearly enough to travel to Washington, where a job as mechanic was supposed to be waiting for Mr. Marinaro. The family was long inured to disappointments. But this one, coming at the moment of happiness, was hard to bear. They were especially concerned about Mr. Buell. It seemed to them that only death or accident could keep so reliable a friend from appearing or sending word.

They were one family among the tens of thousands who come each year from foreign lands to find new homes in the United States. They filter in at the ports or airports, disperse and are lost to public view. We think little of the trials and tribulations they may have gone through, or of the qualities of mind and heart they may have brought with them. Behind the immense drama of America there are millions of little dramas of immigrants who have come here ever since the days of Jamestown and Plymouth Rock.

The drama of the Marinaro family happens to be one I know about. Before me are letters and documents which tell of the complex misadventures which beset them during their long strivings toward America. I know some of the friends who helped them when the outlook seemed blackest. And I know what has happened to them since that morning at Idlewild, when they waited forlornly for their missing benefactor. It is a story which, after teetering so long on the edge of tragedy, has had a happy ending.

It is primarily the tale of Costantino Marinaro, age forty-three, who has wanted since he was twenty-one to live in the United States. During that quest he has had to wrestle like Laocoön in the toils of red tape. Under the vagaries of law or the pressures of war he has been declared an Egyptian, an Italian and a Greek—this last a mistake which almost cost him his life. (Continued on Page 84)

Marinaro's expertne
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for a Washington gar

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# Whistle-Buoy Brady

By MALCOLM STUART BOYLAN

## Adrift in the gale, the buoy and its helpless passengers suddenly became a treacherous lure to destruction.

On Fifth Street in San Pedro, running up the hill from the harbor, talk of the war is old hat and at mention of this or that admiral's eccentricities a man will move down the bar.

There is one famous yarn, however, that always draws a crowd, and frequently a fight. It is the story of two strange men and two strange ships: The amazing battle between "Whistle-Buoy" Brady, of the Hyacinth, and Lieutenant Swanson, of the Juno.

The Juno was a United States Coast Guard patrol boat, 165 feet of spit and polish. She was commanded by Lt. O. A. Swanson, U.S.C.G., and sparkled from the brass and stainless steel of her three-inch gun forward to the snow-white awning rigged over her quarter-deck.

The Hyacinth was a Lighthouse tender, sharing with all such vessels the unhappy tradition that Lighthouse craft must be named for trees and flowers. One hundred and ninety feet, overall, she was commanded by Whistle-Buoy Brady, and a tough old flower was she. And he.

Unlike the immaculate Coast Guard vessel, the Hyacinth's decks were scuffed pine. Paint covered everything that might require polish, and her deck was a junkyard. There were lashed-down buoys, cables, lights, whistles, spare drums of fuel, anchors and other ground tackle necessary to tie a twelve-ton bobbin of a buoy to the bottom of the sea.

Lieutenant Swanson, commanding officer of the Juno, was said to have paddled from his native Minnesota to the Coast Guard Academy on a hay wagon. He was of that odd American-Scandinavian breed who, while moored to the farm, fret intuitively for the sea. He was big, towheaded and roughhewn, and the Coast Guard Academy had a particularly hard job polishing him into an officer and a gentleman by act of Congress. The result was that he bent over backward in rank, swank and dignity. His combination thorn-in-the-side and cross-to-bear was Brady and the grubby old Hyacinth, berthed alongside at the same Government dock.

Whistle-Buoy Brady shouldn't have been annoyed at the nearness of Juno and Swanson; the Coast Guard was nothing to him. But he was. He didn't want any part of the Hooligan Navy, as he called it; nor of Swanson. Between them, from the moment they first saw each other, had been a warm and deep personal enmity.

(Continued on Page 114)

Hanging on desperately against the sea, the two men struggled to put out the beacon and still the whistle.

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High pop fouls don't bother Crandall (above, in action against the Pirates). He doesn't stagger or circle—he just runs to the spot where the ball is coming down and catches it.

As casualties laid Milwaukee's stars low, one man above all others stood firm to keep the champs on top:

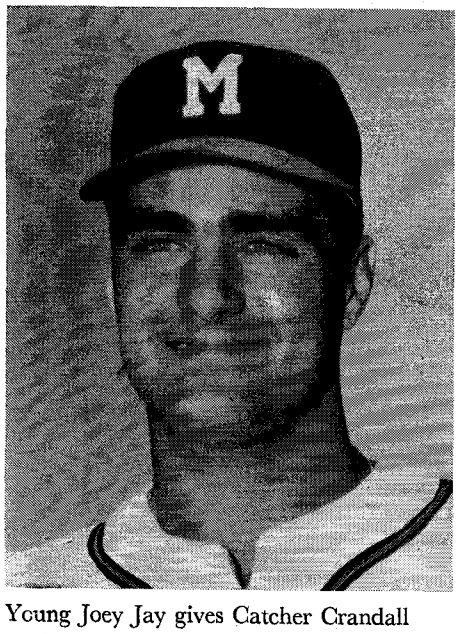
# DEL CRANDALL: Solid Man of the Braves

By STEVE WELLER

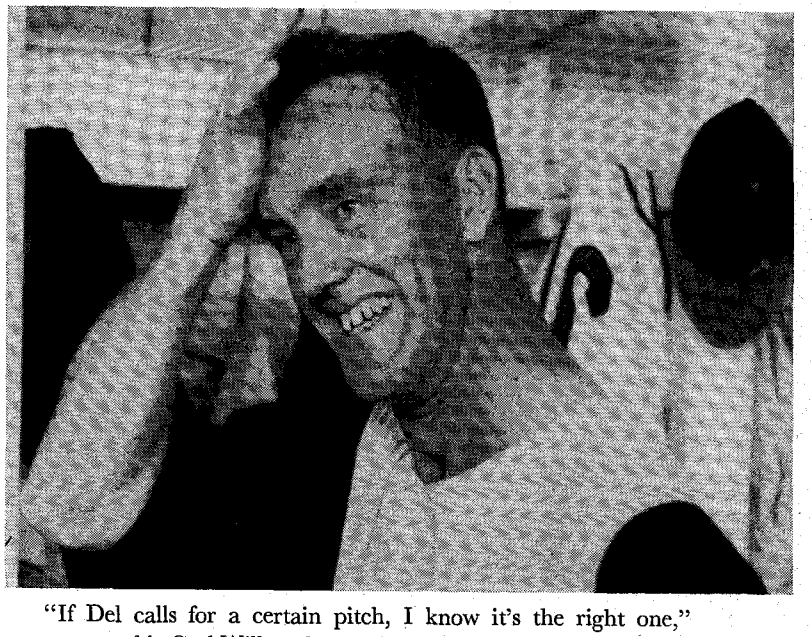
It is sometimes said that the easiest way for a ballplayer to break into the major leagues is with the "tools of ignorance"—the bulky pile of equipment that is designed to protect a catcher from foul tips, erratic pitches and rampaging base runners. According to those who advance this belittling view, there is less competition for the catcher's job. They point out that there are very few outstanding receivers and many who stay in the majors for years despite batting averages around .235.

There may be something in this reasoning. However, it could be that the reverse is true. Perhaps there are few standout catchers because few athletes possess the wide variety of talents that it takes to produce one.

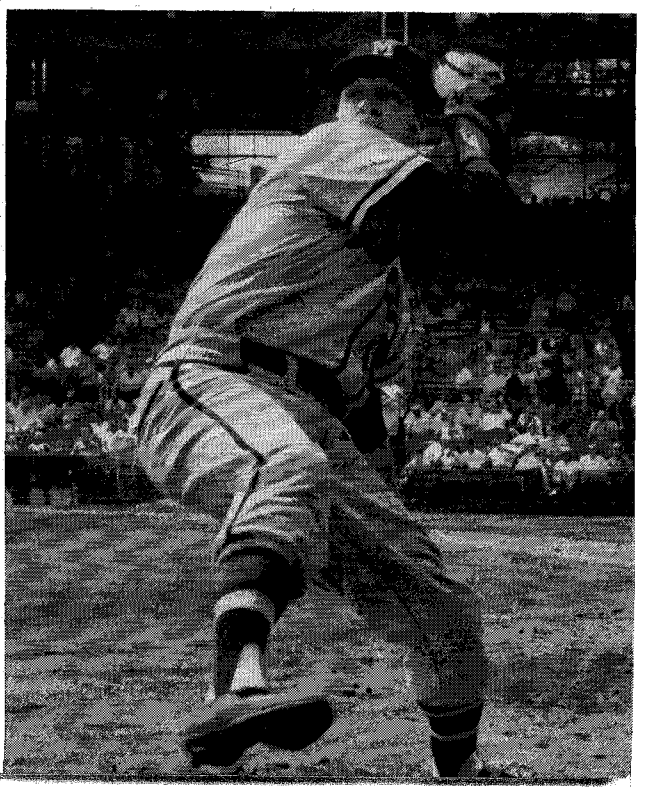
Part coach, part con man and part concrete wall—these are (Continued on Page 98)



Young Joey Jay gives Catcher Crandall credit for developing him as a pitcher.



"If Del calls for a certain pitch, I know it's the right one," says rookie Carl Willey, shown above after he pitched a shutout.



Crandall's admirers also include the Braves' long-time star and World Series veteran Warren Spahn, winding up at right.

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At center above is Dr. Alfred Vogl, father of modern diuretic therapy. As a young physician in Vienna, he discovered the first fully effective treatment for the swelling called edema.

# The Pill With the Built-In Surprise

Chlorothiazide dramatically relieves edema (excess body fluids), one of the major complications in kidney and heart disease. But an unexpected bonus may prove most important of all.

Below: A heart patient at George Washington University Hospital takes chlorothiazide to control edema caused by coronary disease.

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By BEN PEARSE

Four months before the ambulance brought Mary Smith to Georgetown University Hospital in Washington, D.C., she was an attractive, twenty-four-year-old housewife, a trim figure at 115 pounds. The day she collapsed at home and was rushed to the hospital, her friends wouldn't have known her. Her body was so swollen from head to foot that she was almost half again her normal size, a puffy 165 pounds.

Her medical record revealed a history of nephrosis, a disease of the nephrons, or minute tubules, that largely make up the kidney. Since one of their chief functions is to eliminate excess body fluids, when they get out of kilter the fluids accumulate, causing the swelling known as edema, or dropsy. Mary Smith (this is not her real name) had a severe case. The edema was secondary to the kidney disease, but it threatened serious complications aside from the acute physical discomfort. Her blood pressure was above normal, and her heart had become enlarged.

For the underlying kidney ailment, she was given prednisone, a synthetic drug of the cortisone group. But restoring the kidney's functioning to normal would be a matter of several days, perhaps weeks. To prevent the edema from increasing meanwhile, possibly to the point of becoming fatally toxic, something had to be done quickly.

What was done was to give Mary Smith a pill about the size of an ordinary aspirin tablet, called chlorothiazide. Taken every six hours for seven days, the pills produced what the doctors call a "massive diuresis." The patient eliminated through every twenty-four hours an average of about half a gallon of the body fluids that had been accumulating for four months. To be exact, by the ninth day she had lost fifty pounds. The dose was then cut down to keep her at her normal weight of 115 pounds while the treatment for the nephrosis itself was continued. When she went home a couple of weeks later, she was her former trim, attractive self. She still is.

Chlorothiazide was discovered less than two years ago, partly by accident; and the exact way it works is still not fully understood. But the results, as in Mary Smith's case, are often dramatic. It is regarded, Dr. George E. Schreiner, head of the Georgetown Hospital renal clinic, told me, as a "major advance in diuretic therapy, sometimes indispensable in treating kidney disorders." Chlorothiazide is also very effective—when combined with other drugs—in reducing high blood pressure, an application on which we shall have more to say later.

Concerning edema, Doctor Schreiner pointed out that "it is a symptom rather than a disease, but it is uncomfortable, often painful and if not brought under control can actually be a threat to life.

"The most potent diuretics available until recently, the mercury compounds, we here consider too hazardous to use when the kidneys are involved," he said. "The nonmercurial diuretics have often proved too weak or they had undesirable side effects. Until chlorothiazide came along, our most effective treatment for this type of edema was to regulate the

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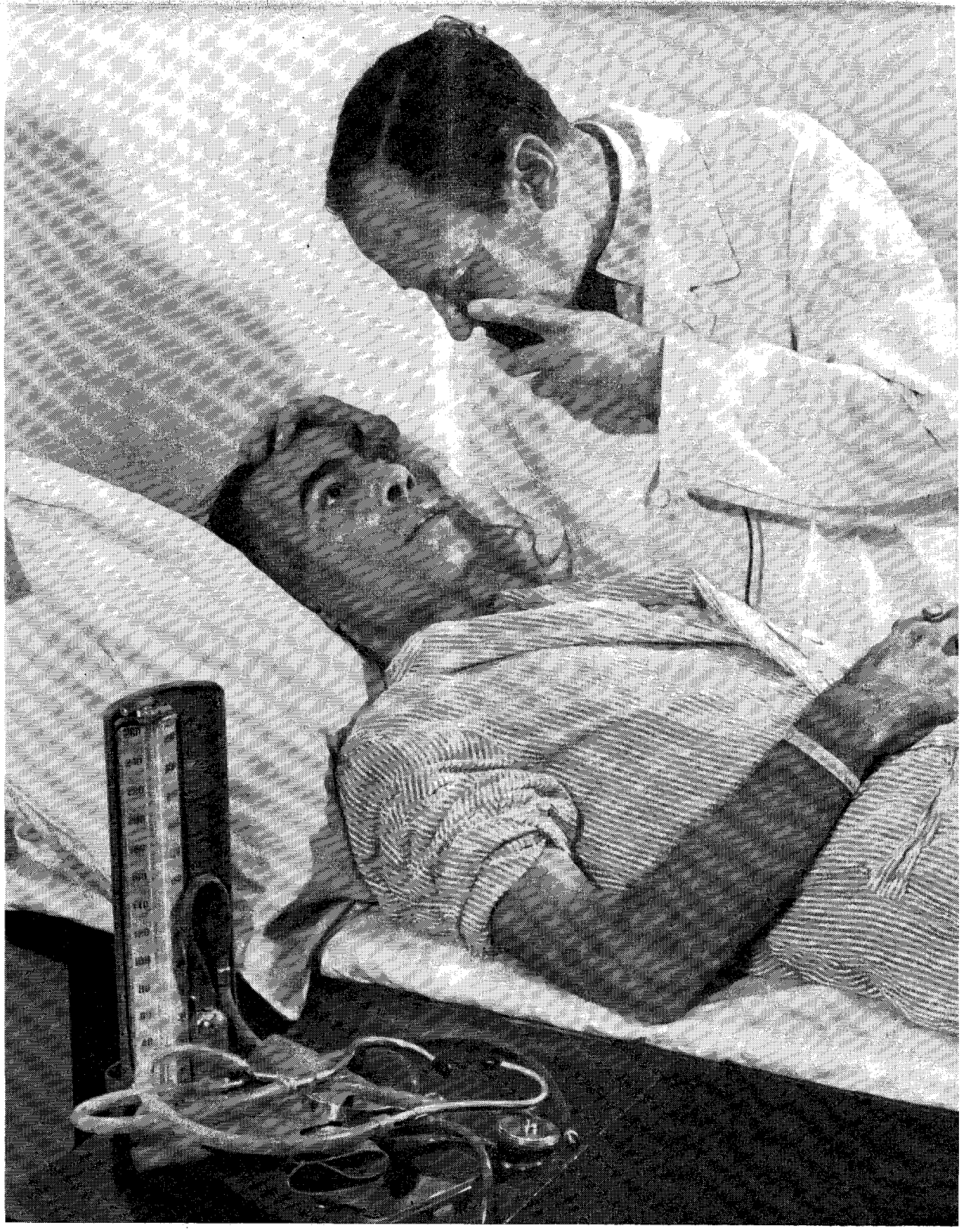

The new drug, which is known commercially as Diuril, is being used to relieve hypertension at the VA's Mount Alto Hospital in Washington, D.C. The physician is Dr. Edward Freis, chief of medical service.

Before receiving chlorothiazide, the 15-month-old edema victim above suffered a 26% gain in weight.

A photograph taken eight days after picture at left shows the drug's effect on fluid-swollen tissues.

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A Post Novelette Complete in This Issue

Strange things happened to the one who wore . . .

# THE MAGIC WHITE SUIT

By RAY BRADBURY

It was summer twilight in the city, and out front of the quiet-clicking poolhall three young Mexican-American men breathed the warm air and looked around at the world. Sometimes they talked and sometimes they said nothing at all, but watched the cars glide by like black panthers on the hot asphalt or saw trolleys loom up like thunderstorms, scatter lightning, and rumble away into silence.

"Hey," sighed Martinez, at last. He was the youngest, the most sweetly sad of the three. "It's a swell night, huh? Swell."

As he observed the world it moved very close and then drifted away and then came close again. People, brushing by, were suddenly across the street. Buildings five miles away suddenly leaned over him. But most of the time everything—people, cars and buildings—stayed way out on the edge of the world and could not be touched. On this quiet warm summer evening, Martinez' face was cold.

"Nights like this you wish—lots of things."

"Wishing," said the second man, Villanazul, a man who shouted books out loud in his room, but spoke only in whispers on the street, "is the useless pastime of the unemployed."

"Unemployed?" cried Vamenos, the unshaven. "Listen to him! We got no jobs, no money!"

"So," said Martinez, "we got no friends."

"True." Villanazul gazed off toward the green plaza where the palm trees swayed in

Illustrated by Thornton Utz

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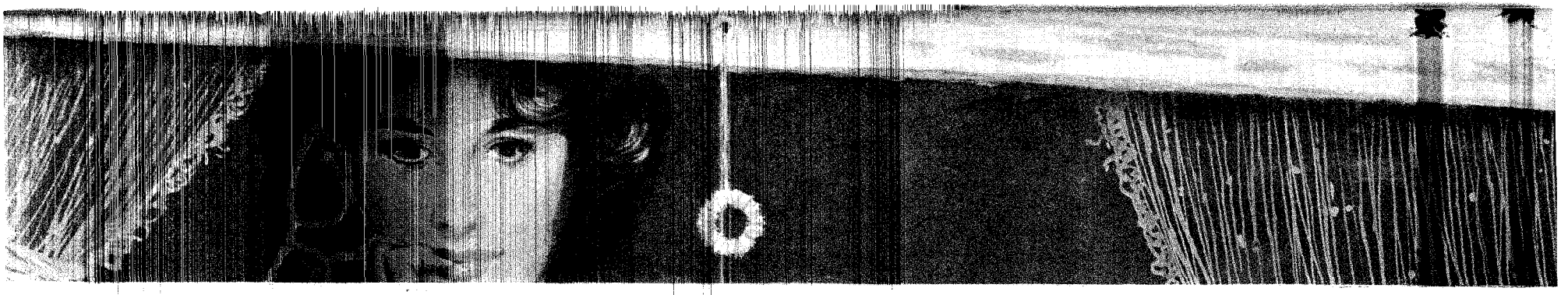

The beautiful girl looked out, her dark hair faintly stirred by the wind.

the soft night wind. "Do you know what I wish? I wish to go into that plaza and speak among the businessmen who gather there nights to talk big talk. But dressed as I am, poor as I am, who would listen? So, Martinez, we have each other. The friendship of the poor is real friendship. We ——"

But now a handsome young Mexican with a fine thin mustache strolled by. And on each of his careless arms hung a laughing woman.

"*Madre mía!*" Martinez slapped his own brow. "How does that one rate two friends?"

"It's his nice new white suit." Vamenos chewed a black thumbnail. "He looks sharp."

Martinez leaned out to watch the three people moving away, and then at the tenement across the street, in one fourth-floor window of which, far above, a beautiful girl looked out, her dark hair faintly stirred by the wind. She had been there forever, which was to say, for six weeks. He had nodded, he had raised a hand, he had smiled, he had blinked rapidly; he had even bowed to her, on the street, in the hall when visiting friends, in the park, downtown. Even now, he put his hand up from his waist and moved his fingers. But all the lovely girl did was let the summer wind stir her dark hair. He did not exist. He was nothing.

"*Madre mía!*" He looked away and down the street where the man walked his two friends around a corner. "Oh, if just I had one suit, one! I wouldn't need money if I looked O.K."

"I hesitate to suggest," said Villanazul, "that you see Gomez. But he's been talking some crazy talk for a month now, about clothes. I keep on saying I'll be in on it to make him go away. That Gomez."

"Friend," said a quiet voice.

"Gomez!" Everyone turned to stare.

Smiling strangely, Gomez pulled forth an endless thin yellow ribbon which fluttered and swirled on the summer air.

"Gomez," said Martinez, "what you doing with that tape measure?"

Gomez beamed. "Measuring people's skeletons."

"Skeletons!"

"Hold on." Gomez squinted at Martinez. "Caramba! Where you been all my life! Let's try you!"

Martinez saw his arm seized and taped, his leg measured, his chest encircled.

"Hold still!" cried Gomez. "Arm—perfect. Leg—chest—*perfecto!* Now, quick, the height! There! Yes! Five-foot-five! You're in! Shake!" Pumping Martinez' hand he stopped suddenly. "Wait. You got—ten bucks?"

"*I* have!" Vamenos waved some grimy bills. "Gomez, measure me!"

"All I got left in the world is nine dollars and ninety-two cents." Martinez searched his pockets. "That's enough for a new suit? Why?"

"Why? Because you got the right skeleton, that's why!"

"Señor Gomez, I don't hardly know you ——"

"Know me? You're going to live with me! Come on!"

Gomez vanished into the poolroom. Martinez, escorted by the polite Villanazul, pushed by an eager Vamenos, found himself inside.

"Dominguez!" said Gomez.

Dominguez, at a wall telephone, winked at them. A woman's voice squeaked on the receiver.

"Manulo!" said Gomez.

Manulo, a wine bottle tilted bubbling to his mouth, turned.

Gomez pointed at Martinez. "At last we found our fifth volunteer!"

Dominguez said, "I got a date, don't bother me ——" and stopped. The receiver slipped from his fingers. His little black telephone book full of fine names and numbers went quickly back into his pocket. "Gomez, you ——"

"Yes, yes! Your money, now! *Vamos!*"

The woman's voice sizzled on the dangling phone. Dominguez glanced at it uneasily.

Manulo considered the empty wine bottle in his hand and the liquor-store sign across the street.

Then, very reluctantly, both men laid ten dollars each on the green-velvet pool table.

Villanazul, amazed, did likewise, as did Gomez, nudging (Continued on Page 47)

"No," said all five men on the sidewalk as they heard the impact.

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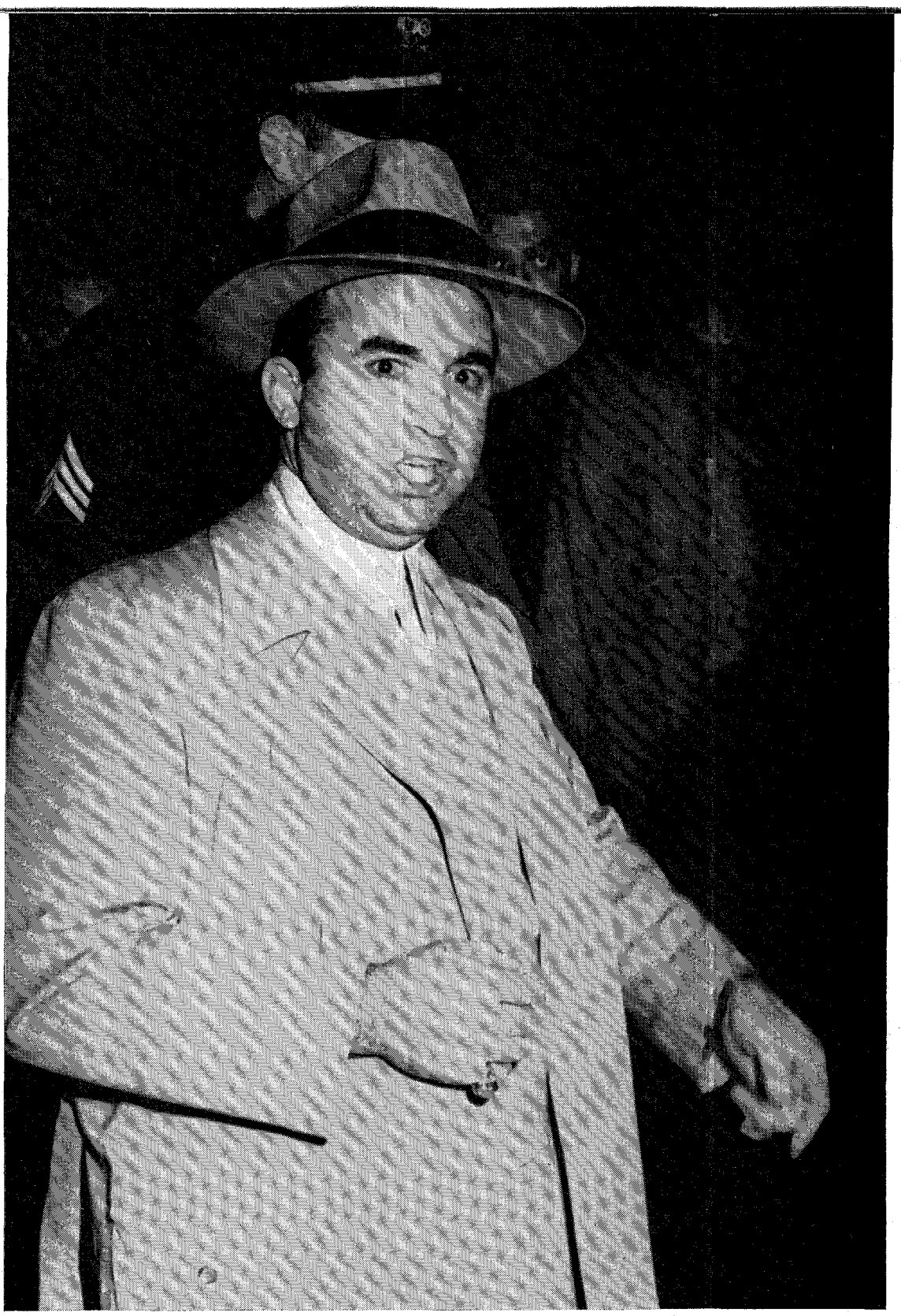
# MICKEY COHEN: The Private Life of a Hood

PART THREE

In his heyday as a racketeer, Mickey led a charmed life through the bombs and bullets of gangland ambushes. Now the mobsters don't consider him important enough to kill.

By DEAN JENNINGS



January, 1951: Cohen, trying to live up to a tough-guy reputation, upbraids cops who arrested him for a traffic violation in Hollywood. A little over a year later, he landed in McNeil Island Penitentiary for income-tax evasion.

1949: The last agonies of Neddie Herbert, Cohen's bodyguard, who was mortally wounded in the "Sunset Strip ambush" by mobsters out to get Cohen.

It had been rough going for Mickey Cohen that spring and summer of 1948.

He had dropped a bundle on a couple of sure things that went haywire. His pal "Hooky" Rothman had just been laid away in the cemetery with half his face missing from an enemy shotgun blast. His bodyguard Neddie Herbert—who was also not long for this world—had found and taken apart a bomb some crumb had hidden outside Mickey's bedroom. Police Lt. Rudolph Wellpott, who had sworn to kill Mickey if the little racketeer ever pulled a gun on him, was keeping an eye on him every day. Mickey had also discovered that his house was bugged, and he was fit to be tied.

So he came home on a gloomy evening and understandably forgot that he had just had a big meal in one of his favorite joints. "Hon," he said to his pretty wife, Lavonne, "fix me a Spanish omelet, huh?"

"Sure I will, Mick," she said. "But when it's cooked I'll wrap it around your head because you won't eat it."

Mickey gave her a wounded look. "Hon," he said, "is that any way to talk to the number one hoodlum of Los Angeles?"

If the crime historians ever look for the mainspring that makes Mickey Cohen tick, they can find it in this plaintive phrase which, though voiced in the privacy of his home ten years or so ago and later quoted in the memoirs of newspaperwoman Florabel Muir, might just as well have emerged at a press conference today. He did not then and does not now want anyone to forget that he is the No. 1 bad boy of Los Angeles.

When I first went to Los Angeles to work on this report I assumed that Mickey, like other local celebrities, had a press agent.

The fact is, however, that he has never needed a flack, (Continued on Page 118)

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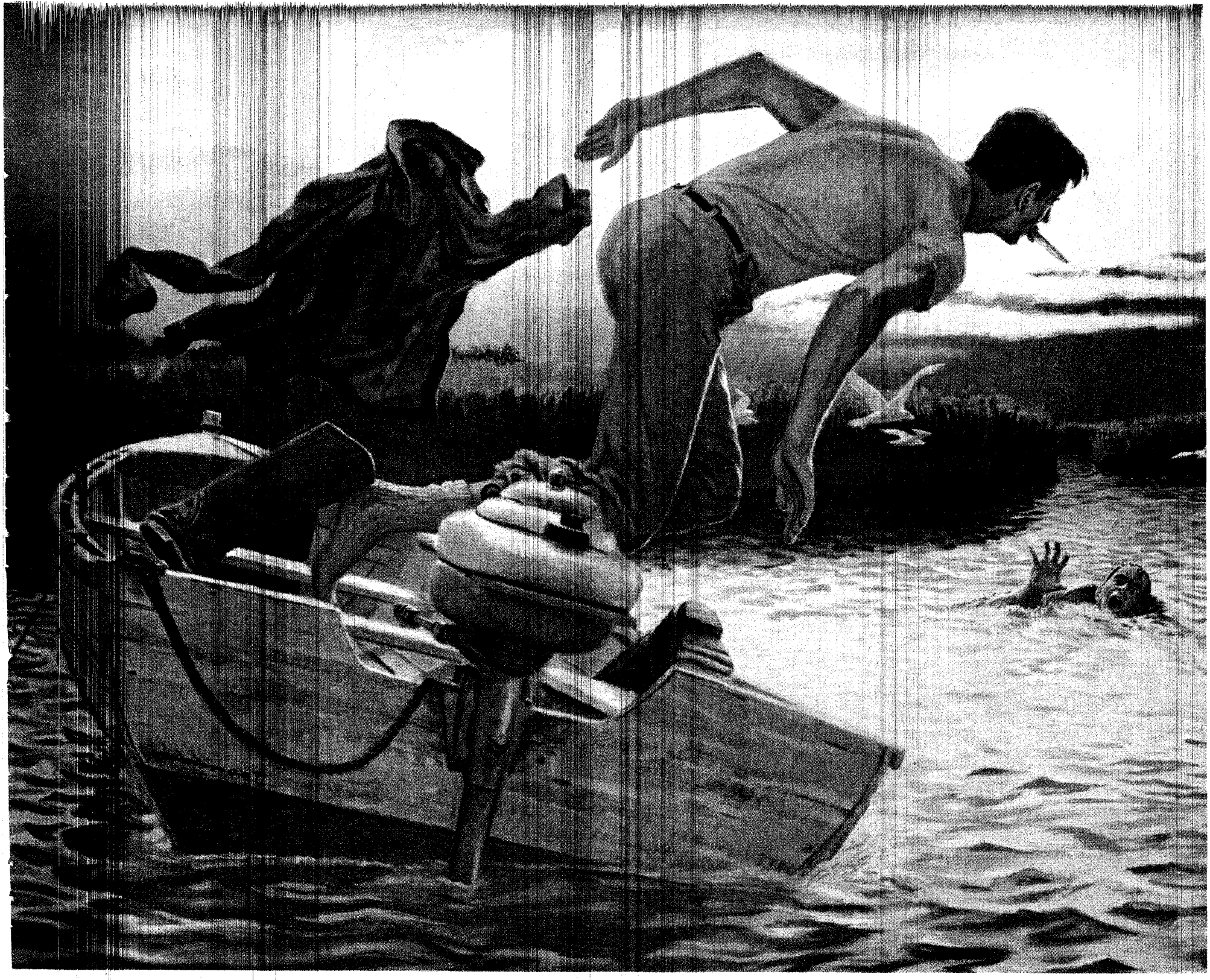

"Stay in the boat," his father screamed.

# The Deadly Depths

Beneath the surface of the bay lurked a man-killer that struck without warning.

By RONALD SERCOMBE

The young man—he was only seventeen, but he had been separated from the boys for a good many years—sat hunched in a battered cypress rowboat. The boat was doubly anchored in about twenty feet of water. It was deep night. Swamp mists had obscured the moon and stars, so the water was black as channel mud.

The place was called Barrett's Bay. The adjacent swamplands were registered under the name of Joseph Barrett, who had long since been lost in the quicksands while hunting raccoons at night with a double-barreled shotgun and a pint of white whisky. It was, actually, a U-shaped cove supplied with water from the Intracoastal Canal which runs from New Jersey to the Florida Keys. When the east winds blew, the water was brinish as the ocean; but during westerlies it became brackish, almost fresh.

The young man's name was Jonathan Walker, Jr., but around Palm Valley and the beaches of Jacksonville he was called Corky. At the age of four, he had fallen off his father's fishing dock into the waterway. Even before his mother's screams could bring help, he had bounced to the surface like a cork, paddled like a puppy to a barnacle-encrusted piling and hung on until his father had grabbed him.

Now, in his right hand, he held a heavy cord. A flexible wire noose had been slipped over the cord and the noose was attached to a long pine pole. The cord was bringing him messages from the black water. Something picked up the bait, which (Continued on Page 102)

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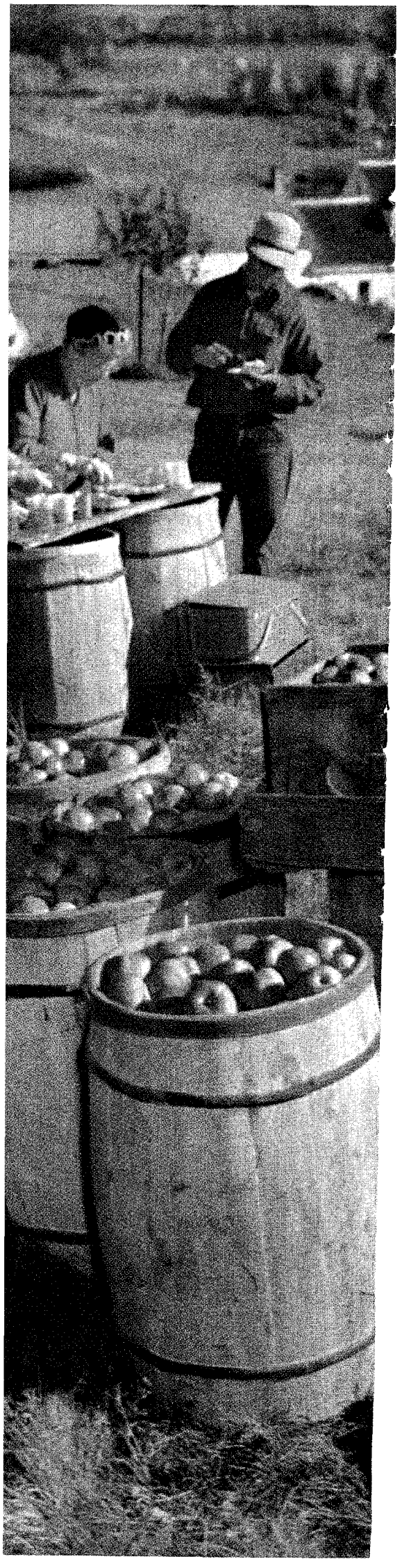

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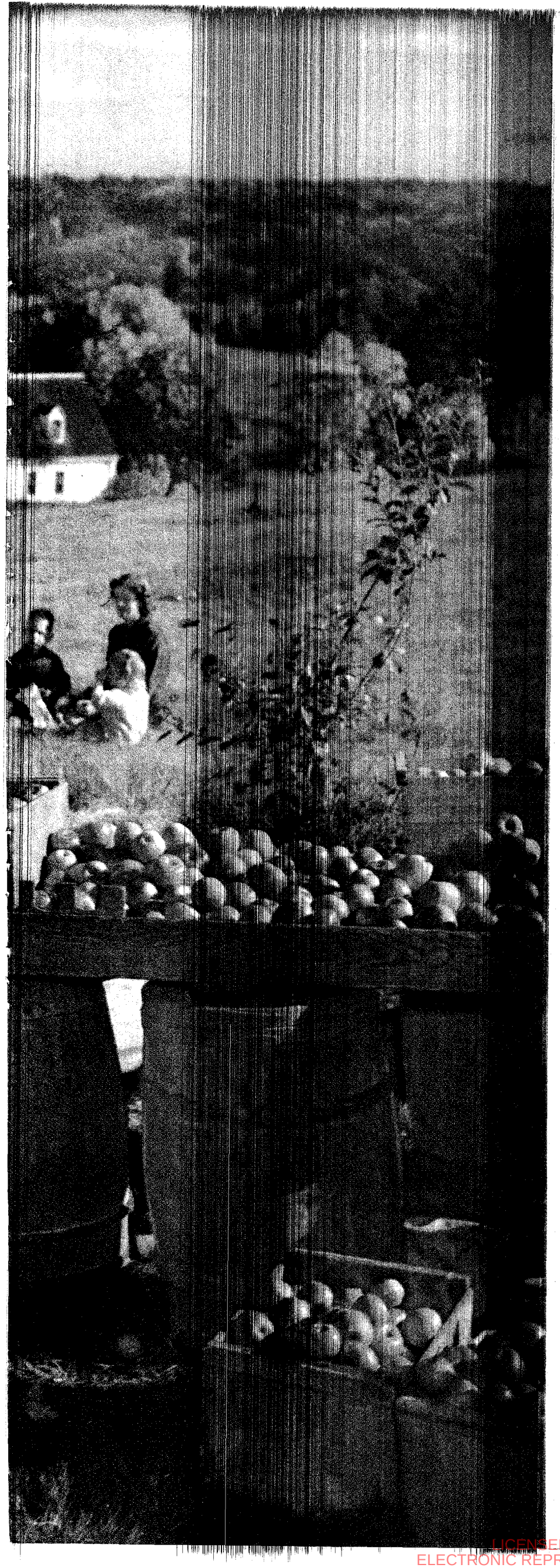

The Face of AMERICA

# Autumn's Bounty

In an "on" year it takes all the family, plus some extra help, to get in the apple crop at the Johnston brothers' farm here at Damariscotta Mills, Maine. Each piece of ripe fruit on the Johnstons' 350 laden trees has to be picked by hand to prevent the bruises that cause spoilage. The reward for ten days' work: 1250 bushels of juicy Northern Spys. Amidst some of this early October bounty at left are the brothers, Richard (in blue plaid shirt) and Erland (in red shirt). Soon they'll store the red autumn produce in an earthen cold cellar to supply grocery stores in surrounding towns through the winter months ahead. What's left will go to a nearby cannery to be turned into sauce and pastry filling for supermarket shelves. But now, during an afternoon break, all hands are sampling their own sweet cider and apple pie before the harvest starts its way to lunch pails, dinner tables and the tops of teachers' desks. ● Photograph by Frank Ross

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# The Reluctant Gambler

## She was only a beginner,

## but for her the stakes were higher than mere money.

By JEAN STAFFORD

The wide hanging lamps with beaded fringe and shades of ecru silk cast an unwholesome, joyless light on the watchful countenances of the croupiers and the gamblers at the tables of roulette and *chemin de fer*. Smoke, in this lackluster, was green, not blue, as if it partook of the color of the felt on the tables and it hovered, a sweet effluvium, over the heads that were bent to the study of wheels and cards.

Everyone in the warm, bland, airless room—the tall windows were closed and snuff-brown mohair draperies were drawn over them—looked chronically ill and engrossed with his symptoms. And while the symptoms might vary, the malady was the same in a young Chinese woman, as neat as a cat, who never raised her eyes from a notebook in which she was keeping a system of probabilities; in an aging, florid German whose face was as scarred as the moon and who wore his monocle like a reprimand; in a cool, queenly Scandinavian whose coronet of golden braids was intertwined with pearls. The common denominator for all of these—and for the rajah in a diapered turban and the two Scots in kilts, for the burghers from Brussels and the wattled old dowagers frothing with native lace and paved with diamonds from Antwerp—was that of the invalid concentrating on the tides of his pain, a look necessarily unsociable.

Indeed, such was the air of apprehension and constraint that the casino could have been a hospital ward save that the uniform was dinner dress, not dishabille. Over the whole Saturday-night throng—five hundred or more, so that the players stood six deep—there was a hush of desperate tension; there was no laughter, there was a little murmured conversation, and except for this, there were only the sounds of the croupiers' muted exclamation, "*Messieurs, mesdames, faites vos jeux!*" and the spinning of the wheels, and the croupiers' further admonition, "*Rien ne va plus*," and a communal sigh as the balls fell into their final, fateful compartments.

Abby Reynolds had left her escort, Hugh Nicholson, playing at the table nearest the bar. Conscientious cicerone that he was, he had offered to wander about with her, but she had replied that she wanted to observe this phenomenon without a guide, and he had not protested, but had at once addressed himself to the wheel. Abby's preconception of gambling derived from scenes in movies, and as she moved from table to table, endeavoring to understand the games, she realized that either her memory was at fault or that Hollywood had carelessly added an apocryphal glitter and subtracted an essential gloom. She had expected rich chandeliers, not these morose and fungoid lamps, and the carpet was not dense and darkly red, but was thin, and it bore upon its lugubrious puce background a vapid pattern of flaxen parallelograms.

Vaguely she had imagined balconies, beset with the branches of flowering trees where, looking down to a moonlit sea littered with the yachts of millionaires, chic lovers confronted the tortures and the consolations of their love. She thought that in the movies there had been the poignant music of stringed instruments, bittersweet, oblique. The bar should have offered a sprightlier aspect: this one, not altogether clean, presided over by two phlegmatic Walloons, looked rather like something to be found in a railway terminal or on a Channel boat. She reflected that probably the gaming rooms of Monte Carlo had been the ones that she had seen on the screen and that the beatifying lights and airs and blossoms of the Mediterranean had caused her to misconstrue. Here, in Belgium, in Knokke-le-Zoute, the casino perhaps had borrowed its somber look from the dun North Sea, where the skies were low and heavy and the melancholy dunes were gray.

Nor was the clientele what she had anticipated; their tragedy—or their headlong, suicidal folly—if it existed, was masked by that look of malaise, by that look of removal, of being, somehow, behind clouded glass. There was contagion in the atmosphere, and after an hour's roaming Abby began to feel edgy and glum, although when she had first entered the room she had been exuberant. She and Hugh Nicholson had won handsomely at the races at Ostend that afternoon and had congratulated themselves at length with champagne, and at the height of their gaiety they had decided to hire a car to drive on here. Now the glow of the champagne had been usurped by a headache and Abby's eyes stung with the smoke and the languid light and all her elation had withered away in the silence of this dedicated and unhappy horde and under the practiced, appraising eyes of the croupiers and the officials on their high chairs who could accurately read the physiognomies of knaves and addicts and tenderfeet. Not only did these men stare and classify; so did the players, implacably hostile as if they resented being caught out at their secret vice which they could indulge in only the most public way.

An ancient woman with a cockled, whiskery face, dressed in purple crepe and wearing a purple toque, gazed long at Abby through a jewel-encrusted lorgnette, and Abby, challenged, gazed back, but stage fright overtook her and she lost the battle and moved on to another table where she was once again stared out of countenance by another beldam whose boa of monkey fur was the same texture and color as her badly dyed hair. Both pairs of eyes had reviled her, had plainly said, "Tripper! Spectator! Who are you to sit in judgment?" And she felt as she did when someone jostled her in a crowd and then gratuitously scolded her for being in the way.

Suddenly, feeling lost, she was assailed by a wild wind of homesickness and she went into the bar, almost weeping, where she ordered a glass of lemonade.

For nearly a year, ever since her husband's death, Abby Reynolds had lived in Europe, moving from a Florentine boardinghouse for bereft or virginal gentlewomen to the same kind of asylum in Rome; she had dwelt in rooms in the flats of respectable elderly couples in Vienna and Munich, and she had lived in a borrowed apartment in Paris with a borrowed maid and a borrowed black cat. Although she (Continued on Page 90)

Illustrated by Coby Whitmore

She was still ahead
when the wheel was spun
for the last time.

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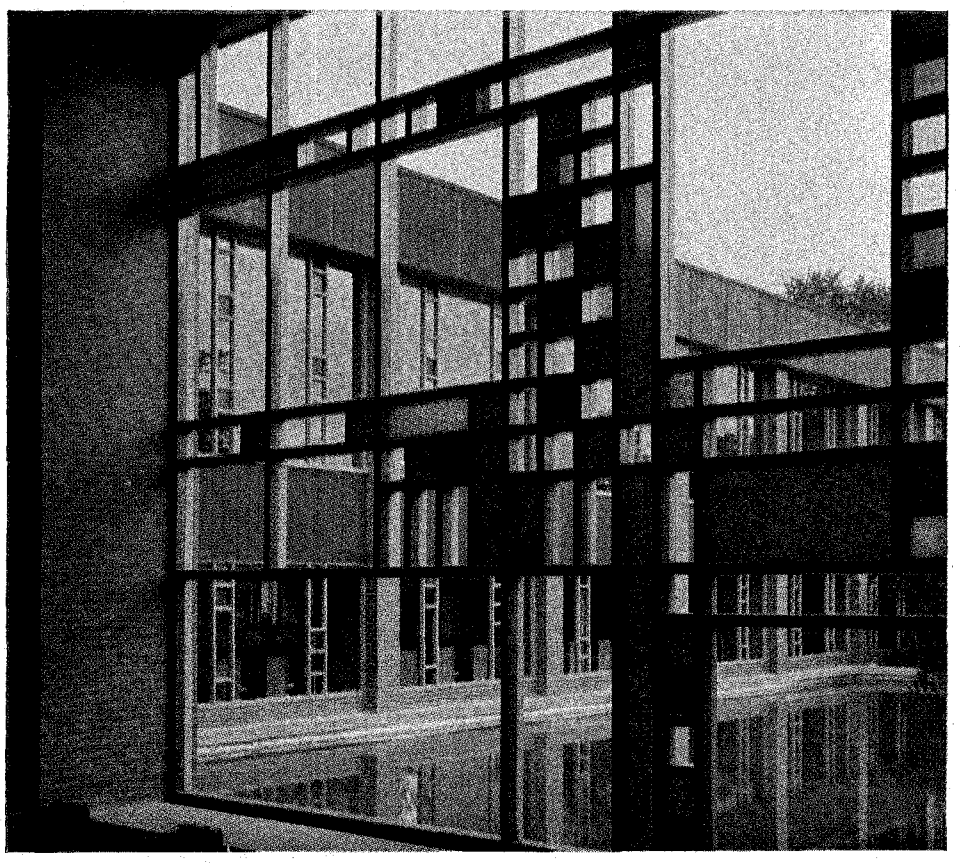
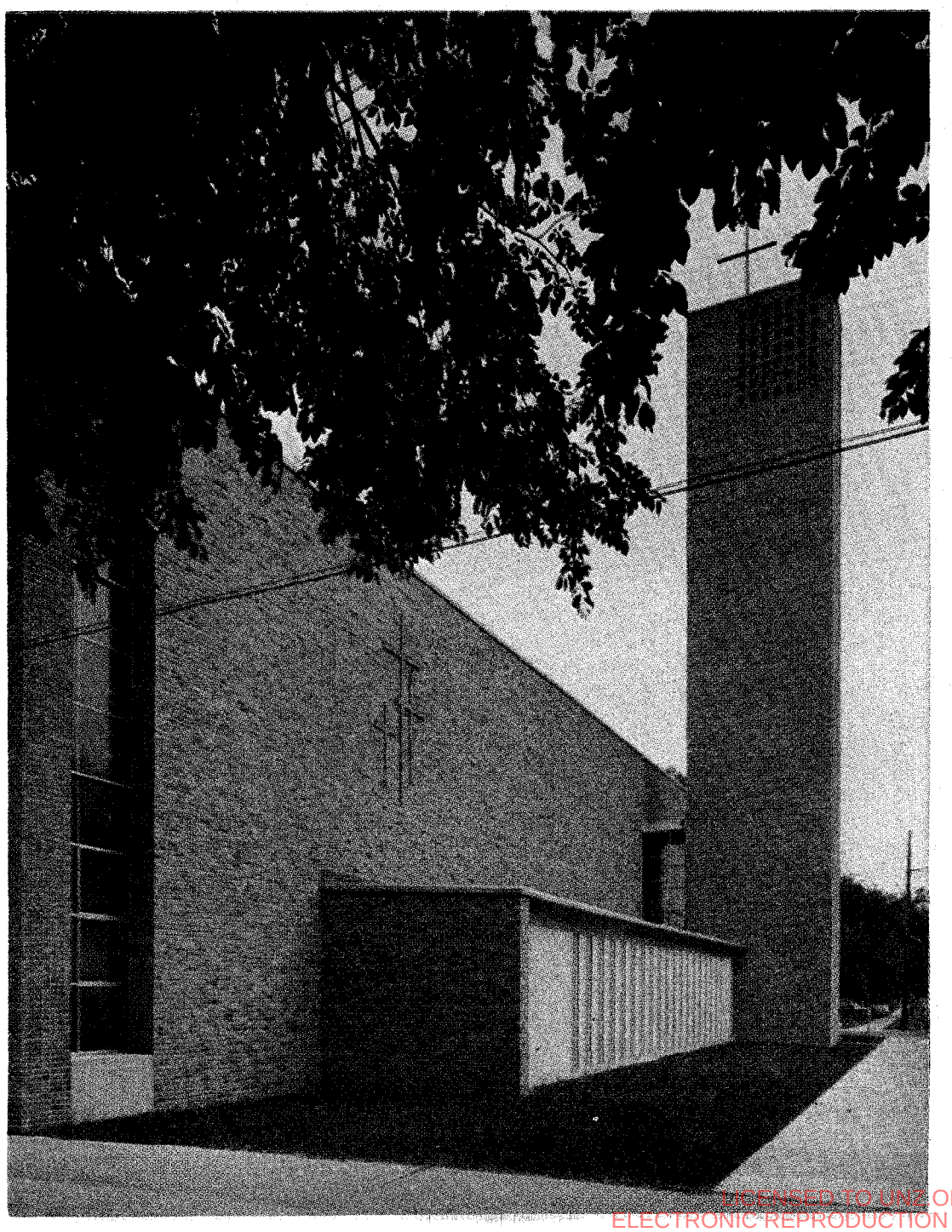


Midland, Michigan's, First Methodist Church has been built in stages around a central court, which makes effective use of the serene calm of a reflecting pool. Alden B. Dow, architect.

The late Eliel Saarinen's plan for Christ Lutheran Church, Minneapolis, combined materials and form in a way which transcended the controversy between modern and traditional design.



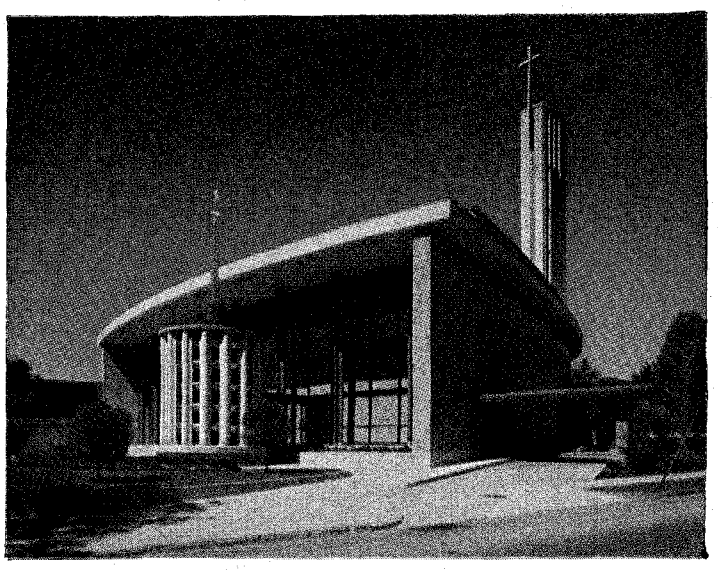
# THE CHURCHES GO MODERN

By PIETRO BELLUSCHI

"But they don't look like churches!" many parishioners complain. Here, a famous architect defends the spirituality of the new design in houses of worship.

This is a time of enormous activity in the construction of religious buildings and, likewise, of significant change in church architecture. What has happened, and is happening, should cause no surprise. Church membership has grown from 35 per cent of the 75,000,000 who populated these United States in 1900 to 60 per cent of today's 170,000,000. We will spend close to $1,000,000,000 for new churches this year, and it is estimated that $6,000,000,000 will be devoted to the construction of 70,000 houses of worship during the next ten years.

The gradual transformation of the churches themselves, both as institutions and as buildings, is more interesting than numbers. "Modern," or "contemporary," design has taken



Architect Joseph D. Murphy used curving lines in the design of the Roman Catholic Church of the Resurrection, in St. Louis.

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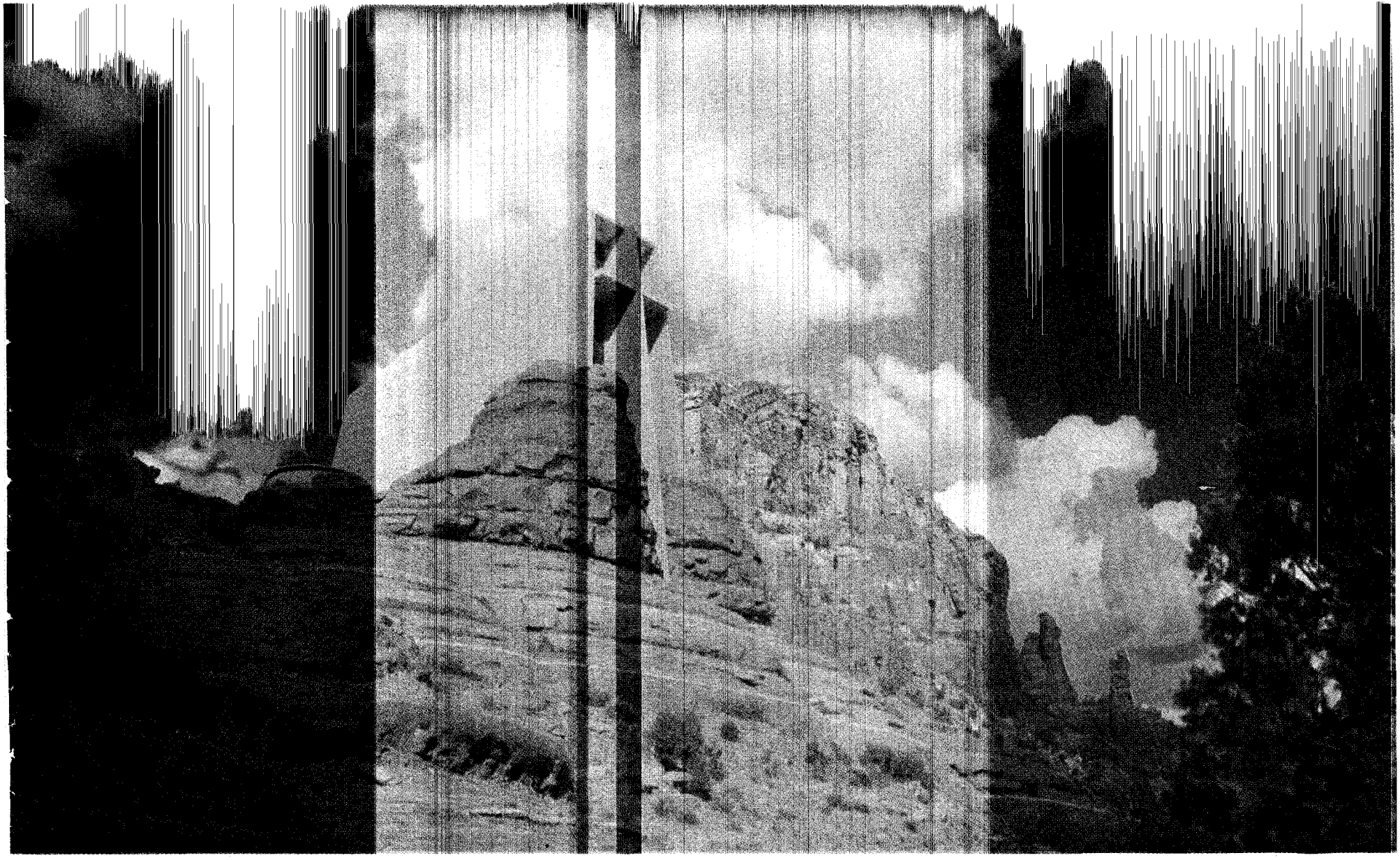


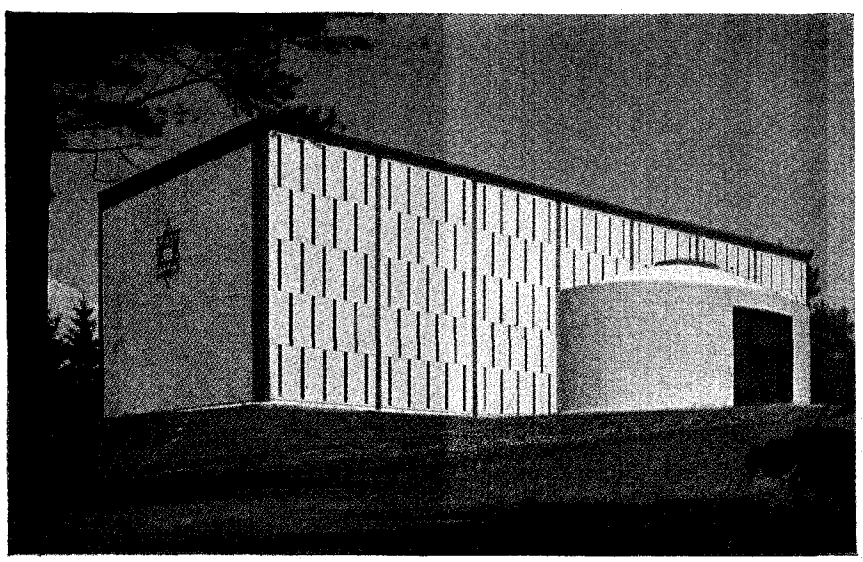
Chapel of the Holy Cross (Roman Catholic), Sedona, Arizona, blends a statement of man's faith with the majesty of Nature. Anshen & Allen, architects.

hold. One out of every four of the new churches was modern in style prior to 1954. Every other one is modern today. Not a single example of Gothic or Georgian or other traditional design was picked for a top award in recent annual contests of the Church Architectural Guild of America, a private organization composed of architects, craftsmen and clergymen. Every winner was contemporary, and so were the winners among the church entries in the American Institute of Architects' annual honor-awards competition.

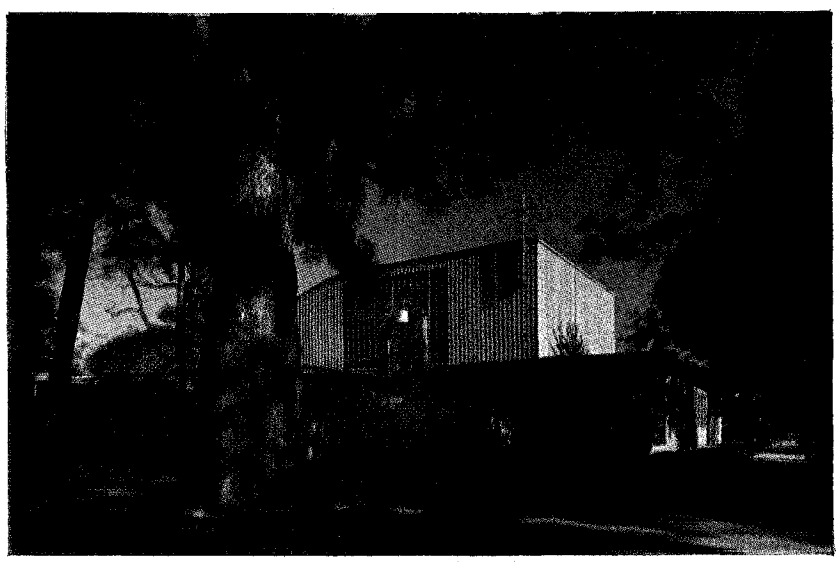
Some of these buildings have caused people to say, "But they don't look like churches." In turn, one may ask, "What is a church?" This question is not as simple to answer as it was in our forefathers' time. It leads us to think more about the meaning of religion and the ways it may fill man's need for spiritual guidance in a modern society. With few exceptions, all faiths and denominations have come to feel that they must address themselves to the people in words and deeds related to present-day conditions. They must show the questioning young men and women who have turned to them that religious institutions are not obsolete establishments but lively and sympathetic instruments of spiritual awareness.

To the uprooted and lonely man of the machine age, the church must offer fellowship and something approaching the social intimacies of the old village communities. The new churches tend to be less stately, and they serve smaller congregations. They are not only sanctuaries but also complex meeting places with Sunday schools, auditoriums for plays and dances, social rooms with dating parlors and hi-fi. Some have bowling alleys, table tennis and outdoor tennis courts. Most have kitchens to serve social gatherings. The Wesley Memorial Methodist Church of High Point, North Carolina, has planned for ten bowling alleys, a swimming pool, an ice-skating rink, a gymnasium, three softball diamonds and several tennis courts. This may be an extreme case, but it is true that no active congregation today is satisfied with just a chapel for worship.

(Continued on Page 39)



The plain rectangle of Kneses Tifereth Israel Temple, Port Chester, New York, has jewellike colored glass in its slit masonry walls. Philip C. Johnson, architect.



Architect Belluschi used native timber to create a house of worship which also meets the social needs for Cottage Grove, Oregon's, First Presbyterian Church.

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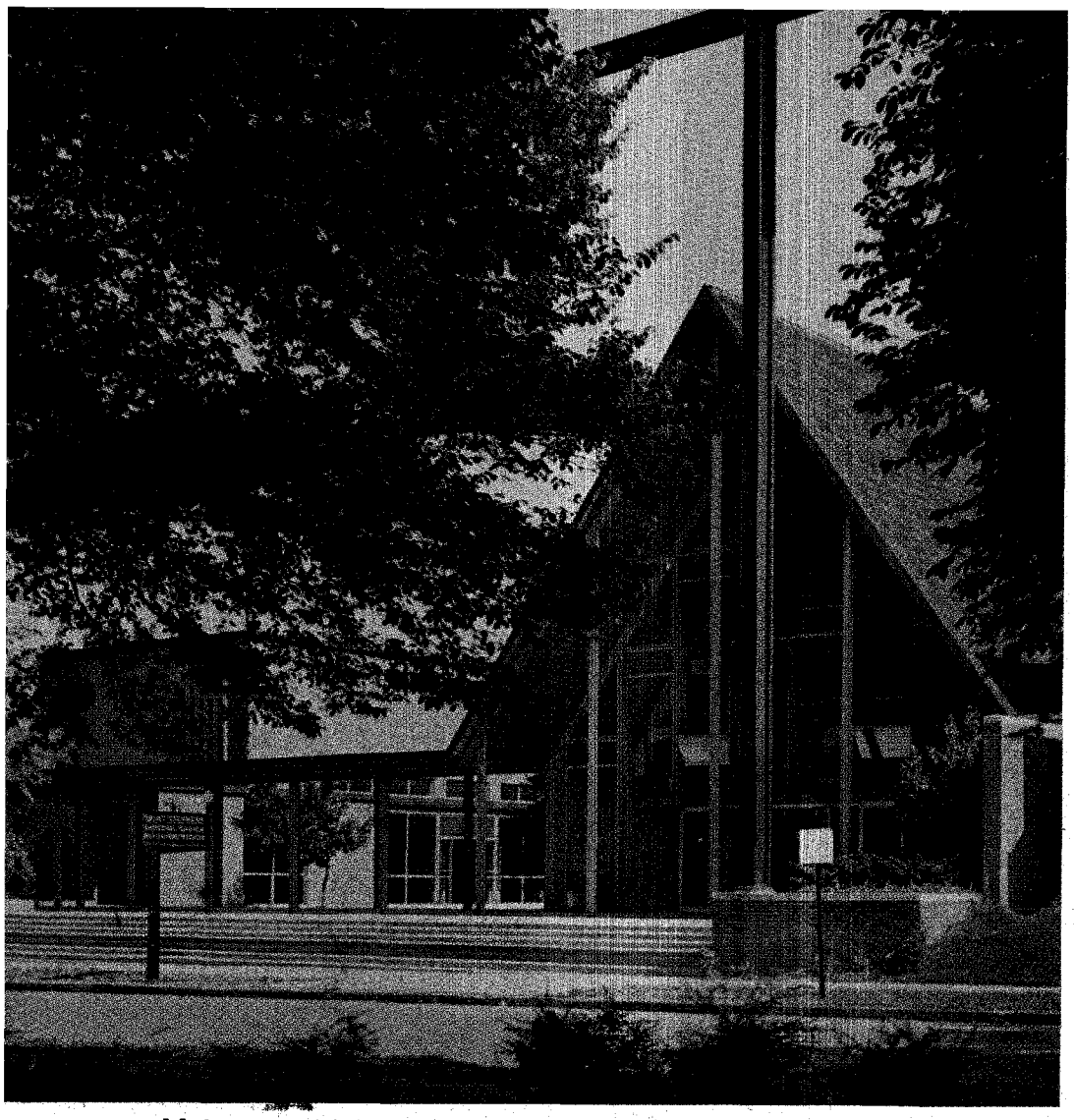
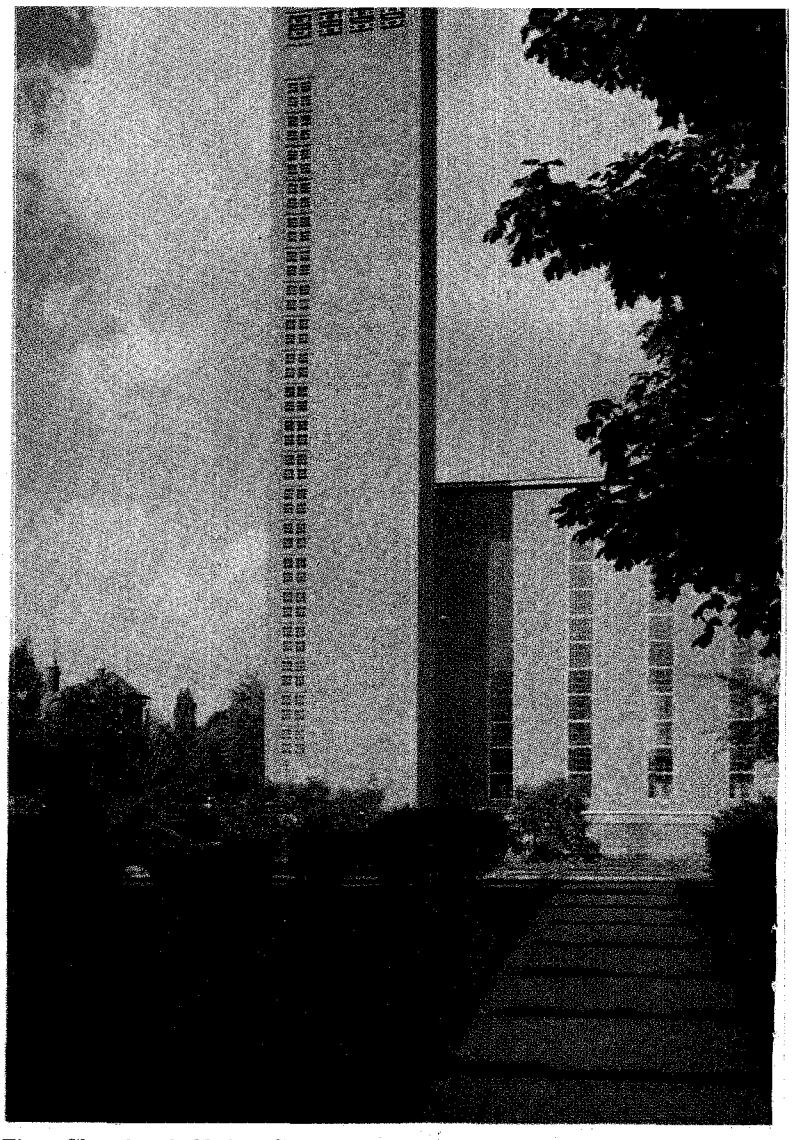
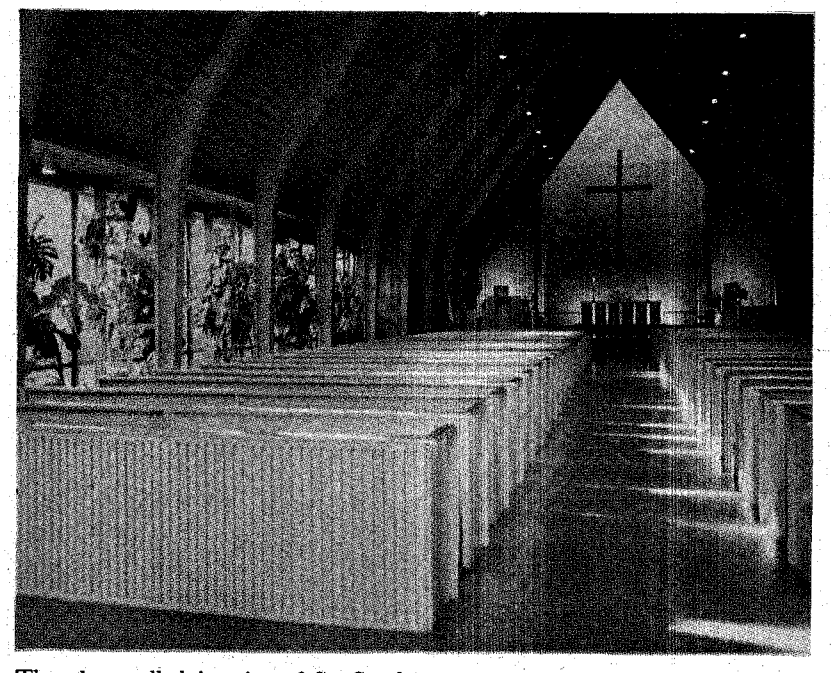


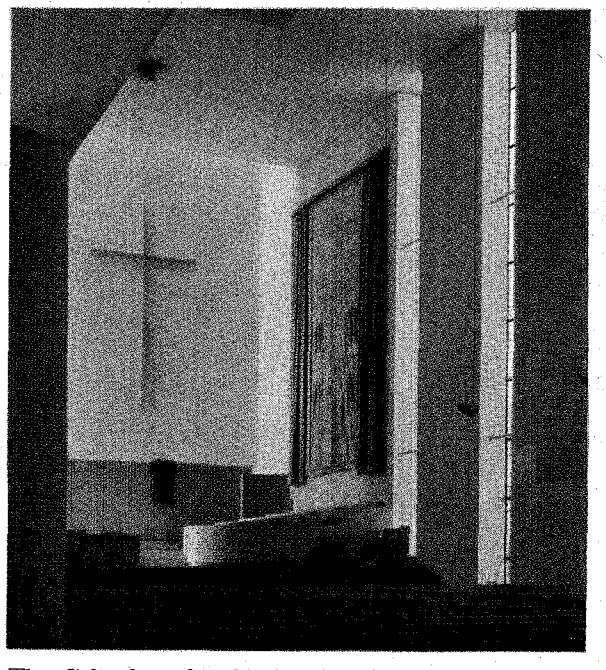
Modern materials and the simple design of its impressive roof kept the costs down for St. Stephen's Episcopal Church, Columbus, Ohio. Brooks & Coddington, architects.



First Church of Christ, Columbus, Indiana, designed by Eliel and Eero Saarinen, is called "a symbol of human aspirations."



The glass-walled interior of St. Stephen's contrasts the natural beauty outdoors with the religious mood of high-ceiling and subtly illuminated sanctuary.



The Columbus church's interior, for all its simplicity, has majestic scale in keeping with the dignity of religion.



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(Continued from Page 37) The church as a place for social fellowship is a typical American development. It was inevitable that the fulfillment of this and other needs would produce new architectural forms. If some of these forms have so far been disappointing or uninspired, it has been because of the difficulties in finding wise interpreters and the right expressions. Emphasis on social and lay activities in the modern church, for instance, creates a problem which is not always recognized. This is the importance of preserving or even enhancing the over-all emotional content so necessary to a place of worship.

It is helpful that more and more American congregations have become less timid and have been willing to take the modern architect at his word. Building committees are less inclined to say to their architects, "Why change? Why not use traditional style for our new church?" Or "Why not use Gothic, which in many lands, through so many generations and in so many exquisite variations, has given emotional fulfillment to countless people and deepened their act of communal worship?"

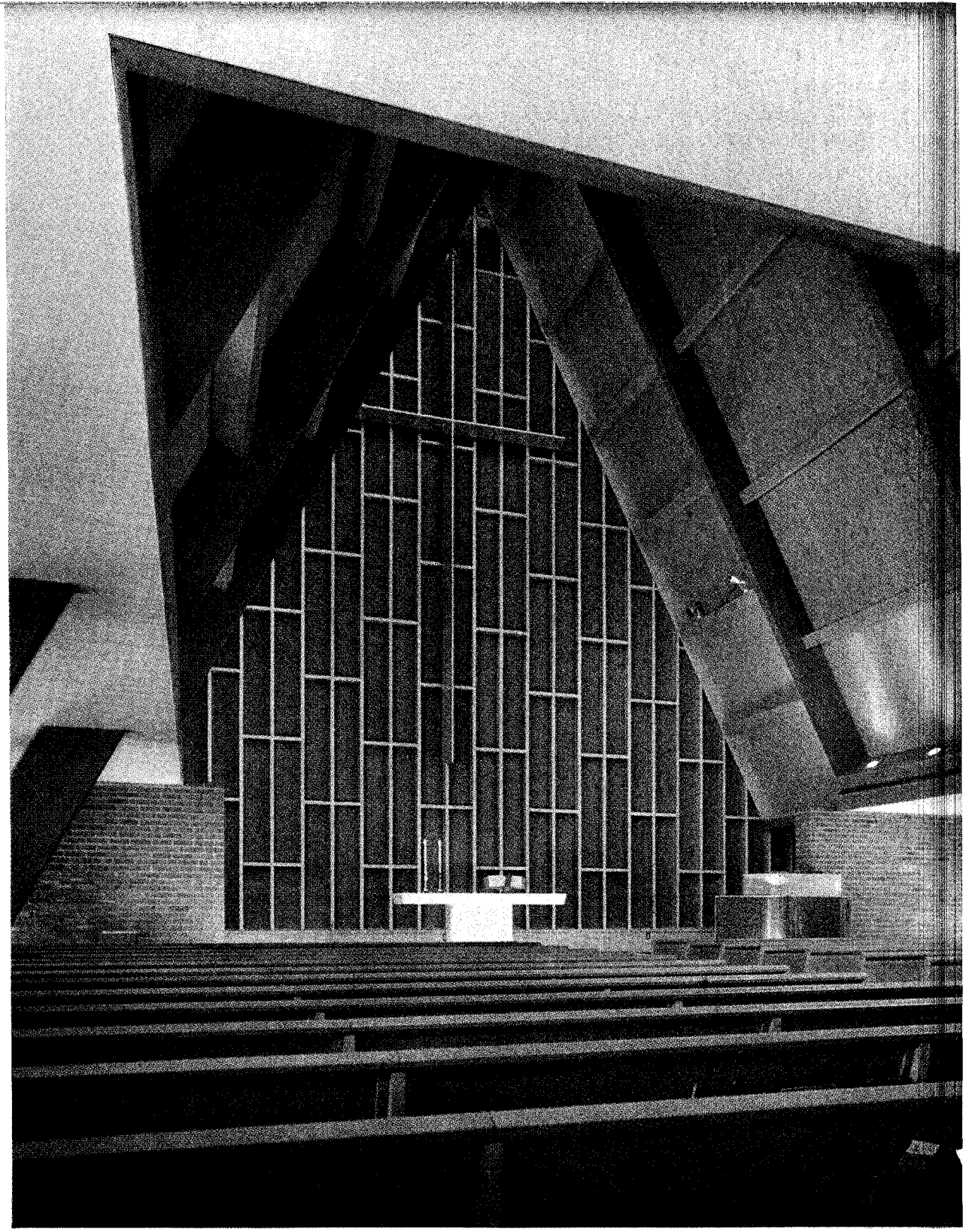
If these questions, so apparently logical and sincerely felt, are asked today, the architect is ready with equally logical, if not wholly satisfactory, answers—such as the greater complexities of modern church functions, the high cost of making reasonably good copies of old styles, the disappearance of the old dedicated craftsmen who could fashion the details so much a part of their over-all beauty, the changing techniques of our builders, and the like.

But there are deeper and more compelling reasons for the search for newer forms. These reasons are in the realm of the spirit, in man's search for knowledge of himself, of the universe and of God. This creative urge cannot content itself with pallid imitations of copies of "regurgitated" styles; it must find new ways of expressing itself.

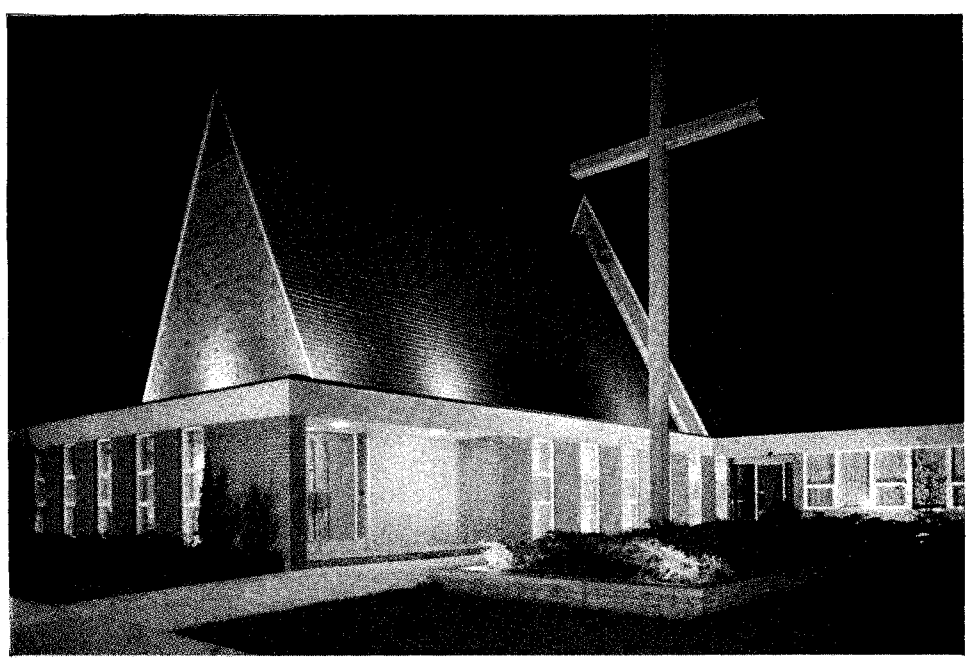
Religion and art are both a search for truth, which is forever eluding, forever challenging, never fully possessed, only intuitively felt, and the very essence of God's mystery. The fruits of this continuous search, when made in earnest and not by repeating worn-out formulas, carry the deepest and most durable meaning through the ages. That is why the church in its glorious past has often been the fountainhead of creative arts—architecture, mosaics, painting, sculpture and music. At other less vital times, it has contented itself with imitation, timidly picking away at the past, afraid to meet the challenge of the future. The nineteenth century, although it had its exceptions, was such a sterile age.

Today the church seems on the threshold of recapturing its traditional role, and artists are called in greater number to aid our architects in their exploration of the true meaning of "church" in a modern world. Many believe that its design must bear an intimate relationship to the congregation for which it is built. The Rev. Hugh Peniston summed up the feeling of pride of his congregation in their new church in Cottage Grove, Oregon, when he wrote in Presbyterian Life: "It is different from any other church—but it ought to be. It is built for us—our own community, our own needs, our own faith."

When Mr. Peniston first came to see me, he and his building committee had visited many churches (Continued on Page 66)



With impressive economy, architect Harold Spitznagel has achieved a setting for religious worship in the Congregational Church of Spencer, Iowa, using exposed wood beams and steel bar joists for roof support.



The exterior of the Spencer house of worship is etched against the early-evening sky by floodlighting with the purpose of reminding the community that here is found "a living church."



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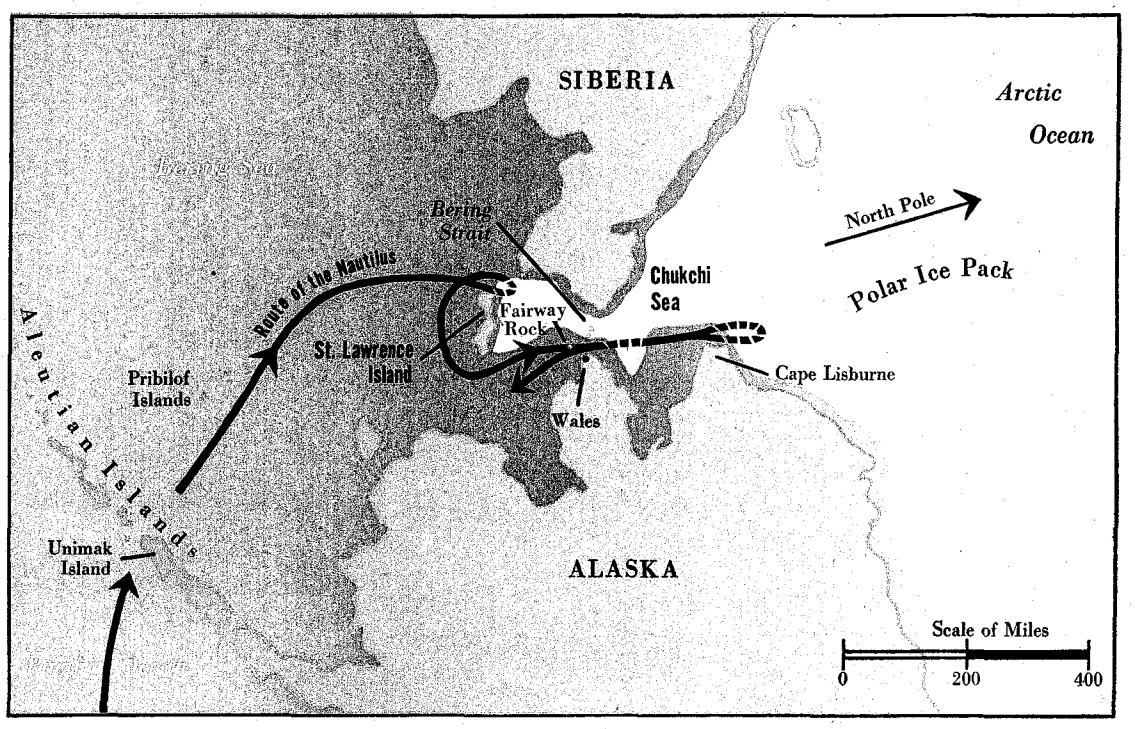
On the bridge of Nautilus, a lookout watches for small pieces of ice during the A-sub's search for a spot deep enough to submerge safely beneath the polar icecap.

# We Made History in the Nautilus

## In the baffling depths at the edge of the Arctic ice pack, the atomic-powered submarine had the closest call of its career.

By Cmdr. WILLIAM R. ANDERSON, U.S.N., *with Clay Blair, Jr.*

"I waited for and honestly expected the shudder and jar of steel against solid ice," says Anderson of Nautilus' brush with disaster.




Map shows the A-sub's first attempt to penetrate the deep-hanging shelf ice at the edge of the Arctic Basin.

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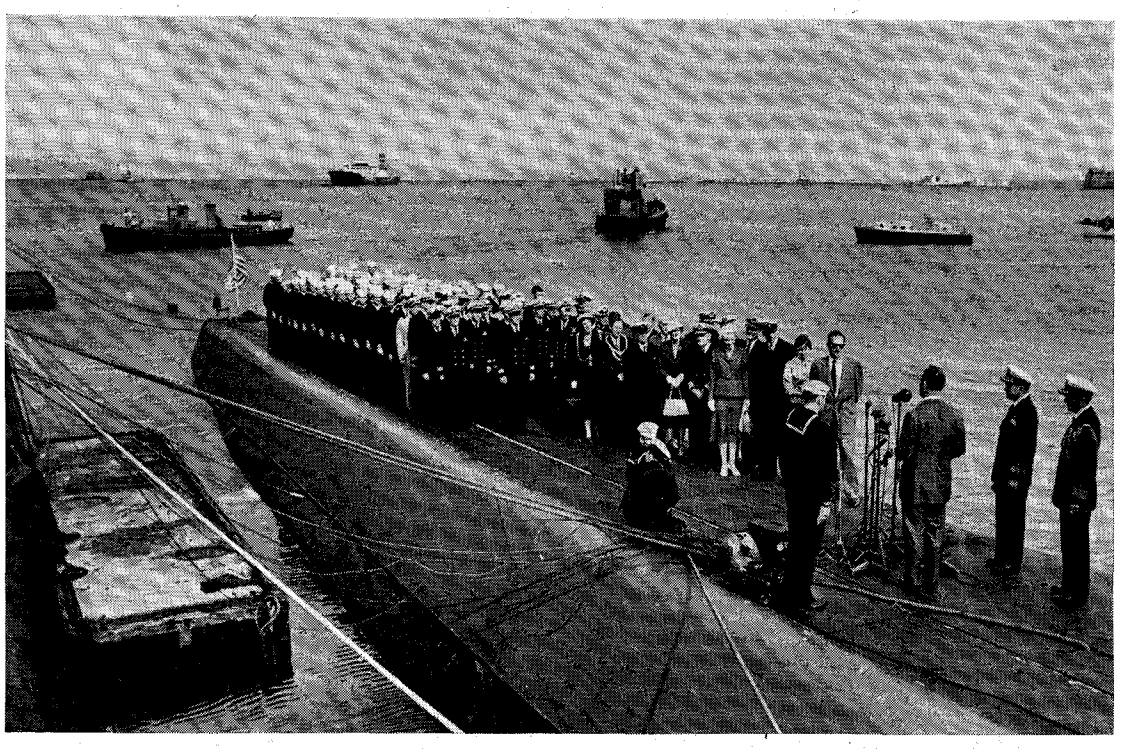
During the voyage, scientist Waldo Lyon (at right above), the Navy's civilian ice expert, briefed crew members on North Pole conditions.

Sunrise over the shallow and unknown waters of the Chukchi Sea, as seen through a Nautilus periscope.



Portland, England, August 12: American Ambassador John Hay Whitney (in front of mikes) welcomes Commander Anderson (second from right) and the Nautilus crew on completion of their historic voyage.

## PART TWO

After many tedious months of preparation—all of it cloaked in the strictest veil of secrecy—Nautilus was at last under way on her bold attempt at a polar transit beneath the ice pack, entering from the Bering Strait and exiting near Greenland. To conceal our identity for this most secret of Navy operations in recent history, shortly after leaving our staging base, Seattle, Washington, we painted out the numbers "571" on the gray, topside plating. To justify our long absence, we had filed a movement report which described a fictional twenty-six-day, totally submerged endurance run to Panama.

The crew, informed of our mission only after we were under way, was in high spirits. Already men were laying plans for an elaborate North Pole party. All our equipment, including thirteen sonar devices to help us feel our way along the shallow bottoms and thick overhead ice, was in perfect working order. We faced only one serious problem—before reaching the deep water of the Arctic Basin where, from experience, we knew we could cruise safely, we would first have to squirm beneath the deep-hanging shelf ice in the very shallow waters of the Bering Strait—2600 miles distant—and the relatively small Chukchi Sea, just north of the strait.

Little did we dream that in only a few days Nautilus would experience the closest call in her history.

At nine o'clock in the morning, on June ninth, after clearing the Strait of Juan de Fuca, the officer of the deck sounded two rasping blasts on the diving alarm. In less than a minute, Nautilus slipped down into her true element, underneath the sea. After a brief and routine check of ballast trim, we increased our speed to more than twenty knots and descended to a cruising level several hundred feet below the surface. Lt. Shep Jenks, our navigator, laid out a great-circle course which would take us safely through the Aleutian chain. Lt. Bob Kelsey, the diving officer on watch, directed planesmen Greenhill and Brigman to shift steering and depth control to "automatic," a system that guides Nautilus much the same as the automatic pilot on an airplane. Finally we were on our way, toward a course no sailor had ever sailed.

Our first morning at sea was quiet. Many of the officers and crew had been without sleep for twenty-four hours or more. Our busy schedule of visitors and exercises with West Coast antisubmarine units had been taxing. But with a group whose average age is slightly more than twenty-six, recovery time is fast. By afternoon, life on board Nautilus began to pick up. The Exec, Lt. Cmdr. Frank Adams, launched the first of a series of under-ice familiarization lectures for the crew, covering a few of the thousand and one details that would transform us into a smooth-running team by the time we entered the ice. There were special watches to be trained, detailed instructions to be issued and a comprehensive scientific-data-collection team to be organized in support of Dr. Waldo Lyon, the Navy's arctic-ice expert.

As we moved northward, we ascended from the deep only occasionally to poke up our periscopes, radio

(Continued on Page 78)

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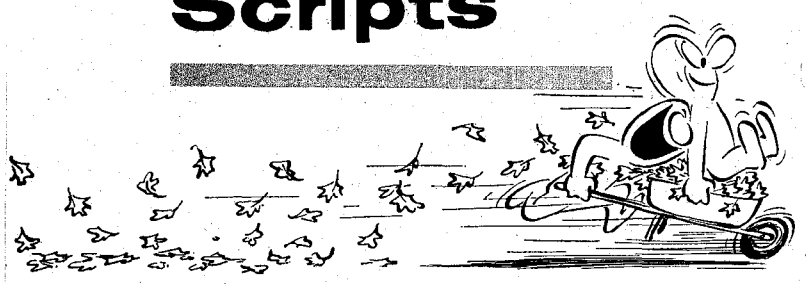
# Post Scripts



## Self-Portrait

You never would think I'm the kind of a guy
Whose efforts at plumbing don't fizzle,
Who isn't all thumbs and a flop when it comes
To handling a hammer or chisel,
Who knows what is wrong when his car doesn't run,
And can fix it right there on the spot.
No, you never would think I'm that kind of a guy,
And you're perfectly right—I am not!

STEPHEN SCHLITZER

## No Unreasonable Doubt

He often takes an umbrella,
Though the weather report says fair.
He questions the bank's arithmetic
And checks it with greatest care.

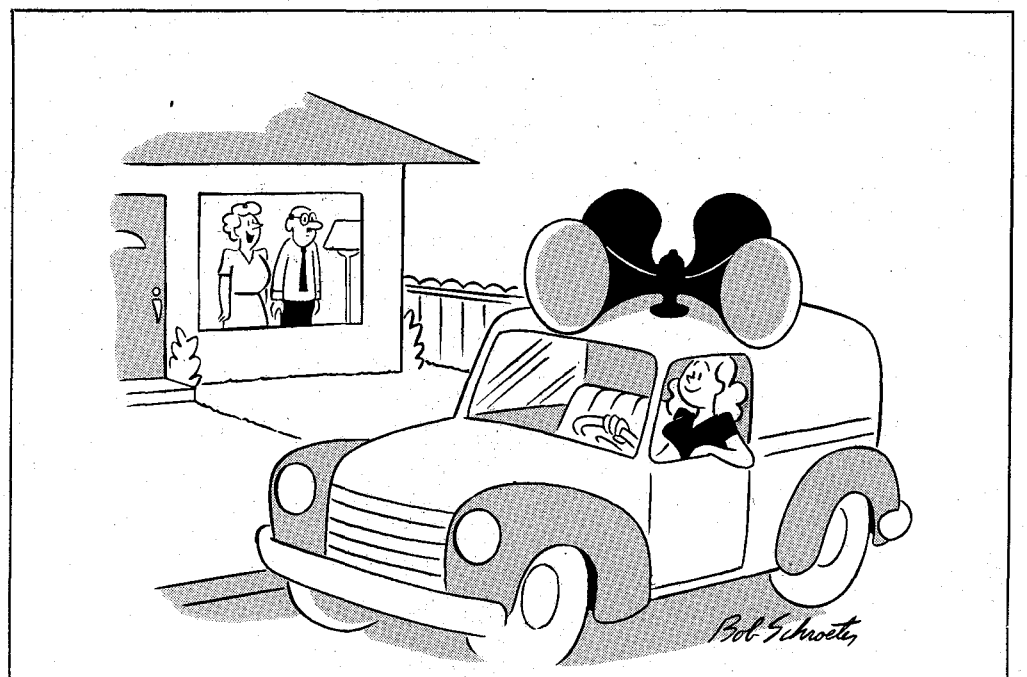
He dabs with a dubious finger
To see if the wet paint's wet.
In short, he's as short on credulity
As a fellow can hope to get.

So, of course, if a sloe-eyed woman
Remarks on his look of youth,
His brilliance and wit and manly charm—
He's happy to hear the truth!

GEORGIE STARBUCK GALBRAITH

"On the contrary—I think they make you look rather distinguished."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST



"I guess she's ready to announce her engagement."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

## The Homely Philosopher

### (Tall-Corn Division)

Late one afternoon last week I dropped in to visit my old friend Selwyn P. Selwyn. He retired a few years ago to live in a house by the side of the road, a nice split-level ranch-type, but he still likes to keep up on what's happening at the plant.

"Hello, Selwyn!" I called as I walked up the walk. It was a peaceful scene. He was sitting on the porch, whittling, and from across the way I heard the pleasant rustic note of a power lawn-mower. When Selwyn saw me he rose, a portly figure in his well-filled denims, with hand outstretched.

"I'll be dadburned!" he said. "Look what crawled out of the tater patch!" His smile was as broad as his handclasp was firm.

"H'm?" I said. "Oh. That's right, Selwyn, it's me. Just thought I'd stop in and check you out on the news at the jute mill."

"Grab a hay fork and start pitchin'," Selwyn said, and he settled back.

"What?" I said. "Oh. Well, sir, remember Jenkins? New sales manager from the New York office? Well, we all wondered how he'd work out ——"

"Yup," Selwyn said, nodding slowly. "You can't jedge a cow by the size of the barn."

"Right!" I said. "Now, of course, old C.W. is right most of the time, making all these intracompany transfers ——"

"A smart feller rotates his crops," Selwyn said, thoughtfully scratching his left ankle.

"You said it, Selwyn. So anyway, Jenkins looked good compared to what we'd had ——"

"Any dern dandelion's purtier'n an onion," Selwyn said, his gray eyes shrewd.

"The only thing is, after six months the sales figures hadn't moved an inch. So ——"

"'Tain't real tea if you can't taste the sassafras," Selwyn said.

"The what? Oh. I get you," I said. "That's right, Selwyn. But boy, did Jenkins talk a good fight! He ——"

"Yer best cackler ain't yer best layer," Selwyn said.

"That's right. Anybody can—er—any rooster can crow. I mean, yer pump's got to give water."

Selwyn nodded. "Now you're startin' to perc. Hit 'er again."

"Butter takes churnin'," I said. "Milkin' ain't strippin'. Shovelin' won't —— But say, Selwyn, what's with the switch? You used to be a he-who man. He who bites off more than he can chew busts bridgework. He who ——"

Selwyn dismissed it with a wave of a freckled hand. "Old hat," he said. "Went out with the one-car garage. Today everything's homespun. Square dances, cook-outs, barn raisin's, clambakes." He nodded toward the kitchen. "Stay fer stew?"

I glanced at my watch. "Better hadn't," I said. "I mean, every pig to his own trough." I thanked Selwyn and left. You can't play in the loft without gittin' hay in yer hair, I thought, walking down the road; and pretty soon I started to run.

PEG BRACKEN

## Job Sob

The news announcer on TV
Gets lots of sympathy from me;
He must be combed and freshly barbered,
Sit stiffly, list not port or starboard;
He must, of course, be quite articulate,
And, if he fluffs, not look ridiculate;
Beyond all this and more important
(If his career's not to be shortant),
There's one command he must adhere to:
To read the news, but not appear to.

DICK EMMONS

## Highway Signs That May Look Familiar to You

It is believed that, on May 14, 1852, Gen. Zachary Twitchell and a small company of soldiers stopped at this spring to water their horses just prior to the . . .

Be Sure to Visit Hector's Curio Shoppe and Reptile Gardens in Clayton City! Just 895 Miles West on Highway 78!

In Sun . . . Or Snow . . . In Sleet . . . Or Drizzle . . . Mother McMurtry's . . . Orangey Fizzle!

Road Construction Ahead! . . . Warning! Barricade Ahead! . . . Slow! . . . Detour, 400 Feet! . . . Keep Left Next Three Miles! . . . Speed Limit, 20 MPH . . . Speed Limit, 15 MPH . . . Speed Limit, 10 MPH . . . Trucks Entering Highway! . . . Slow! . . . End of Road Construction . . . Thank You for Your Co-operation! . . . Road Construction Ahead! . . . Warning! Barricade . . .

Rough Section, 300 Feet! . . . Rough Section, 300 Feet! . . . Rough Section, 300 Feet! . . . Rough Section, 300 . . .

VERNON H. KURTZ

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TO CELEBRATE THE FIRST ANNIVERSARY OF

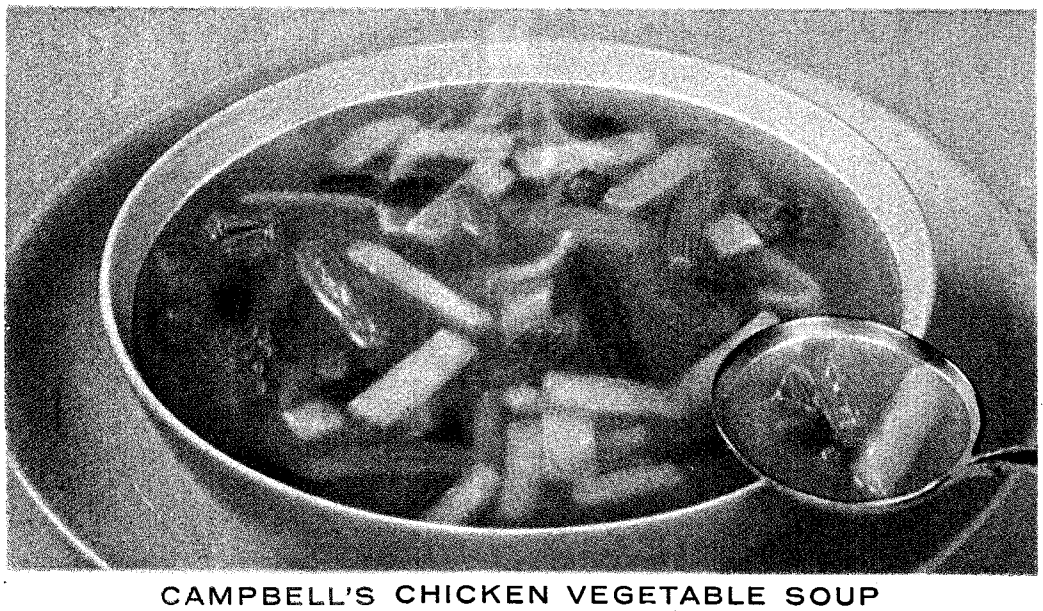
# 3 GREAT SOUPS

*Campbell's* MAKES YOU THIS SPECIAL OFFER

# ½ PRICE REFUND

CAMPBELL'S TURKEY NOODLE SOUP

CAMPBELL'S MINESTRONE SOUP



CAMPBELL'S CHICKEN VEGETABLE SOUP

## *Buy all 3! Get half your money back!*

It's as easy as saying, "M'm! M'm! Good!"

1. Just buy all 3 of these great Campbell's Soups. On the back of each label, write the purchase price and your name and address.
2. Send labels of all 3 cans to the address below!
3. Get back half what you paid for them . . . in cash! These are the soups Campbell introduced just a year ago. The Turkey Noodle and Minestrone and Chicken Vegetable Soups that taste delicious every time because they're Campbell's. Such good values in pleasure, nutrition and thrift.

Take advantage, now, of this special offer... half your money back on these 3 great soups.

- **Before November 30, 1958,** send your name and address, plus 1 label each from Campbell's Turkey Noodle, Minestrone, and Chicken Vegetable Soups to: 3 GREAT SOUPS, Box 54-C, Mt. Vernon, New York. *(Be sure to include the purchase price.)*
- This offer limited to 1 refund per family!

## Have you had your soup today?

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# Fair Young Ghost

By KENNETH KAY

In wartime, with death around any corner, love may have reasons all its own.

Brockden James scarcely remembered the name of the village. He knew it was somewhere in Westmoreland, hours south of Carlisle, but travel time in the dimmed-out train that was forever stopping mysteriously on the dark moors or being shunted aside at unlighted stations to let higher-priority traffic go crashing through meant nothing in terms of distance. He first saw the village when they were backed for the dozenth time into a siding and left standing. Peering glumly through the soot-and-rain-smeared train window, Brock saw narrow stone houses along a wet, cobblestoned street.

Alison, in her Wren's topcoat, was warm and solid against him. There were no seats in the packed compartments and they sat on his duffel bag in the corridor. Outside, a drizzling rain fell, interminably as the settling of time over the stalled coaches. Brock muttered irascibly and heard Alison's easygoing chuckle. She was Scots with four war years behind her and had learned to endure, but he had an American's fretting impatience with delay.

With his sleeve he scrubbed a clean patch on the smeared window. At the top of the street, higher than the cramped houses, rose a stone inn with a yellow light shining feebly on a wind-racked sign. Long watches on the dark bridge of an LST had sharpened Brock's night vision and, squinting, he read the sign. GEORGE AND DRAGON. Brock snorted. There must be scores of George and Dragon pubs in England, he thought, as many as there were Red Lions or Green Men. More pubs than names to go around, but that was the English for you, clinging to old ways and old names. Not that it was any business of a U.S.N.R. lieutenant (j.g.) from Rahway, New Jersey, what the English did in their own country. But wouldn't you think one of them would break with tradition? Would call his pub Joe's Bar—Biggest Pint of Beer in the County? Brock laughed aloud.

"Got another smoke?" asked Alison, lazily. "What's funny, darling?"

"Split one with you." Brock's cigarette supply was low after a three-day visit with Alison's parents in their Isle of Arran home and he would get no more this side of the ship's store in Portsmouth.

She drew on the cigarette he lighted for her. Her snub-nosed face with its direct blue gaze smiled at him in the ruddy glow. "What was funny?"

"The inn up there—the George and Dragon. Just hit me how funny it would look if the sign said 'Joe's Place' instead."

She looked at him blankly.

He patted her knee. "New Jersey type joke, honey. You'll understand after we've lived there a few years."

Time wore on. Once a trainman walked under the window with a lantern and another time two men in cloth caps came out of the station and stared thoughtfully at the train. But still it did not move.

"Are we spending the night here?" groaned Brock.

"There's a war on, darling," said Alison. "Relax. This is the reason I thought we should leave Lamlash early."

"Early! Rate this thing's moving we should have left last week."

"Oh, it's not that bad. There are still two days to get to Portsmouth." (Continued on Page 71)

Illustrated by Joe Bowler

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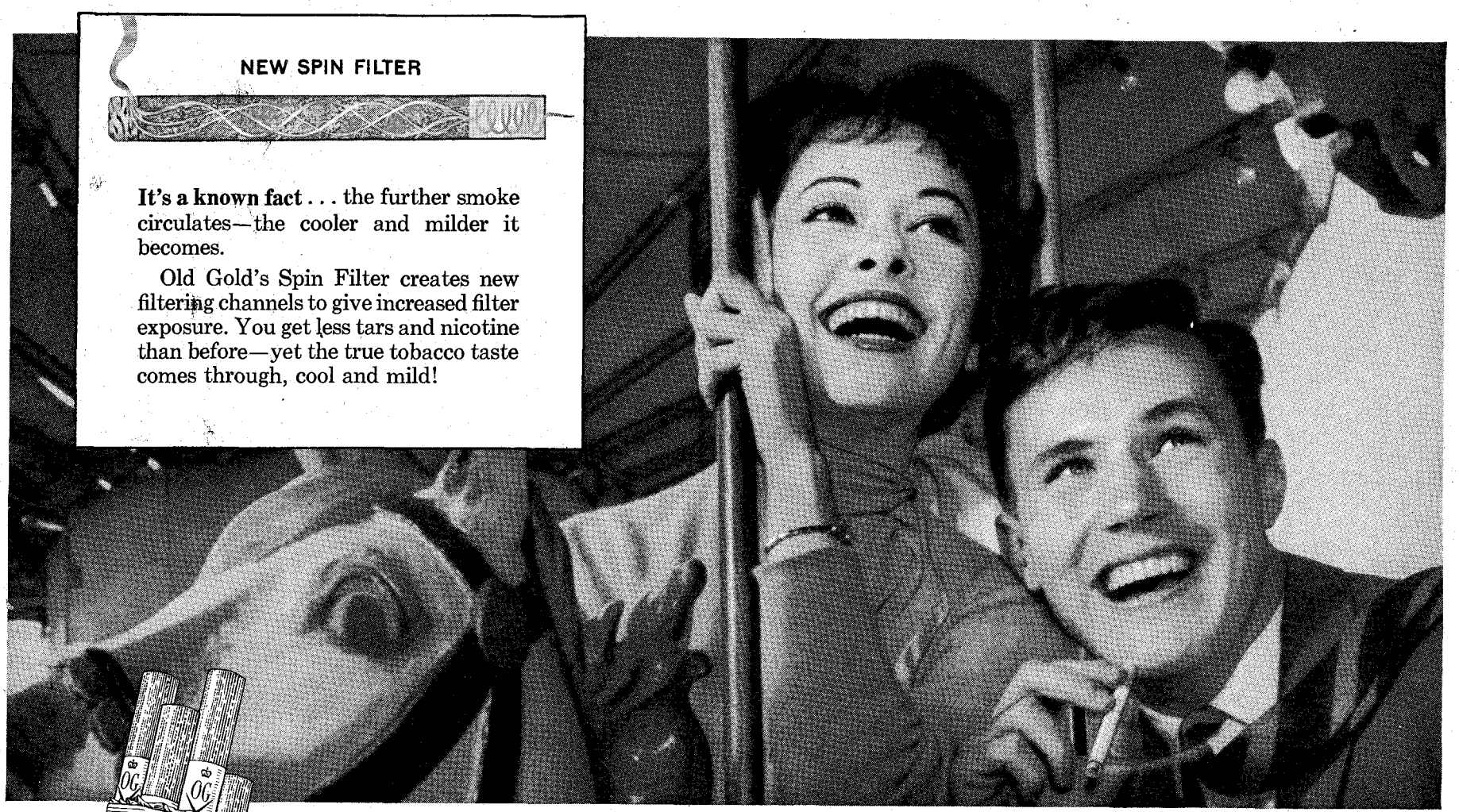
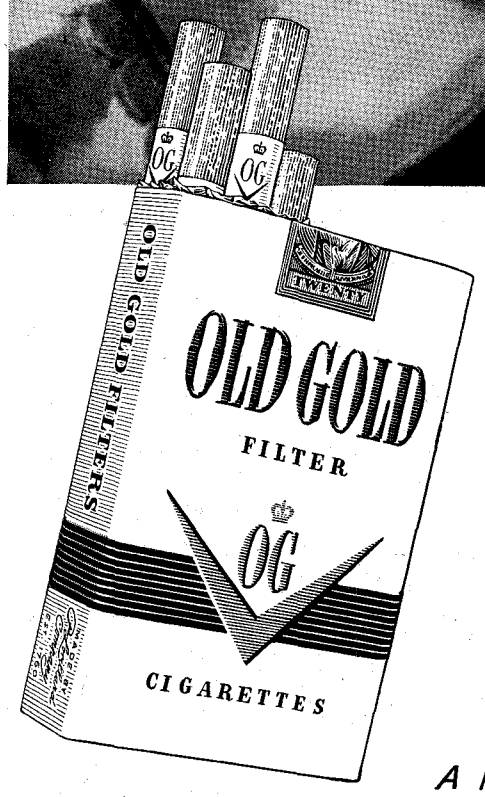
# *Announcing* OLD GOLD'S NEW SPIN FILTER

## CIRCULATES THE SMOKE...FOR A COOL, MILD, CLEAN TASTE!




**It's a known fact** . . . the further smoke circulates—the cooler and milder it becomes.

Old Gold's Spin Filter creates new filtering channels to give increased filter exposure. You get less tars and nicotine than before—yet the true tobacco taste comes through, cool and mild!




. . . gives you

# THE BEST TASTE YET IN A FILTER CIGARETTE

*A Product of P. Lorillard Company—First with the finest cigarettes—through Lorillard Research*

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# The Magic White Suit

(Continued from Page 29)

Martinez. Martinez counted out his wrinkled bills and change. Gomez flourished the money like a royal flush.

"Fifty bucks! The suit costs sixty! All we need is ten bucks!"

"Wait," said Martinez. "Gomez, are we talking about one suit? *Uno?*"

"*Uno!*" Gomez raised a finger. "One wonderful white ice-cream summer suit! White, white as the August moon!"

"But who will own this one suit?"

"Men," said Gomez, "let's show him. Line up!"

Villanazul, Manulo, Dominguez and Gomez rushed to plant their backs against the poolroom wall.

"Martinez, you, too, the other end, line up! Now, Vamenos, lay that billiard cue across our heads!"

"Sure, Gomez; sure!"

The cue lay flat on all their heads, with no rise or fall, as Vamenos slid it, grinning, along.

"We're all the same height!" said Martinez.

"The same!" Everyone laughed.

"Sure!" Gomez said. "It took a month—four weeks, mind you—to find four guys the same size. But now, five of us, same shoulders, chests, waists, arms; and as for weight? Men!"

Manulo, Dominguez, Villanazul, Gomez and, at last, Martinez stepped onto the scales which flipped ink-stamped cards at them as Vamenos, still smiling, wildly fed pennies.

Heart pounding, Martinez read the cards.

"One hundred thirty-five pounds; one thirty-six; one thirty-three; one thirty-four; one thirty-seven. A miracle!"

"No," said Villanazul simply; "Gomez."

They all smiled upon that genius, who now circled them with his arms.

"Are we not fine?" he wondered. "All the same size, all the same dream—the suit. So each of us will look beautiful at least one night each week, eh?"

"I haven't looked beautiful in years," said Martinez. "The girls run away."

"They will run no more, they will freeze," said Gomez, "when they see you in the cool white summer ice-cream suit."

"Gomez," said Villanazul, "just let me ask one thing."

"Of course, *compadre*."

"When we get this nice new white ice-cream summer suit, some night you're not going to put it on and walk down to the bus in it and go live in El Paso for a year in it, are you?"

"Villanazul, how can you say that?"

"My eye sees and my tongue moves," said Villanazul. "How about the Everybody Wins! Punchboard Lotteries you ran and you kept running when nobody won? How about the United Chili Con Carne and Frijole Company you were going to organize and all that ever happened was the rent ran out on a two-by-four office?"

"The errors of a child now grown," said Gomez. "Enough! In this hot weather, someone may buy the special suit that is made just for us that stands waiting in the window of SHUMWAY'S SUNSHINE SUITS! We have fifty dollars. Now we need just one more skeleton!"

Martinez saw the men peer around the poolhall. He looked where they looked. He felt his eyes hurry past Vamenos, then come reluctantly back to examine his dirty shirt, his huge nicotined fingers.

"Me!" Vamenos burst out, at last. "My skeleton, measure it, it's great! Sure, my hands are big, and my arms, from digging ditches! But ——"

Just then Martinez heard passing on the sidewalk outside, that same terrible man with his two girls, all laughing and yelling together. He saw anguish move like the shadow of a summer cloud on the faces of the other men in this poolroom.

Slowly, Vamenos stepped onto the scales and dropped his penny. Eyes closed, he breathed a prayer.

"*Madre mía*, please."

The machinery whirred, the card fell out. Vamenos opened his eyes.

"Look! One hundred thirty-five pounds! Another miracle!"

The men stared at his right hand and the card; at his left hand and a soiled ten-dollar bill.

Gomez swayed. Sweating, he licked his lips. Then his hand shot out, seized the money.

"The clothing store! The suit! *Vamos!*"

Mr. Shumway, of SHUMWAY'S SUNSHINE SUITS, paused while adjusting a tie rack, aware of some subtle atmospheric change outside his establishment.

"Leo," he whispered to his assistant. "Look."

Outside, one man, Gomez, strolled by, looking in. Two men, Manulo and Dominguez, hurried by, staring in. Three men, Villanazul, Martinez, and Vamenos, jostling shoulders, did the same.

"Leo." Mr. Shumway swallowed. "Call the police!"

Suddenly, six men filled the doorway.

Martinez, crushed among them, his stomach slightly upset, his face feeling feverish, smiled so wildly at Leo that Leo let go the telephone.

"Hey," breathed Martinez, eyes wide. "There's a great suit, over there!"

"No." Manulo touched a lapel. "This one!"

"There is only one suit in all the world!" said Gomez coldly. "Mr. Shumway, the ice-cream white, size thirty-four, was in your window just an hour ago! It's gone! You didn't ——"

"Sell it?" Mr. Shumway exhaled. "No, no. In the dressing room. It's still on the dummy. This way, gents. Now which of you ——"

"All for one, one for all!" Martinez heard himself say, and laughed wildly. "We'll all try it on!"

"All?" Mr. Shumway stared.

*That's it*, thought Martinez, *look at our smiles. Now, look at the skeletons behind our smiles! Measure here, there; up, down; yes, do you see?*

Mr. Shumway saw. He nodded. He shrugged.

"All!" He jerked the curtain. "There! Buy it, and I'll throw in the dummy, free!"

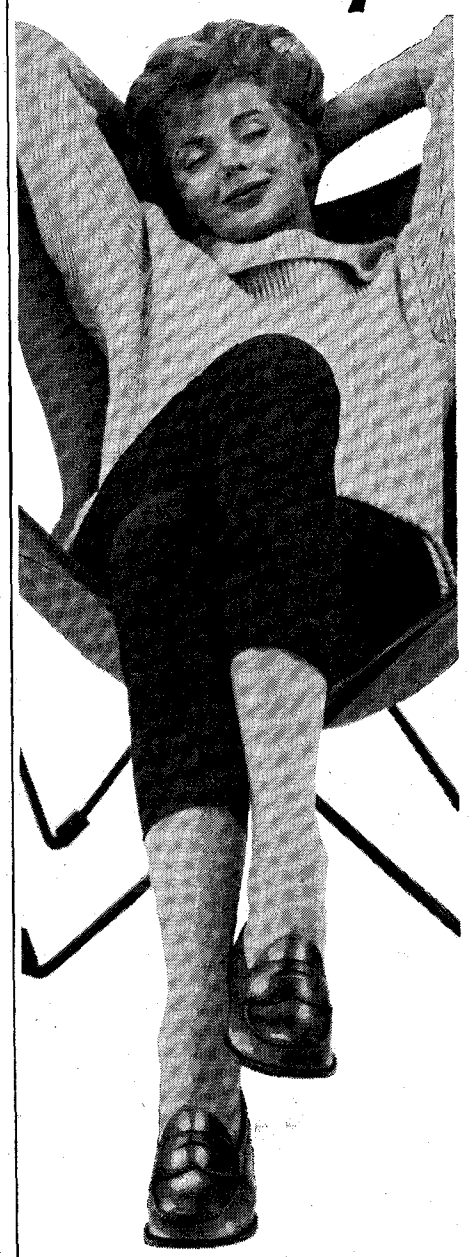
Martinez peered quietly into the booth, his motion (*Continued on Page 51*)

## THE GREENWOODS

**By Dahl**

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

# New "Once-A-Week" Shoe Shine Lasts 7 Days!



**With new Shinola you shine *once*—the shine *stays* on! You just "re-buff" away water-spots, dirt and scuff marks *between* shines—in seconds!**

. . . . that's because only new Shinola's patented blend of 4 special waxes contains *Dura-Shine*—to give shoes a *harder* film of polish. It shines on brighter, stays on longer, re-buffs in seconds! Get new Shinola today!

Exclusive Easy-Open key!

Also Shinola Liquid in Colors—and Whites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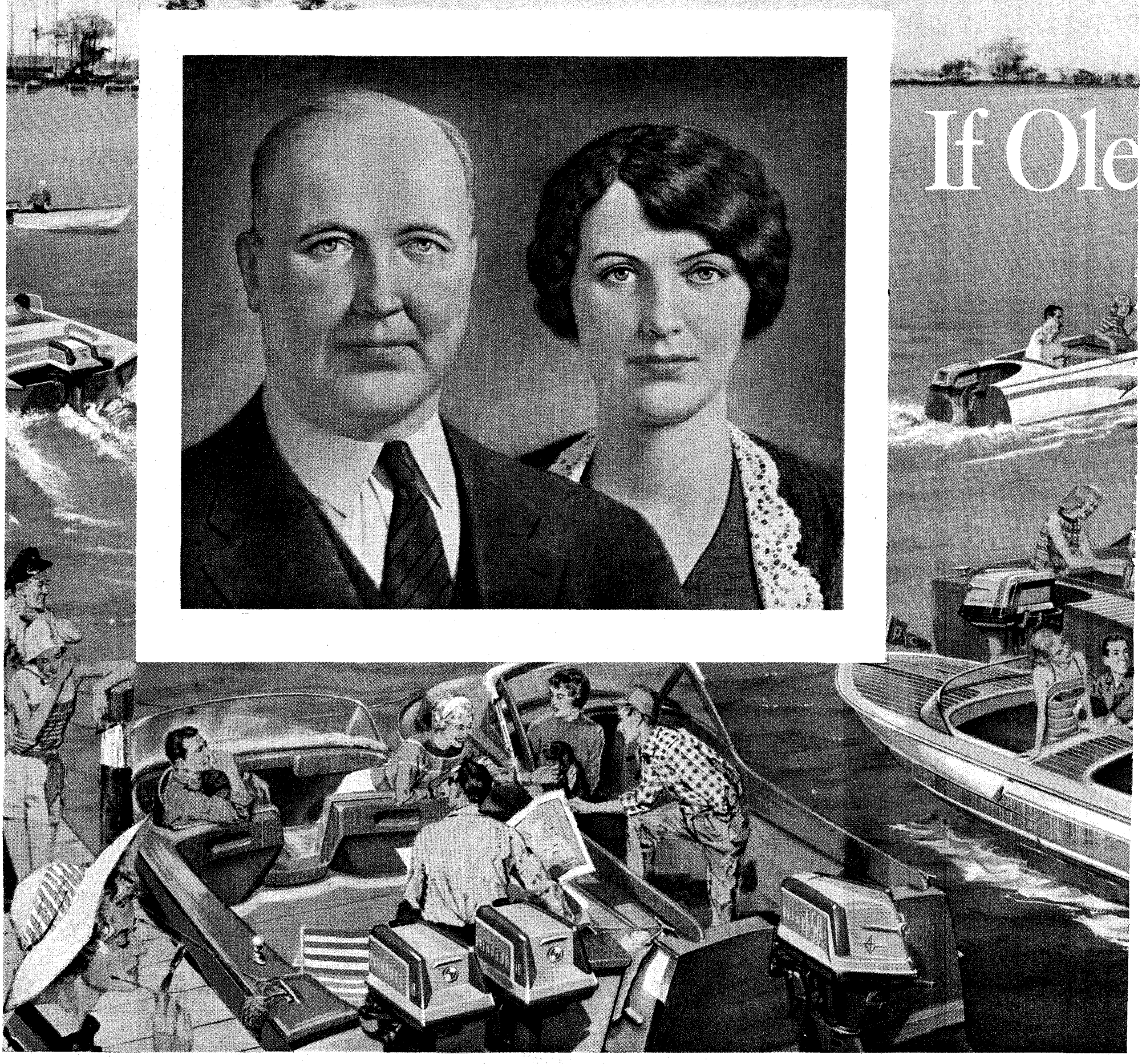
# If Ole



Today you can share our pride and pleasure in 50 years of boating progress. The 1959 Evinrudes are on display! Soon you'll see them on every waterfront, a natural part of scenes like this . . . a picture of fun-filled family boating brought into being by Ole Evinrude 50 years ago.

It all goes back to 1909 . . . a fine spring day in Milwaukee! Ole clamped his hand-built motor onto the stern of a rented boat. He cranked the flywheel. The engine sputtered and roared into life. Ole headed his homely craft up the Kinnickinnic River and as he opened the throttle deck hands on the coal boats stood up and cheered. The trial run was a success. And that's the day outboard boating *really* began!

What Ole could do with his hands and inventive mind, his wife, Bess, could match with clear-eyed business vision. She could see fishermen clamoring for his new motor. She could see its work-saving, pleasure-giving possibilities. She could see Ole's humble shop growing into busy factories. She sat down and wrote an ad that confidently started, "Throw away the oars!" And that's the way it happened!

The idea of portable, low-cost boat power grew to become part of the American dream. And with advancement after advancement Ole blazed the trail to the remarkable outboards of today. Multi-cylinder design—underwater quieting—all-enclosed powerheads—light aluminum alloy

*The Golden Jubilee of Outboard Boating...*

EVINR

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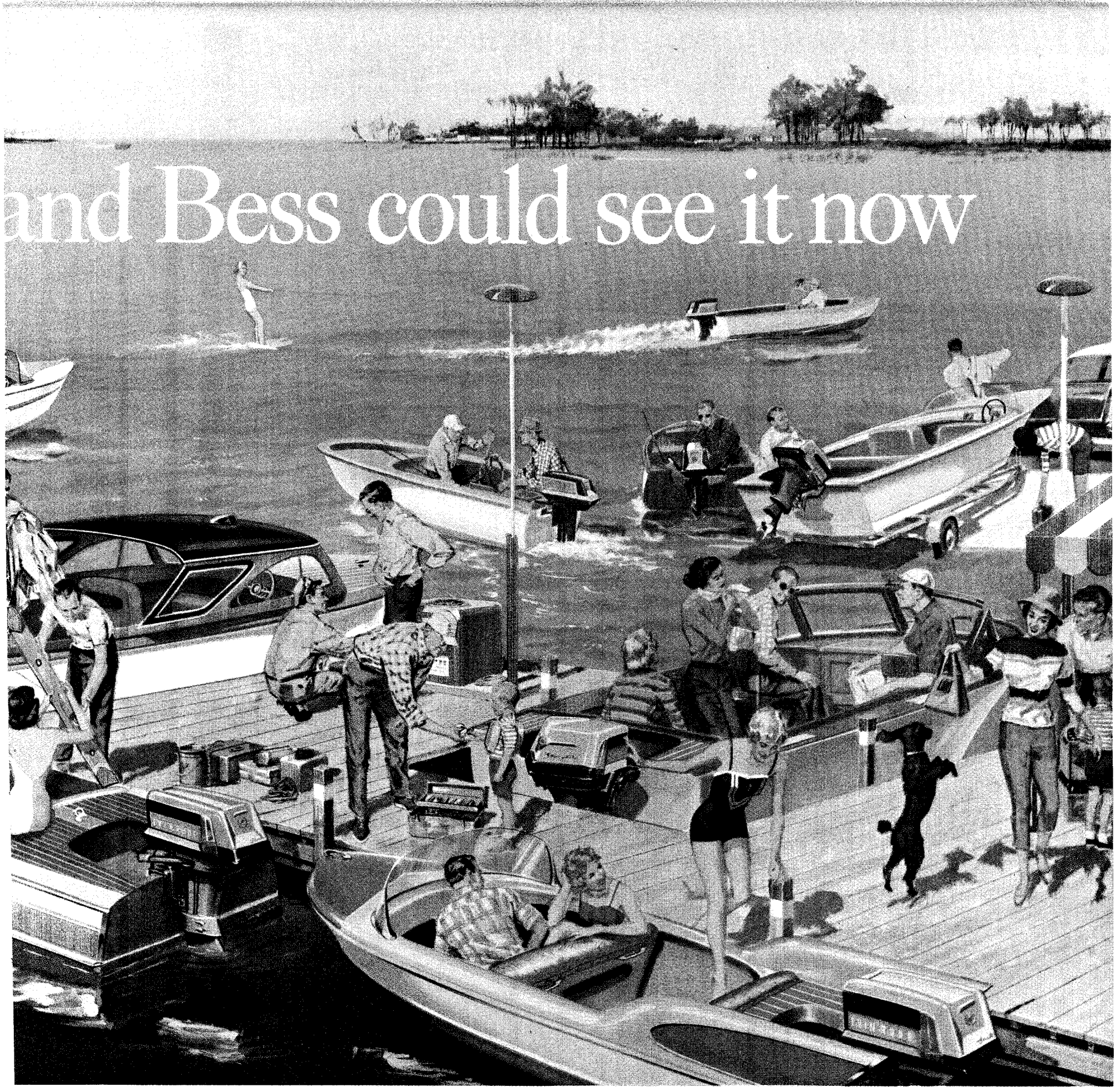
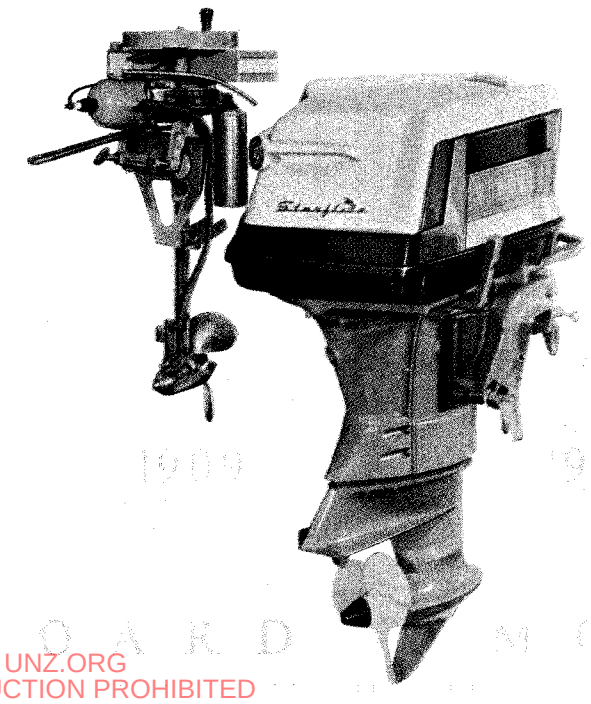
# and Bess could see it now



construction—these are among the many pace-setting Evinrude *firsts*.

Today, in eight brilliant Jubilee motors for '59, you'll find the ultimate in rugged, smooth-running, *quiet* power, handling ease, and breathtaking drive. Only a demonstration ride can tell you how much 50 years of Evinrude progress means to your boating pleasure!

Now's the best time to trade up to a '59 Evinrude! See your Evinrude dealer. Look for his name in the yellow pages under "Outboard Motors." New '59 catalog *free*. Write: **EVINRUDE MOTORS,** 4343 N. 27th St., Milwaukee 16, Wisconsin. *A Division of Outboard Marine Corporation. In Canada: Manufactured by Evinrude Motors, Peterborough, Ontario.*



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# You can afford your dream kitchen the Insured Savings and Loan way

A work-saving, modern kitchen is one of the many joys that make family living happier . . . *and* it adds so much to the value of your home. By saving rather than borrowing for the good things of life, you collect earnings on your money instead of paying interest. And the ideal place to save is your Insured Savings and Loan Association. Here's why:

**1.** Your money works *hard*, earns excellent returns.

**2.** Your savings are invested in home loans—sound investments that help your community grow.

**3.** Your savings are not subject to ups and downs; you get back what you put in . . . plus earnings.

**4.** Your account is insured up to $10,000 by the Federal Savings and Loan Insurance Corporation.

That's why 21 million Americans have found

**Where you save does make a difference!**

FEDERAL SAVINGS AND LOAN INSURANCE CORPORATION
SAFETY OF YOUR SAVINGS
INSURED
UP TO $10,000

LOOK FOR THIS SYMBOL OF SAFETY WHERE YOU SAVE

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(*Continued from Page 47*) drawing the others to peer too. The suit was there. And it was white.

Martinez took a great trembling breath and exhaled, whispering, "*Ai. Ai, caramba!*"

"It puts out my eyes," murmured Gomez.

"Mr. Shumway." Martinez heard Leo hissing. "Ain't it dangerous precedent, to sell it? I mean, what if everybody bought one suit for six people?"

"Leo," said Mr. Shumway, "you ever hear one single fifty-nine-dollar suit make so many people happy at the same time before?"

"Angel's wings," murmured Martinez. "The wings of white angels."

Martinez felt Mr. Shumway peering over his shoulder into the booth. The pale glow filled his eyes.

"You know something, Leo?" he said, in awe. "That's a suit!"

Gomez, shouting, whistling, ran up to the third-floor landing and turned to wave on the others, who staggered, laughed, stopped and had to sit down on the steps below.

"Tonight!" cried Gomez. "Tonight you move in with me, eh? Save rent as well as clothes, eh? Sure! Martinez, you got the suit?"

---

If you're getting a big charge out of life, your wife and daughter have been shopping.

KEN SHIVELY

---

"Have I?" Martinez lifted the white gift-wrapped box high. "From us to us! Ai-hah!"

"Vamenos, you got the dummy?"

"Here!"

Vamenos, chewing an old cigar, scattering sparks, slipped. The dummy, falling, toppled, turned over twice, and banged down the stairs.

"Vamenos! Dumb! Clumsy!"

They seized the dummy from him. Stricken, Vamenos looked about as if he'd lost something.

Manulo snapped his fingers. "Hey, Vamenos, we got to celebrate! Go borrow some wine!"

Vamenos plunged downstairs in a whirl of sparks.

The others moved into the room with the suit, leaving Martinez in the hall to study Gomez's face.

"Gomez, you look sick."

"I am," said Gomez. "For what have I done?" He nodded to the shadows in the room working about the dummy. "I pick Dominguez, a devil with the women. All right. I pick Manulo, who drinks, yes, but who sings as sweet as a girl, eh? O.K. Villanazul reads books. You, you wash behind your ears. But *then* what do I do? Can I wait? No! I got to buy that suit! So the last guy I pick is a clumsy slob who has the right to wear my suit ——" He stopped, confused. "Who gets to wear *our* suit one night a week, fall down in it, or not come in out of the rain in it! Why, why, why did I do it!"

"Gomez," whispered Villanazul from the room, "the suit is ready. Come, see if it looks as good using your light bulb."

Gomez and Martinez entered. And there on the dummy in the center of the room was the phosphorescent, the miraculously white-fired ghost with the incredible lapels, the precise stitching, the neat buttonholes. Standing with the white illumination of the suit upon his cheeks, Martinez suddenly felt he was in church. White! White! It was white as the whitest vanilla ice cream, as the bottled milk in tenement halls at dawn. White as a winter cloud all alone in the moonlit sky late at night.

"White," murmured Villanazul. "White as the snow on that mountain near our town in Mexico which is called the Sleeping Woman."

"Say that again," said Gomez.

Villanazul, proud yet humble, was glad to repeat his tribute: "White as the snow on the mountain called ——"

"I'm back!"

Shocked, the men whirled to see Vamenos in the door, wine bottles in each hand.

"A party! Here! Now tell us, who wears the suit first tonight? Me?"

"It's too late!" said Gomez.

"Late! It's only nine-fifteen!"

"Late?" said everyone, bristling. "Late?"

Gomez edged away from these men who glared from him to the suit to the open window.

Outside and below, it was, after all, thought Martinez, a fine Saturday night in a summer month, and through the calm warm darkness the women drifted like flowers on a quiet stream. The men made a mournful sound.

"Gomez, a suggestion." Villanazul licked his pencil and drew a chart on a pad. "You wear the suit from nine-thirty to ten, Manulo till ten-thirty, Dominguez till eleven, myself till eleven-thirty, Martinez till midnight, and ——"

"Why me last?" demanded Vamenos, scowling.

Martinez thought quickly and smiled. "After midnight is the best time, friend."

"Hey," said Vamenos, "that's right. I never thought of that. O.K."

Gomez sighed. "All right. A half hour each. But from now on, remember, we each wear the suit just one night a week. Sundays we draw straws for who wears the suit the extra night."

"Me!" laughed Vamenos. "I'm lucky!"

Gomez held onto Martinez, tight.

"Gomez," urged Martinez, "you first. Dress."

Gomez could not tear his eyes from that disreputable Vamenos. At last, impulsively, he yanked his shirt off over his head. "Ai-yeah!" he howled. "Ai-yeee!"

Whisper, rustle—the clean shirt.

"Ah!"

How clean the new clothes felt, thought Martinez, holding the coat ready. How clean they sounded; how clean they smelled!

Whisper—the pants, the tie; rustle—the suspenders. Whisper. Now Martinez let loose the coat, which fell in place on flexing shoulders.

"*Olé!*"

Gomez turned like a matador in his wondrous suit-of-lights.

"*Olé*, Gomez; *olé!*"

Gomez bowed and went out the door.

Martinez fixed his eyes on his watch. At ten sharp he heard someone wandering about in the hall as if he had forgotten where to go. Martinez pulled the door open and looked out. Gomez was there, heading for nowhere.

*He looks sick*, thought Martinez. *No; stunned, shook up, surprised, many things.*

"Gomez! This is the place!"

Gomez turned around and found his way through the door.

"Oh, friends, friends," he said. "Friends, what an experience! This suit! This suit!"

"Tell us, Gomez!" said Martinez.

"I can't; how can I say it!" He gazed at the heavens, arms spread, palms up.

"Tell us, Gomez!"

"I have no words, no words. You must see, yourself! Yes, you must see." And


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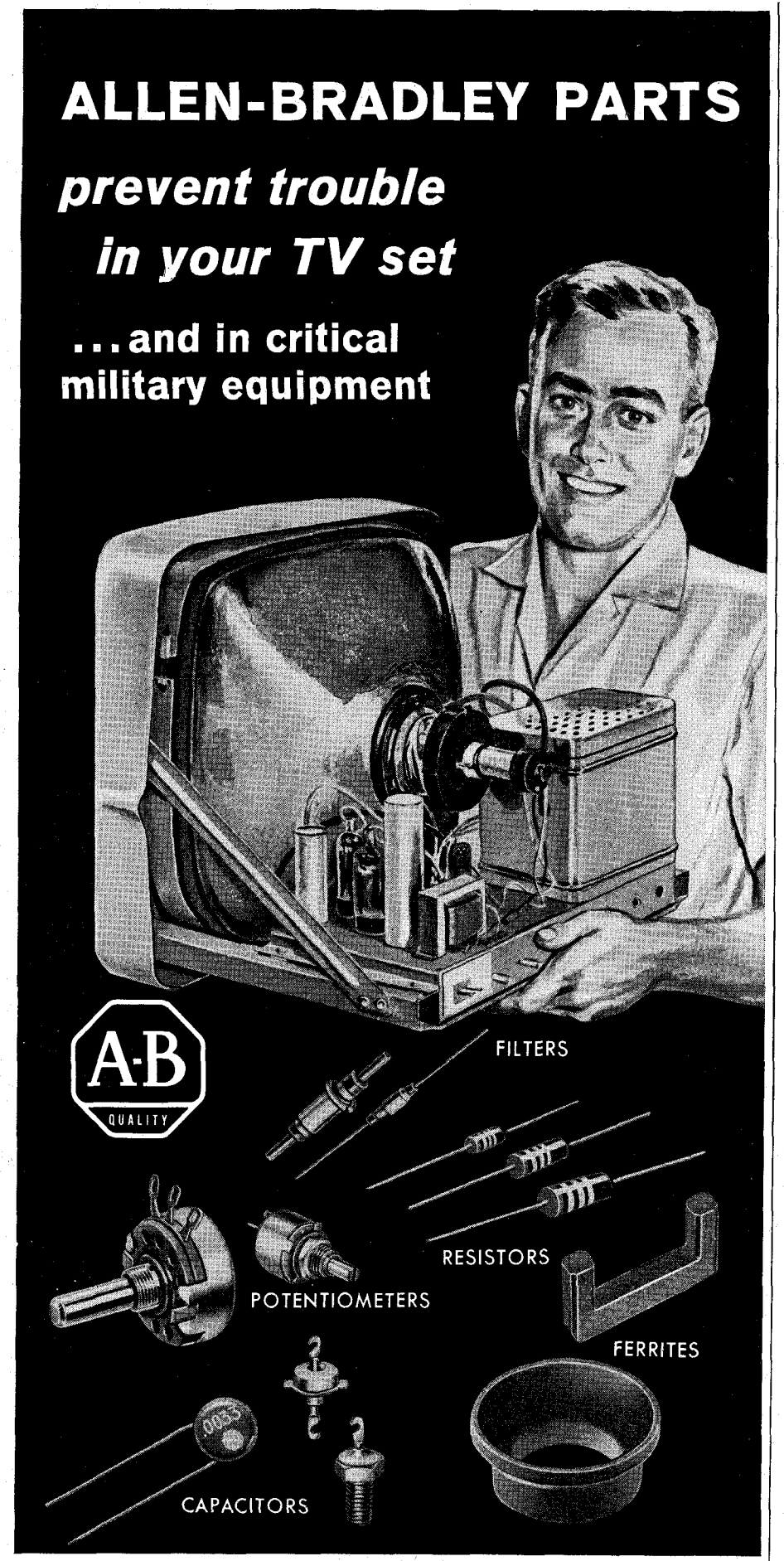


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here he lapsed into silence, shaking his head until at last he remembered they all stood watching him. "Who's next? Manulo?"

Manulo, stripped to his shorts, leaped forward.

"Ready!"

All laughed, shouted, whistled.

Manulo, ready, went out the door. He was gone twenty-nine minutes and thirty seconds. He came back holding to doorknobs, touching the wall, feeling his own elbows, putting the flat of his hand to his face.

"Oh, let me tell you," he said. "*Compadres*, I went to the bar, eh, to have a drink? But no, I did not go in the bar, do you hear? I did not drink. For as I walked I began to laugh and sing. Why, why? I listened to myself and asked this. Because. The suit made me feel better than wine ever did. The suit made me drunk, drunk! So I went to the *Guadalajara Refriteria* instead and played the guitar and sang four songs, very high! The suit, ah, the suit!"

Dominguez, next to be dressed, moved out through the world, came back from the world.

*The black telephone book!* thought Martinez. *He had it in his hands when he left! Now he returns, hands empty! What? What?*

"On the street," said Dominguez, seeing it all again, eyes wide, "on the street I walked, a woman cried, 'Dominguez, is that you?' Another said, 'Dominguez? No, Quetzalcoatl, the Great White God come from the East,' do you hear? And suddenly I didn't want to go with six women or eight, no. One, I thought. One! And to this one, who knows what I would say? 'Be mine!' Or 'Marry me!' *Caramba!* This suit is dangerous! But I did not care! I live, I live! Gomez, did it happen this way with you?"

Gomez, still dazed by the events of the evening, shook his head. "No, no talk. It's too much. Later. Villanazul?"

Villanazul moved shyly forward.

Villanazul went shyly out.

Villanazul came shyly home.

"Picture it," he said, not looking at them, looking at the floor, talking to the floor. "The Green Plaza, a group of elderly businessmen gathered under the stars and they are talking, nodding, talking. Now one of them whispers. All turn to stare. They move aside, they make a channel through which a white-hot light burns its way as through ice. At the center of the great light is this person. I take a deep breath. My stomach is jelly. My voice is very small, but it grows louder. And what do I say? I say, 'Friends. Do you know Carlyle's Sartor Resartus? In that book we find *his* Philosophy of Suits.'"

And at last it was time for Martinez to let the suit float him out to haunt the darkness.

Four times he walked around the block. Four times he paused beneath the tenement porches, looking up at the window where the light was lit, a shadow moved, the beautiful girl was there, not there, away and gone, and on the fifth time, there she was, on the porch above, driven out by the summer heat, taking the cooler air. She glanced down. She made a gesture.

At first he thought she was waving to him. He felt like a white explosion that had riveted her attention. But she was not waving. Her hand gestured, and the next moment a pair of framed glasses sat upon her nose. She gazed at him.

*Ah, ah*, he thought, *so that's it! So! Even the blind may see this suit!* He smiled up at her. He did not have to wave. And at last, she smiled back. She did not have to wave either. Then, because he did not know what else to do, and he could not get rid of this smile that had fastened itself to his cheeks, he hurried, almost ran around the corner, feeling her stare after him.

When he looked back, she had taken off her glasses and gazed now with the look of the nearsighted at what, at most, must be a moving blob of light in the great darkness here. Then, for good measure he went around the block again, through a city so suddenly beautiful he wanted to yell, then laugh, then yell again.

Returning, he drifted, oblivious, eyes half-closed, and seeing him in the door the others saw not Martinez, but themselves, come home. In that moment, they sensed that something had happened to them all.

"You're late!" cried Vamenos, but stopped. The spell could not be broken.

"Somebody tell me," said Martinez. "Who am I?"

He moved in a slow circle through the room.

Yes, he thought, yes, it was the suit; yes, it had to do with the suit and them all together in that store on this fine Saturday night and then here, laughing and feeling more drunk without drinking, as Manulo said himself, as the night ran and each slipped on the pants and held, toppling, to the others and, balanced, let the feeling get bigger and warmer and finer as each man departed and the next took his place in the suit until now here stood Martinez (*Continued on Page 56*)

"I demand you tell me! Why should he be frisking your lunch boxes for soft fruit?"

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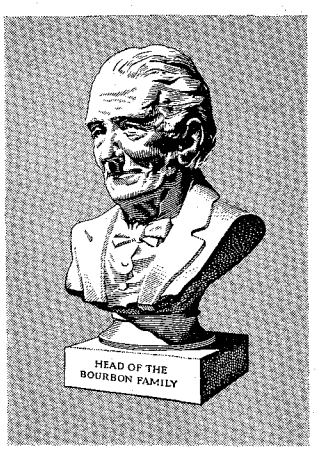


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NOW we have the pleasure of announcing a companion bottling to this great bourbon, in 86 proof, in response to the demand for a lighter bourbon of highest quality.

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1 PULLING ACTION—No more spinning when these traction-action bars bite in and take hold! Yet on dry roads you get whine-free quiet—and Firestone Rubber-X assures long care-free mileage comparable to regular passenger car tires.

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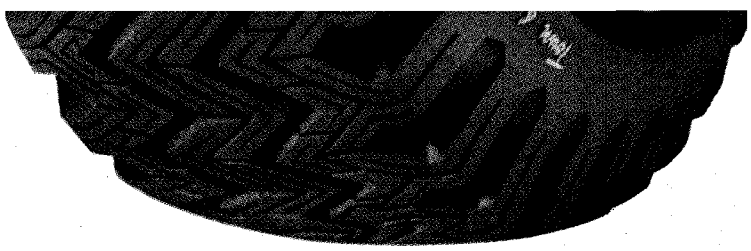
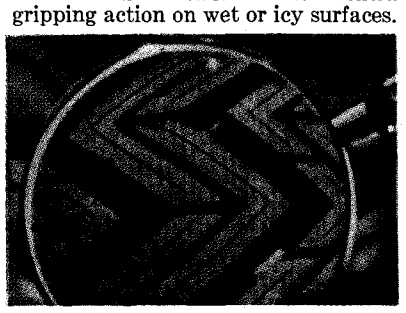
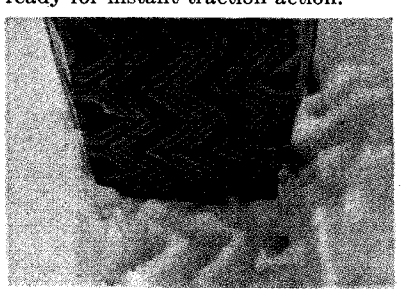


2 NON-SKID ACTION—Sharp, action-angled cleats molded in the extra-width tread are powerful non-skid forces in themselves. And their design also features thousands of almost invisible Skid-Resisters for extra gripping action on wet or icy surfaces.



3 SELF-CLEANING ACTION—As Firestone winter tires revolve, centrifugal force ejects snow or mud from the tread—helps prevent "packing up." This self-cleaning action keeps the tread clean and sharp—ready for instant-traction action.



**Firestone**

***BETTER RUBBER FROM START TO FINISH***

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(*Continued from Page 52*) all splendid and white as one who gives orders and the world grows quiet and moves aside.

"Martinez, we borrowed three mirrors while you were gone. Look!"

The mirrors, set up as in the store, angled to reflect three Martinezes and the echoes and memories of those who had occupied this suit with him and known the bright world inside this thread and cloth. Now, in the shimmering mirror, Martinez saw the enormity of this thing they were living together, and his eyes grew wet. The others blinked. Martinez touched the mirrors. They shifted. He saw a thousand, a million white-armored Martinezes march off into eternity, reflected, re-reflected forever, indomitable, and unending.

He held the white coat out on the air. In a trance, the others did not at first recognize the dirty hand that reached to take the coat. Then:

"Vamenos!"

"Pig!"

"You didn't wash!" cried Gomez. "Or even shave, while you waited! *Compadres*, the bath!"

"The bath!" said everyone.

"No!" Vamenos flailed. "The night air! I'm dead!"

They hustled him, yelling, out and down the hall.

Now here stood Vamenos, unbelievable in white suit, beard shaved, hair combed, nails scrubbed.

His friends scowled darkly at him. For was it not true, thought Martinez, that when Vamenos passed by, avalanches itched on mountain tops. If he walked under windows, people spat, dumped garbage, or worse. Tonight now, this night, he would stroll beneath ten thousand wide-opened windows, near balconies, past alleys. Suddenly the world absolutely sizzled with flies. And here was Vamenos, a fresh-frosted cake.

"You sure look keen in that suit, Vamenos," said Manulo sadly.

"Thanks." Vamenos twitched, trying to make his skeleton comfortable where all their skeletons had so recently been. In a small voice, Vamenos said, "Can I go now?"

"Villanazul!" said Gomez. "Copy down these rules."

Villanazul licked his pencil.

"First," said Gomez, "don't fall down in that suit, Vamenos!"

"I won't."

"Don't lean against buildings in that suit."

"No buildings."

"Don't walk under trees with birds in them, in that suit. Don't smoke. Don't drink ——"

"Please," said Vamenos, "can I sit down in this suit?"

"When in doubt, take the pants off, fold them over a chair."

"Wish me luck," said Vamenos.

"Go with God, Vamenos."

He went out. He shut the door. There was a ripping sound.

"Vamenos!" cried Martinez. He whipped the door open.

Vamenos stood with two halves of a handkerchief torn in his hands, laughing.

"R-r-rip! Look at your faces! R-r-rip!" He tore the cloth again. "Oh, oh, your faces, your faces! Ha!"

Roaring, Vamenos slammed the door, leaving them stunned and alone.

Gomez put both hands on top of his head and turned away. "Stone me. Kill me. I have sold our souls to a demon!"

Villanazul dug in his pockets, took out a silver coin and studied it for a long while.

"Here is my last fifty cents. Who else will help me buy back Vamenos' share of the suit?"

"It's no use." Manulo showed them ten cents. "We got only enough to buy the lapels and the buttonholes."

Gomez, at the open window, suddenly leaned out and yelled, "Vamenos! No!"

Below on the street, Vamenos, shocked, blew out a match, and threw away an old cigar butt he had found somewhere. He made a strange gesture to all the men in the window above, then waved airily and sauntered on.

Somehow, the five men could not move away from the window. They were crushed together there.

"I bet he eats a hamburger in that suit," mused Villanazul. "I'm thinking of the mustard."

"Don't!" cried Gomez. "No, no!"

Manulo was suddenly at the door. "I need a drink, bad."

"Manulo, there's wine here, that bottle, on the floor."

Manulo went out and shut the door.

A moment later, Villanazul stretched with great exaggeration and strolled about the room.

"I think I'll walk down to the plaza, friends."

He was not gone a minute when Dominguez turned the doorknob.

"Dominguez," said Gomez.

"Yes?"

"If you see Vamenos, by accident," said Gomez, "warn him away from Mickey Murillo's Red Rooster Café. They got fights not only *on* TV but out front of the TV too."

"He wouldn't go into Murillo's," said Dominguez. "That suit means too much to Vamenos. He wouldn't do anything to hurt it."

"He'd shoot his mother first," said Martinez.

"Sure he would."

Martinez and Gomez, alone, listened to Dominguez' footsteps hurry away down the stairs. They circled the undressed window dummy.

For a long while, biting his lips, Gomez stood at the window, looking out. He touched his shirt pocket twice, pulled his hand away, and then at last pulled something from the pocket. Without looking at it, he handed it to Martinez.

"Martinez, take this."

"What is it?"

Martinez looked at the piece of folded pink paper with print on it, with names and numbers. His eyes widened.

"A ticket on the bus to El Paso, three weeks from now!"

---

Conscience is what makes a small boy tell his dad before his sister does.

HERBERT V. PROCHNOW

---

Gomez nodded. He couldn't look at Martinez. He stared out into the summer night.

"Turn it in. Get the money," he said. "Buy us a nice white panama hat and a pale blue tie to go with the white ice-cream suit, Martinez. Do that."

Mickey Murillo's Red Rooster Café and Cocktail Lounge was squashed between two big brick buildings and, being narrow, had to be deep. Outside, serpents of red and sulphur-green neon fizzed and snapped. Inside, dim shapes loomed and swam away to lose themselves in a swarming night sea.

Martinez, on tiptoe, peeked through a flaked place on the red-painted front window. He felt a presence on his left, heard breathing on his right. He glanced in both directions.

"Manulo! Villanazul!"

"I decided I wasn't thirsty," said Manulo. "So I took a walk."

"I was just on my way to the plaza," said Villanazul, "and decided to go the long way around."

As if by agreement the three men shut up now and turned together to peer on tiptoe through various flaked spots on the window.

A moment later, all three felt a new very warm presence behind them and heard still faster breathing.

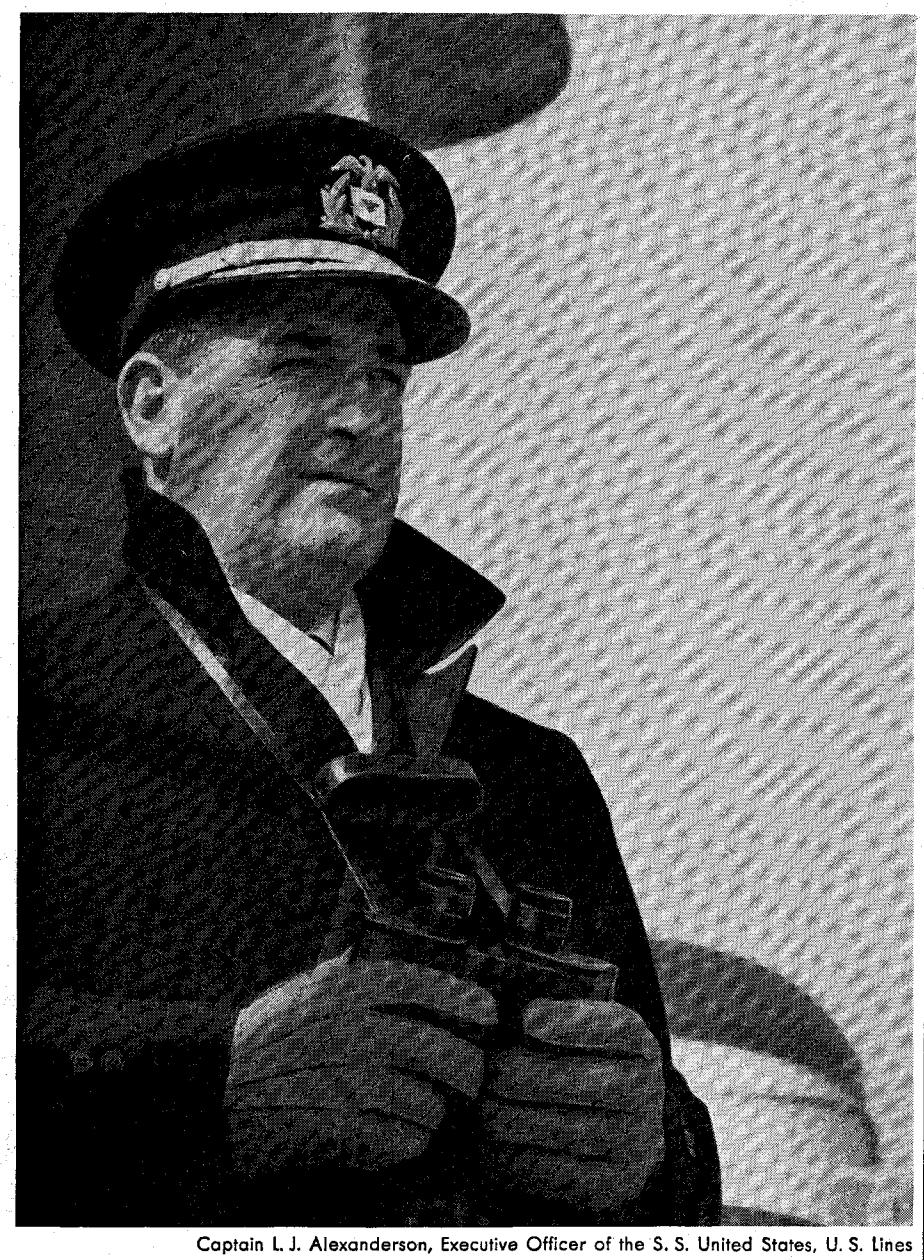
"Is our white suit in there?" asked Gomez' voice.

"Gomez!" said everybody, surprised. "Hi!"

"Yes!" cried Dominguez, having just arrived to find his own peephole. "There's the suit! And, praise God, Vamenos is still in it!"

"I can't see!" Gomez squinted, shielding his eyes. "What's he doing?"

Martinez peered. Yes! There, way back in the shadows, was a big chunk of snow, and the idiot (*Continued on Page 58*)



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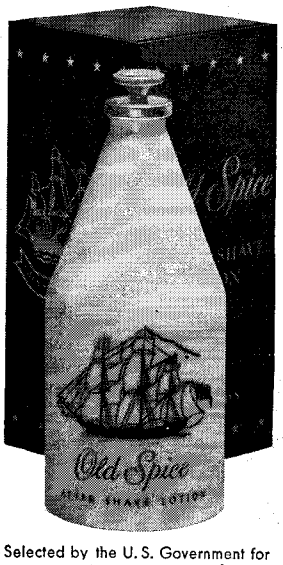
**Men who sail the seven seas choose the protection of**

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"Driving" a car 100 miles per hour at a standstill

# Why PURE built a road in a room

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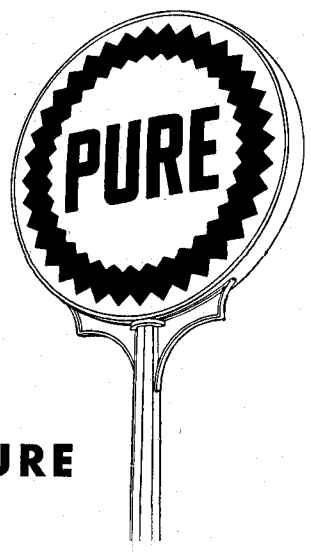


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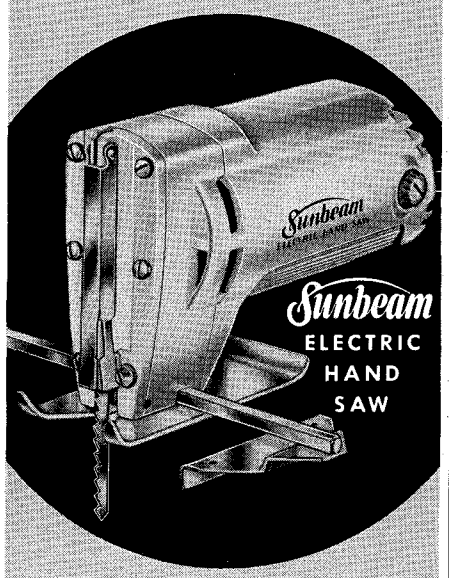


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Faultless Caster Corporation
Evansville 7, Indiana

(*Continued from Page 56*) smile of Vamenos winking above it, wreathed in smoke.

"He's smoking!" said Martinez.

"He's drinking!" said Dominguez.

"He's eating a taco!" reported Villanazul.

"A juicy taco," added Manulo.

"No," said Gomez. "No, no, no."

"Ruby Escuadrillo's with him!"

"Let me see that!" Gomez pushed Martinez aside.

Yes, there was Ruby! Two hundred pounds of glittering sequins and tight black satin on the hoof, her scarlet fingernails clutching Vamenos' shoulder. Her cowlike face, floured with powder, greasy with lipstick, hung over him!

"That hippo!" said Dominguez. "She's crushing the shoulder pads. Look, she's going to sit on his lap!"

"No, no; not with all that powder and lipstick!" said Gomez. "Manulo, inside! Grab that drink! Villanazul, the cigar, the taco! Dominguez, date Ruby Escuadrillo, get her away. *Vamos*, men!"

The three vanished, leaving Gomez and Martinez to stare, gasping, through the peekhole.

"Manulo, he's got the drink; he's drinking it!"

"*Olé!* There's Villanazul, he's got the cigar; he's eating the taco!"

"Hey, Dominguez, he's got Ruby! What a brave one!"

A shadow bulked through Murillo's front door, traveling fast.

"Gomez!" Martinez clutched Gomez' arm. "That was Ruby Escuadrillo's boy friend, Toro Ruiz. If he finds her with Vamenos, the ice-cream suit will be covered with blood, covered with blood ——"

"Don't make me nervous," said Gomez. "Quickly!"

Both ran. Inside, they reached Vamenos just as Toro Ruiz grabbed about two feet of the lapels of that wonderful ice-cream suit.

"Let go of Vamenos!" said Martinez.

"Let go that suit!" corrected Gomez.

Toro Ruiz, tap-dancing Vamenos, leered at these intruders.

Villanazul stepped up shyly. Villanazul smiled. "Don't hit him. Hit me."

Toro Ruiz hit Villanazul on the nose.

Villanazul, holding his nose, tears stinging his eyes, wandered off.

Gomez grabbed one of Toro Ruiz's arms, Martinez the other.

"Drop him, let go, *coyote, vaca!*"

Toro Ruiz twisted the ice-cream-suit material until all six men screamed in mortal agony. Grunting, sweating, Toro Ruiz dislodged as many as climbed on. He was winding up to hit Vamenos when Villanazul wandered back, eyes streaming.

"Don't hit him. Hit me!"

As Toro Ruiz hit Villanazul on the nose, a chair crashed on Toro's head. A moment later Toro was ruins at their feet.

"*Compadres*, this way!"

They ran Vamenos outside and set him down, where he freed himself of their hands with injured dignity.

"O.K., O.K. My time ain't up. I still got two minutes and—ten seconds."

"What!" said everybody.

"Vamenos," said Gomez, "you let a Guadalajara cow climb on you, you pick fights, you smoke, you drink, you eat tacos, and now you have the nerve to say your time ain't up?"

"I got two minutes and one second left!"

"Hey, Vamenos, you sure look sharp!" Distantly, a woman's voice called from across the street.

Vamenos smiled and buttoned the coat. "It's Ramona Alvarez! Ramona, wait!" Vamenos stepped off the curb.

"Vamenos," pleaded Gomez, "what can you do in one minute and"—he checked his watch—"forty seconds!"

"Watch! Hey, Ramona!" Vamenos loped.

"Vamenos, look out!"

Vamenos, surprised, whirled, saw a car, heard the shriek of brakes.

"No," said all five men on the sidewalk.

Martinez heard the impact and flinched. His head moved up. Vamenos looked like white laundry, he thought, flying through the air. His head came down.

"I don't want to live," said Gomez quietly. "Kill me, someone."

Then, shuffling, Martinez looked down and told his feet to walk, stagger, follow one after the other. He collided with other men. Now they were trying to run. They ran at last and somehow crossed a street like a deep river through which they could only wade, to look down at Vamenos.

"Vamenos!" said Martinez. "You're alive!"

Strewn on his back, mouth open, eyes squeezed tight, tight, Vamenos motioned his head back and forth, back and forth, moaning.

"Tell me, tell me; oh, tell me, tell me."

"Tell you what, Vamenos?"

Vamenos clenched his fists, ground his teeth. "The suit, what have I done to the suit, the suit, the suit!"

The men crouched lower.

"Vamenos, it's —— Why, it's O.K.!"

"You lie!" said Vamenos. "It's torn, it must be, it must be, it's torn, all around, underneath?"

"No." Martinez knelt and touched here and there. "Vamenos, all around, underneath even, it's O.K.!"

Vamenos opened his eyes to let the tears run free at last. "A miracle," he sobbed. "Praise the saints!" He quieted at last. "The car?"

"Hit and run." Gomez suddenly remembered and glared at the empty street. "It's good he didn't stop. We'd have ——"

Everyone listened. Distantly, a siren wailed.

"Someone phoned for an ambulance."

"Quick!" said Vamenos, eyes rolling. "Set me up! Take off our coat!"

"Vamenos ——"

"Shut up, idiots!" cried Vamenos. "The coat, that's it! Now, the pants; the pants, quick, quick, *peons!* Those doctors! You seen movies? They rip the pants with razors to get them off! They don't care! They're maniacs! Ah, quick, quick!"

The siren screamed. The men, panicking, all handled Vamenos at once.

"Right leg, easy; hurry, cows! Good! Left leg, now; left, you hear! There, easy, easy! Quick! Martinez, your pants, take them off!"

"What?" Martinez froze.

The siren shrieked.

"Fool!" wailed Vamenos. "All is lost! Your pants! Give me!"

Martinez jerked at his belt buckle.

"Close in, make a circle!"

Dark pants, light pants, flourished on the air.

"Quick, here come the maniacs with the razors! Right leg on, left leg, there!"

"The zipper, cows, zip my zipper!" babbled Vamenos.

The siren died.

"*Madre mía*, yes, just in time! They arrive." Vamenos lay back down and shut his eyes. "*Gracias.*"

Martinez turned, nonchalantly buckling on the white pants as the interns brushed past.

"Broken leg," said one intern as they moved Vamenos onto a stretcher.

"*Compadres*," said Vamenos, "don't be mad with me."

Gomez snorted. "Who's mad?"

In the ambulance, head tilted back, looking out at them upside down, Vamenos faltered.

"*Compadres*, when—when I come from the hospital, am I still in the bunch? You won't kick me out? Look, I'll give up smoking, keep away from Murillo's, swear off women ——"

"Vamenos," said Martinez gently, "don't promise nothing."

Vamenos, upside down, eyes brimming wet, saw Martinez there, all white now against the stars.

"Oh, Martinez, you sure look great in that suit. *Compadres*, don't he look beautiful?"

Villanazul climbed in beside Vamenos. The door slammed. The four remaining men watched the ambulance drive away. Then, surrounded by his friends, inside the white suit, Martinez was carefully escorted back to the curb.

In the tenement, Martinez got out the cleaning fluid and the others stood around, telling him how to clean the suit and, later, how not to have the iron too hot and how to work the lapels and the crease and all. When the suit was cleaned and pressed so it looked like a fresh gardenia just opened, they fitted it to the dummy.

"Two o'clock," murmured Villanazul. "I hope Vamenos sleeps well. When I left him, he looked good."

Manulo cleared his throat. "Nobody else is going out with that suit tonight, huh?"

The others glared at him.

Manulo flushed. "I mean—it's late. We're tired. Maybe no one will use the suit for forty-eight hours, huh? Give it a rest. Sure. Well. Where do we sleep?"

The night being still hot and the room unbearable, they carried the suit on its dummy out and down the hall. They brought with them also some pillows and blankets. They climbed the stairs toward the roof of the tenement. There, thought Martinez, was the cooler wind, and sleep.

On the way, they passed a dozen doors that stood open, people still perspiring and awake, playing cards, drinking pop, fanning themselves with movie magazines.

*I wonder*, thought Martinez. *I wonder if—yes!*

On the fourth floor, a certain door stood open. (*Continued on Page 62*)

## Bay Windows

By John Robert Quinn

Bay windows, when I was a boy,
Were as much a part of life
As the parlor stove, the plush
Photograph album. Lush
Fountains of fronded ferns
Splashed in farmhouse bays;
There were gnarled begonias with sprays
Of tiny pink butterflies.
At intervals, a pair
Of canaries would startle the air
With rockets of golden song.
A genial bay window was sort
Of a temporary port
Where time could pause, and take
A breath for its own sweet sake.

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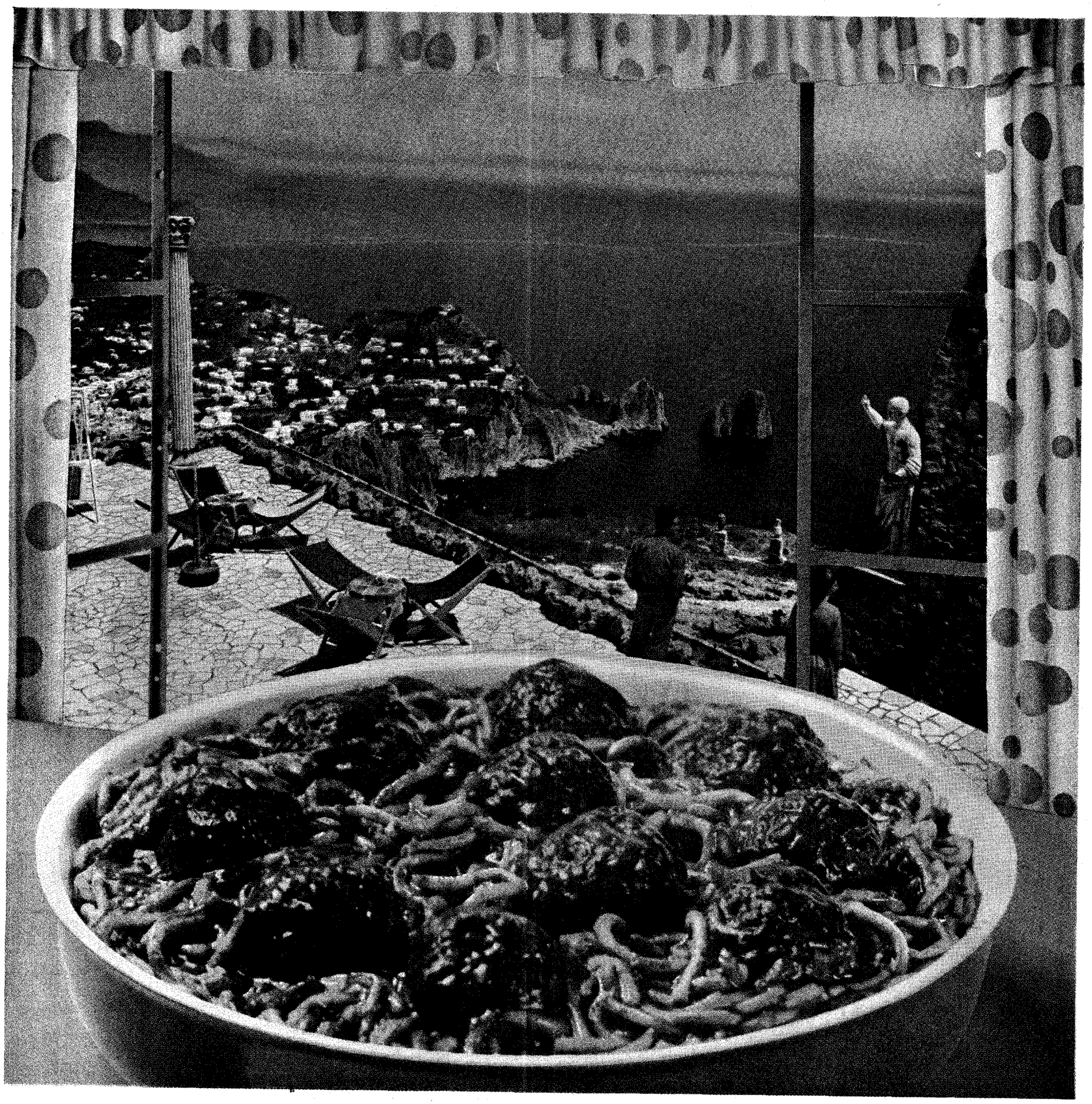

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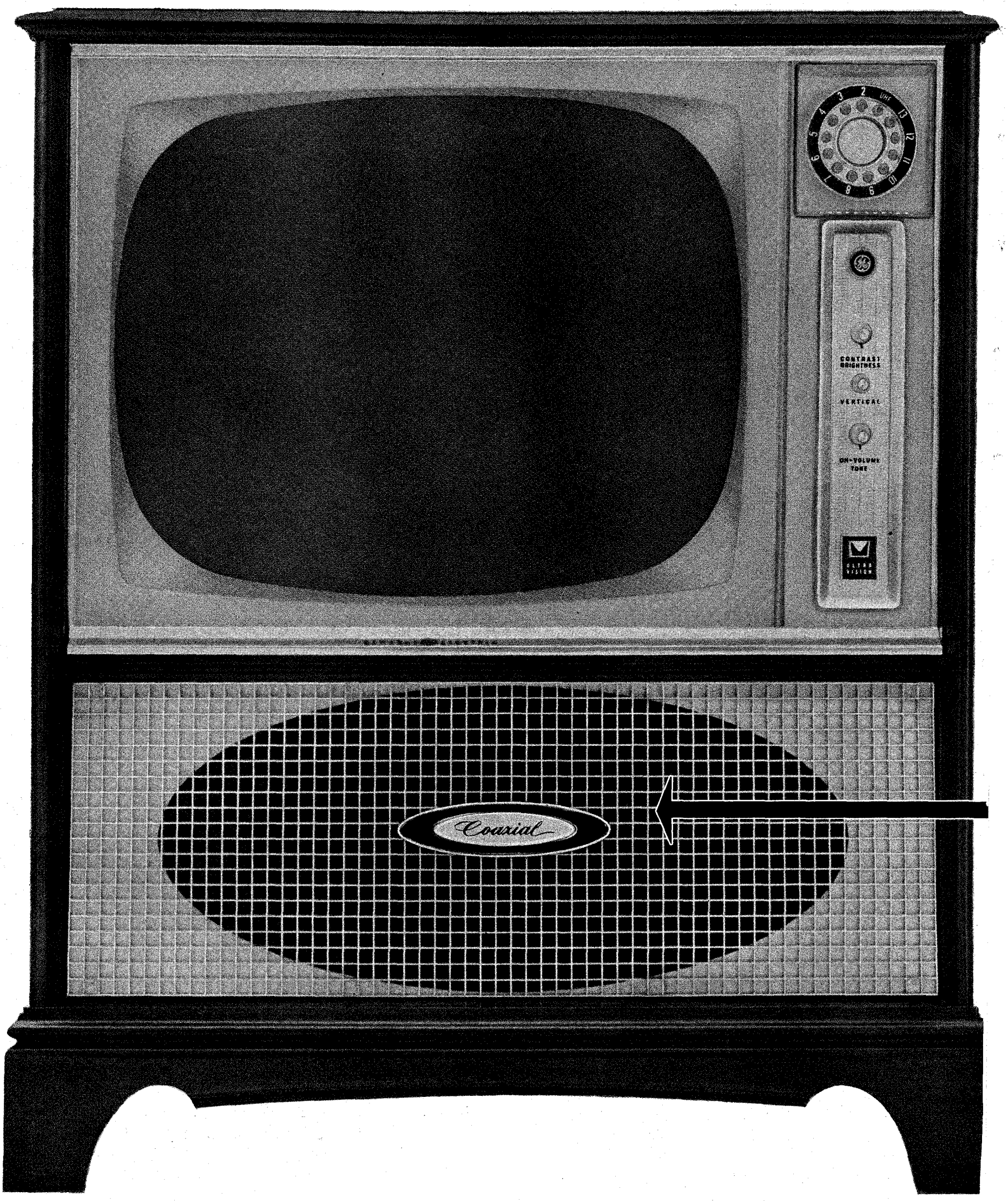


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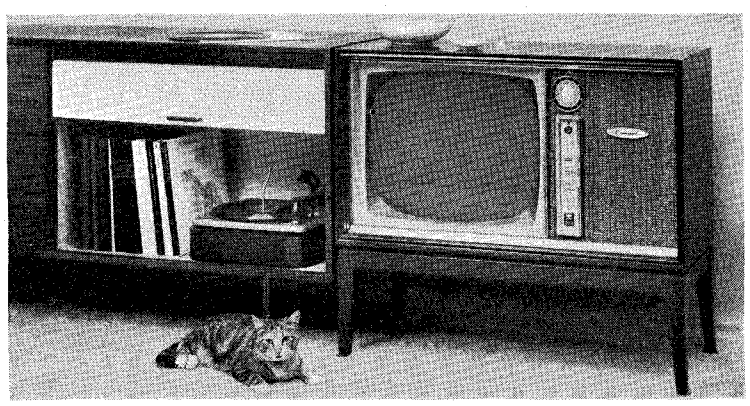

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(*Continued from Page 58*) The beautiful girl looked up as the five men passed. She wore glasses and when she saw Martinez she snatched them off and hid them under her book.

The others went on, not knowing they had lost Martinez, who seemed stuck fast in the open door.

For a long moment he could say nothing. Then he said: "José Martinez."

And she said: "Celia Obregon."

And then both said nothing.

He heard the men moving up on the tenement roof. He moved to follow.

She said, quickly, "I saw you tonight!"

He came back. "The suit," he said.

"The suit," she said, and paused. "But not the suit."

"Eh?" he said.

She lifted the book to show the glasses lying in her lap. She touched the glasses.

"I do not see well. You would think I would wear my glasses, but no. I walk around for years now, hiding them, seeing nothing. But tonight, even without the glasses, I see. A great whiteness passes below in the dark. So white! And I put on my glasses quickly!"

"The suit, as I said," said Martinez.

"The suit for a little moment, yes; but there is another whiteness above the suit."

"Another?"

"Your teeth! Oh, such white teeth, and so many!"

Martinez put his hand over his mouth.

"So happy, Mr. Martinez," she said. "I have not often seen such a happy face and such a smile."

"Ah," he said, not able to look at her, his face flushing now.

"So, you see," she said quietly, "the suit caught my eye, yes, the whiteness filled the night, below. But the teeth were much whiter. Now, I have forgotten the suit."

Martinez flushed again. She, too, was overcome with what she had said. She looked at her hands and at the door above his head.

"May I ——" he said, at last.

"May you ——"

"May I call for you," he asked, "when next the suit is mine to wear?"

"You do not need the suit," she said.

"But ——"

"If it were just the suit," she said, "anyone would be fine in it. But no, I watched. I saw many men in that suit, all different, this night. So again I say, you do not need to wait for the suit."

"*Madre mía, madre mía!*" he cried happily. And then, quieter, "I will need the suit for a little while. A month, six months, a year. I am uncertain. I am fearful of many things. I am young. The suit changes me, makes me strong."

"That is as it should be," she said.

"Good night, Miss ——"

"Celia Obregon."

"Celia Obregon," he said, and was gone from the door.

The others were waiting on the roof of the tenement. A cooler night wind was blowing here, up in the sky.

Martinez stood alone by the white suit, smoothing the lapels, talking half to himself.

"Ai, *caramba*, what a night! Seems ten years since seven o'clock, when it all started and I had no friends. Two in the morning, I got all kinds of friends." He paused and thought, *Celia Obregon, Celia Obregon.* "All kinds of friends," he went on. "I got a room, I got clothes. You tell me. You know what?" He looked around at the men lying on the rooftop, surrounding the dummy and himself. "It's funny. When I wear this suit, I know I will win at pool, like Gomez. A woman will look at me like Dominguez. I will be able to sing like Manulo, sweetly. I will talk fine politics like Villanazul. I'm strong as Vamenos. So? So, tonight, I am more than Martinez. I am Gomez, Manulo, Dominguez, Villanazul, Vamenos. I am everyone. Ai. Ai." He stood a moment longer by this suit which could save all the ways they sat or stood or walked. This suit which could move fast and nervous like Gomez or slow and thoughtfully like Villanazul or drift like Dominguez who never touched ground, who always found a wind to take him somewhere. This suit which belonged to them, but which also owned them all. This suit that was—what? A parade.

"Martinez," said Gomez. "You going to sleep?"

"Sure. I'm just thinking."

"What?"

"If we ever get rich," said Martinez softly, "it'll be kind of sad. Then we'll all have suits. And there won't be no more nights like tonight. It'll break up the old gang. It'll never be the same, after that."

The men lay thinking of what had just been said.

Gomez nodded gently. "Yeah. It'll never be the same, after that."

Martinez lay down on his blanket. In darkness, with the others, he faced the middle of the roof and the dummy, which was the center of their lives.

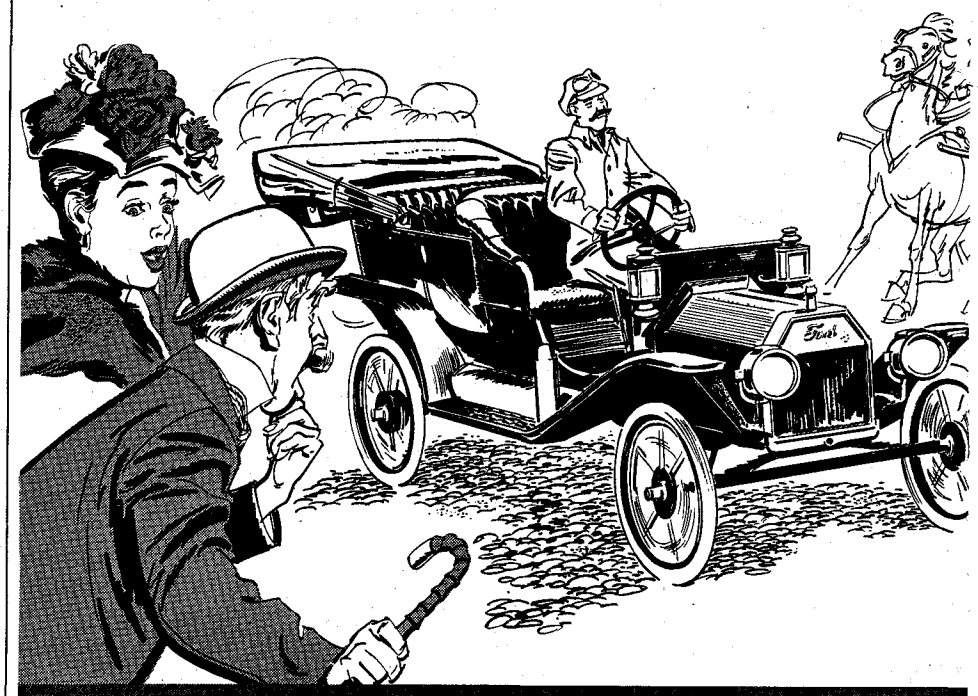
And their eyes were bright, shining, and good to see in the dark as the neon lights from nearby buildings flicked on, flicked off, flicked on, flicked off, revealing and then vanishing, revealing and then vanishing, their wonderful white vanilla-ice-cream summer suit.

THE END

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Are you sure there's nothing in the rules against his having a mascot?"


THEY SAID IT COULDN'T



"Couldn't be done, couldn't be done." They said nobody could pr
duce an automobile that everybody could afford. But Henry Fo
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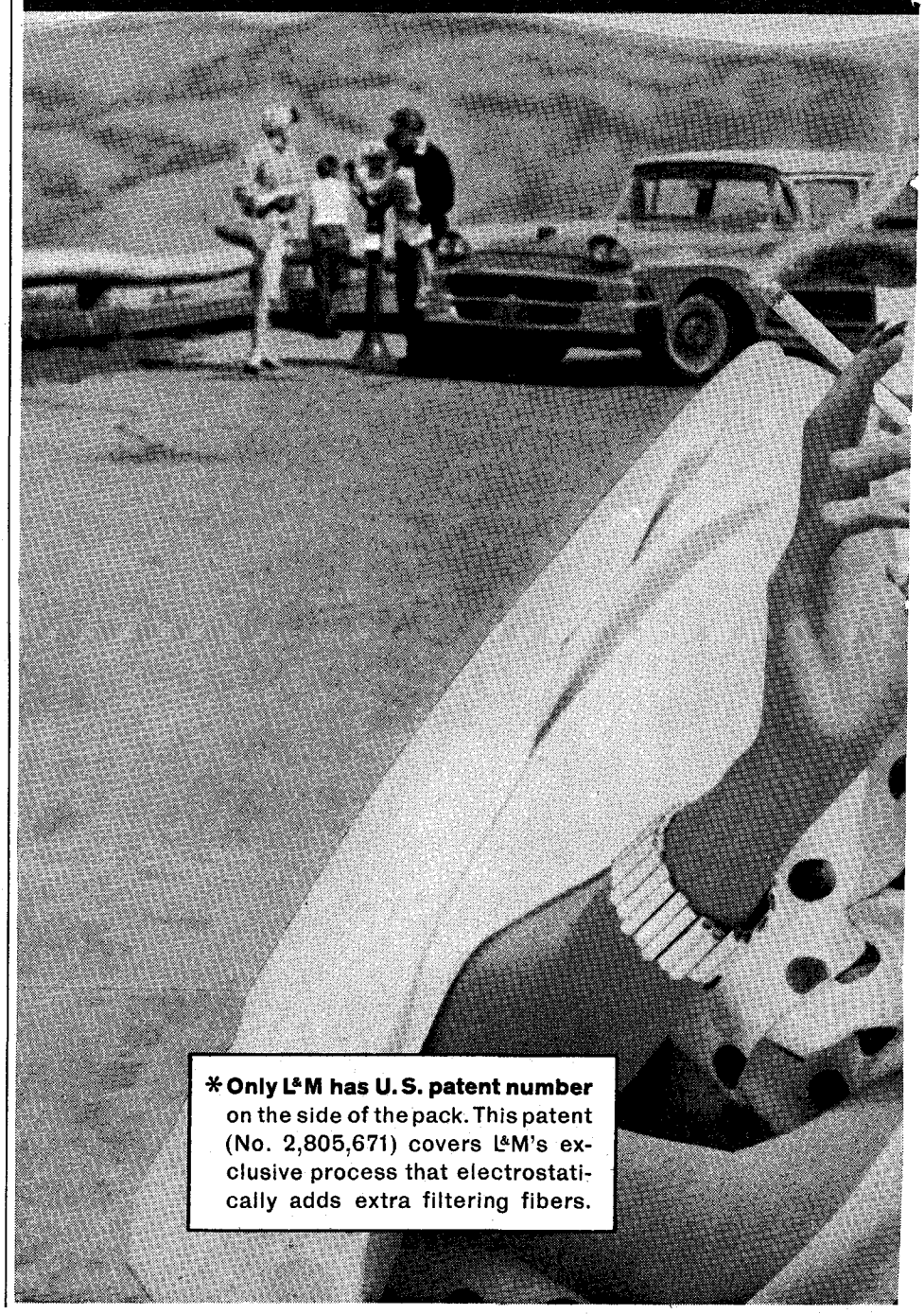

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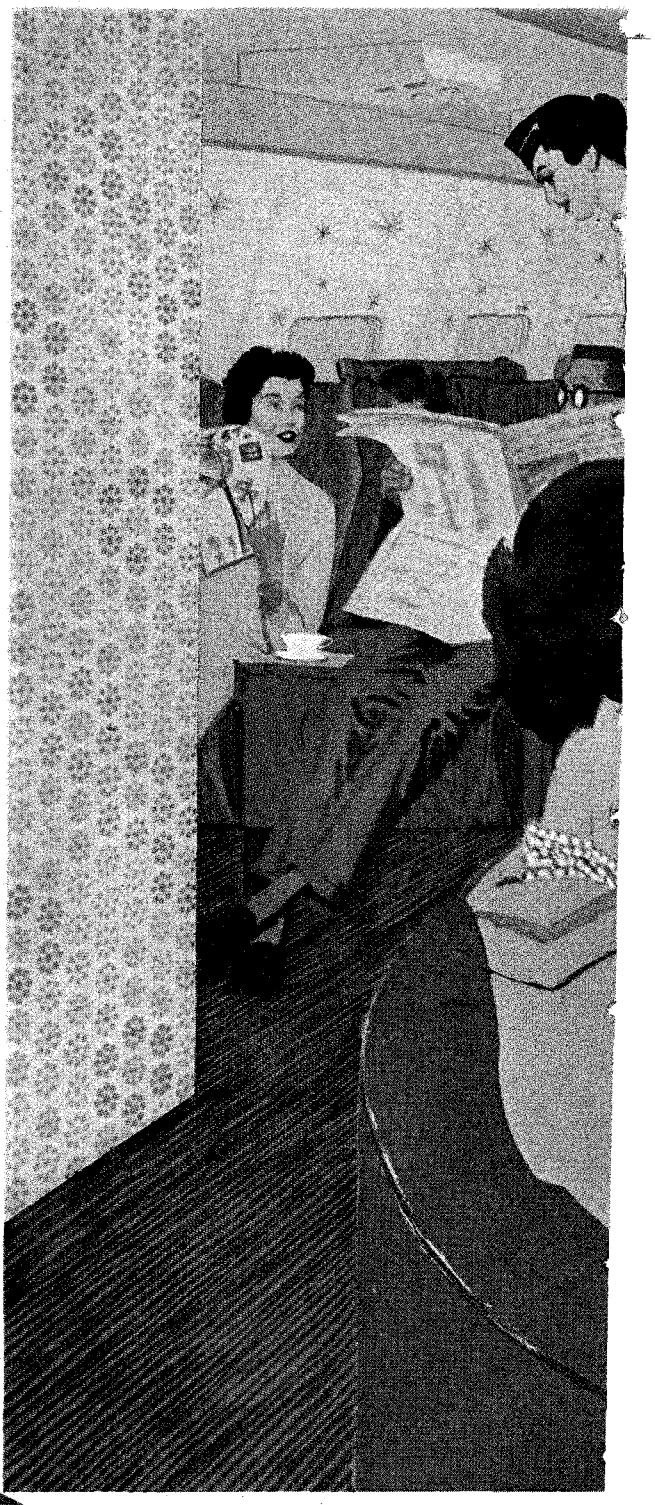
# American's Jet Flagships c



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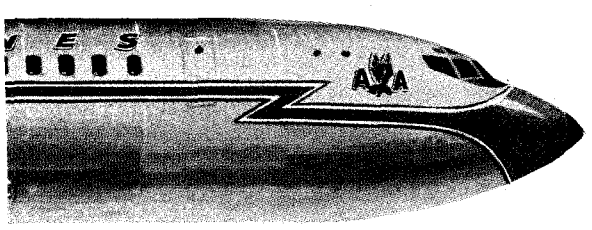

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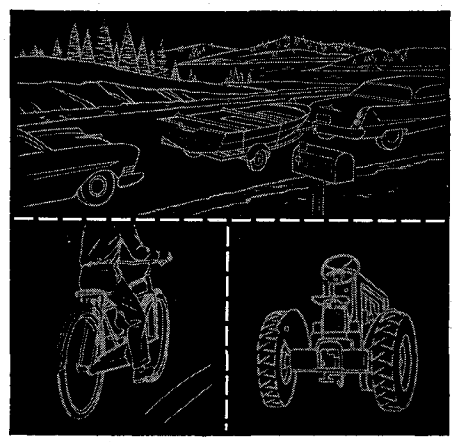

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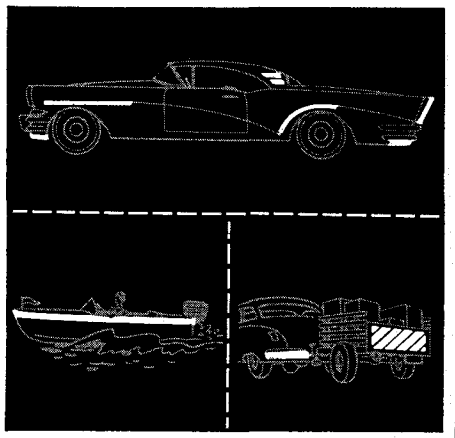

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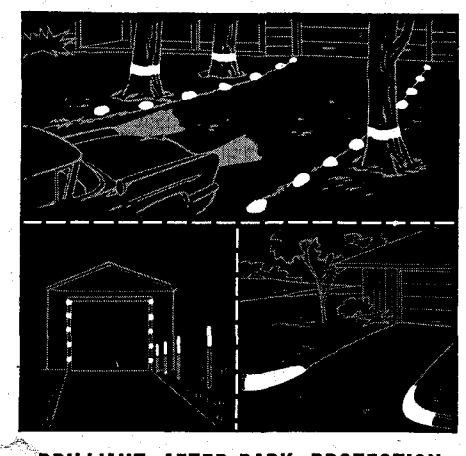

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# The Churches Go Modern

(Continued from Page 39)

and already knew that their new church need not be ornate, but should have character, should be distinctive and should be built to house *their* program. This, of course, is the same attitude of the man who wants to build a house for his family; it must fit his needs, his taste, his habits, his purse.

Architects today are making sincere efforts to understand the peculiar qualities and demands of their church clients. By using honest means in their churches—and avoiding the overornate—they hope to suggest true and lasting values. By using a more human scale—and not just the monumental—they impart to the whole a sense of warmth and security which may inspire its members to a renewed sense of community life. This desire to share religious experience with other people is the very nature and tradition of the church, even though certain activities may appear to be overly mundane.

Once while struggling with the problem of the kitchen for an Episcopal church in Baltimore, I let slip the remark that the kitchen seemed to have become more important than the altar. The rector, the Rev. Bennett Sims, a most enlightened man, put me right by referring me to the Last Supper, which, along with other meanings, is the symbol of the communal experience of bread breaking.

Today's need for economy is another reason why modern architects avoid designing overly ornamented buildings. Thus disciplined, they have discovered that much aesthetic significance can be imparted by the simplest materials used with a keen perception of their natural qualities. Great warmth and feeling likewise can be achieved by the right manipulations of subtle intangibles, such as space, light, color and texture, thus returning to the essential meaning of all architecture, which is "aesthetic manipulation of space."

In sensitive and skilled hands, space creates suspense and drama; the light it receives, with its accents and its shadows, gives a hint of mystery and becomes a means to deepen space itself, while texture and color may provide a moving poetic experience. The Holy Cross Chapel in Arizona, by Anshen & Allen, frames through its large altar window the most inspiring view I have ever beheld. Here, nature through design becomes a part of the religious experience. The Christ Lutheran Church in Minneapolis, by Eliel Saarinen, and the First Methodist in Midland, Michigan, by Alden Dow, are examples of superb handling of light and materials.

By inviting all kinds of true artists to participate in the creative act, architects have added immeasurably to the spiritual message which must be conveyed. Emil Frei's large stained-glass window in the Church of St. Ann, in Normandy, Missouri, by architect Joseph Murphy, is a contribution to be remembered.

The designer who keeps in mind the needs of those who worship is apt to avoid the shallows of contemporary irrelevancies and the cheapness of the merely startling, which is the main danger lurking over all experimentation. More importantly, this disciplined and serious approach may provide the tie with the past—the continuity of real tradition—without being forced to rely on imitations of past experiences.

Actually, every style ever developed, including the much-admired, white-spired Colonial church of the New England village, was conceived that way—by tapping the spiritual resources of the citizens for whom it was built. Architecture is, and it always has been, an expression of the human spirit. Church architecture cannot avoid the adventurous path toward self-renewal without decaying, even though the good and the bad may sprout together. The satisying answers are not alone in the minds of architects and artists, but in the very fabric of our society.

In this respect, the National Council of the Churches of Christ in the U.S.A. has significantly proclaimed that "the task of the church in the area of the arts is to know contemporary culture in all its expressions, to assess and interpret them in terms of Christian criteria and to heal the breach that has arisen between the religious institutions and those chiefly identified with the arts in our society." And it ends by insisting that "the church should have a vanguard of men and women qualified to interpret the significance of contemporary art, architecture, music, literature and criticism for the believer."

When the new chapel for the Air Force Academy in Colorado Springs—a brilliant and forceful contemporary concept—was attacked in Congress, the members of the Commission on Architecture of the National Council of Churches voted unanimously and enthusiastically their approval and support of the design. The Liturgical Arts, a Catholic magazine, has for many years and with visible success espoused the cause of contemporary expression. The Lutheran synods have been most active in promoting an intelligent, creative approach, with significant results in all parts of the country.

It is to be hoped, however, that our acceptance of new thoughts in religious architecture be sympathetic, but not blindly so or uncritical. The bizarre, which in our Hollywood-conditioned society usually gets the most attention, should be looked upon with suspicion. The forced, the insincere, the superficial deserve no sympathy; yet we must not go the other way and build only what has been widely accepted for timidity or fear of the new.

It may be well to remember that the word "Gothic" itself first carried a derogatory meaning; it indicated "a barbaric style" imported from the yet uncivilized European north. Yet Gothic, as a bold but deeply sincere effort by twelfth-century monks, won its way and continued to grow and to renew itself as long as the appropriate conditions for its existence were present. When it became just a frozen formula, it lost its vitality and failed to provide the necessary incentive to the creative mind and to the perceptive, educated man. THE END

No American ever feels he's down and out as long as he has a tank full of gas.

HOMER PHILLIPS

## You be the Judge

By JOSÉ SCHORR

Roscoe felt misgivings when his fiancée admitted she had been married three times before, but when she turned on the charm that had won her three husbands, Roscoe married her. By chance, however, he later discovered that she had previously been married a grand total of four times. Shocked, he sued for a separation.

"What difference does one marriage more or less make?" his bride asked in court.

"It's the difference that breaks the camel's back," Roscoe replied angrily. "I could understand one marriage; I could excuse two; three was my limit. Four marriages frighten me out of my wits."

If you were the judge, would you help relieve Roscoe's fright?

• • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • •

Roscoe lost. The court said that while a much-married woman should not claim she had been married only once or not at all, "the difference between three and four marriages is too insignificant to permit the husband to escape his marital obligations. It is difficult to believe that a man who was willing to wed a thrice-married woman would have balked at one who was married four times."

*Based upon a 1957 New York decision.*

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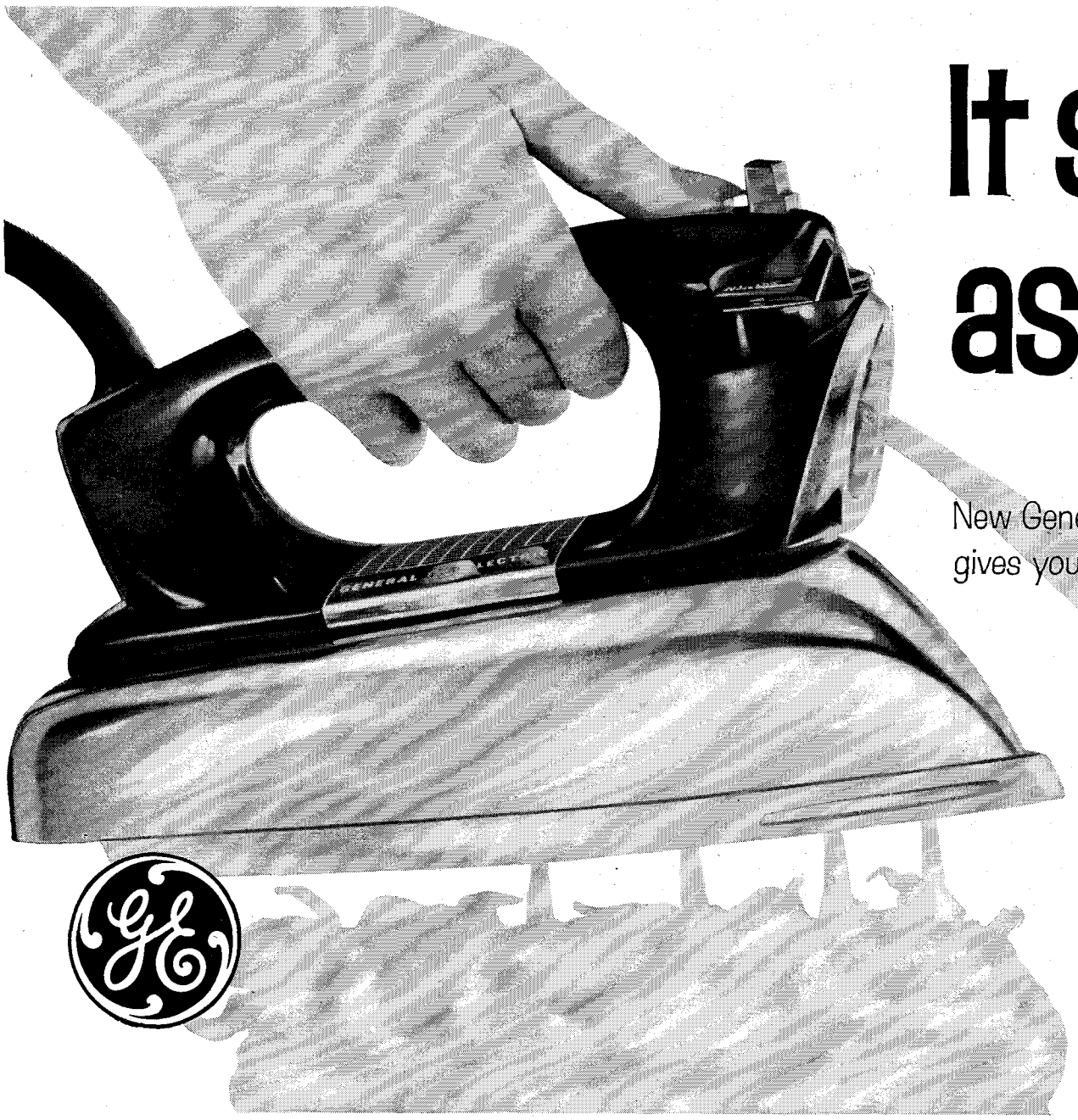

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New General Electric Spray, Steam & Dry Iron gives you a "**PLUS**"... a built-in sprinkler!

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Just press the button. Tiny droplets of warm water sprinkle the fabric. Make knife-like creases—erase stubborn wrinkles—even on heavy cottons, linens and starched fabrics. You pre-dampen only your largest pieces.

**It's a Steam & Dry Iron, too.** General Electric's Even-Flow steam is *continuous*—penetrates *deeper*—lets you iron smoothly, easily. For dry ironing, just press the button. See it at your dealer's soon. General Electric Company, Portable Appliance Dept., Bridgeport 2, Conn.

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**PLUS a warming "oven", too!**

General Electric Toast-R-Oven* toasts 2 slices to your exact "shade." Keeps six more slices warm in "oven" below. Perfect, too, for warming pastry . . . muffins . . . toasting melted cheese sandwiches.

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**PLUS reheats without reperking!**

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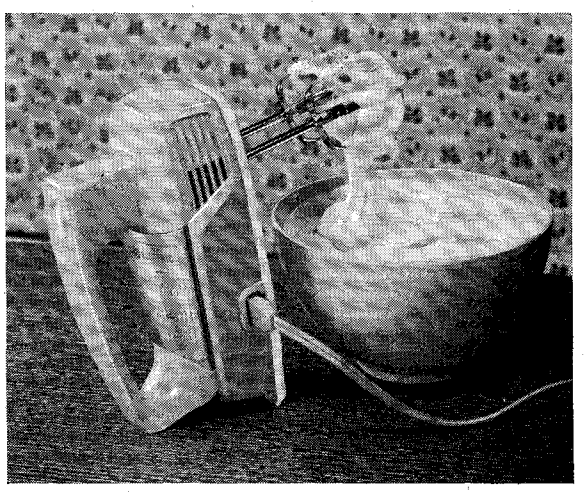

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**PLUS weighs less than 3 pounds!**

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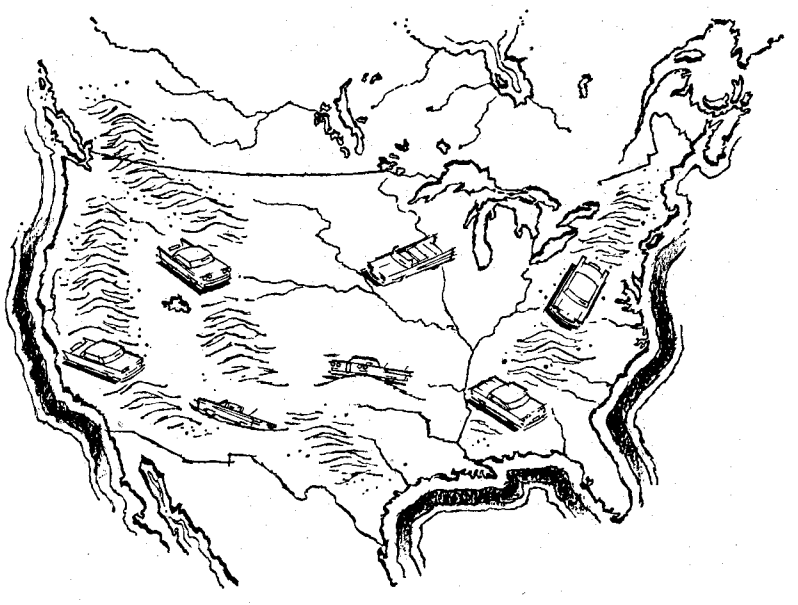
An advertisement published in the motorist's interest (and our own)

# Where can you get

*Millions of responsible motorists (you may be one) are reluctant to have engine tune-up work done on their cars. Why? Because they don't really know what they should get in a tune-up—and they don't know where to get an expert job.*

*While we claim no monopoly on skilled mechanics, we do believe the facts given here make good sense from your standpoint. Read it—and see if you agree.*

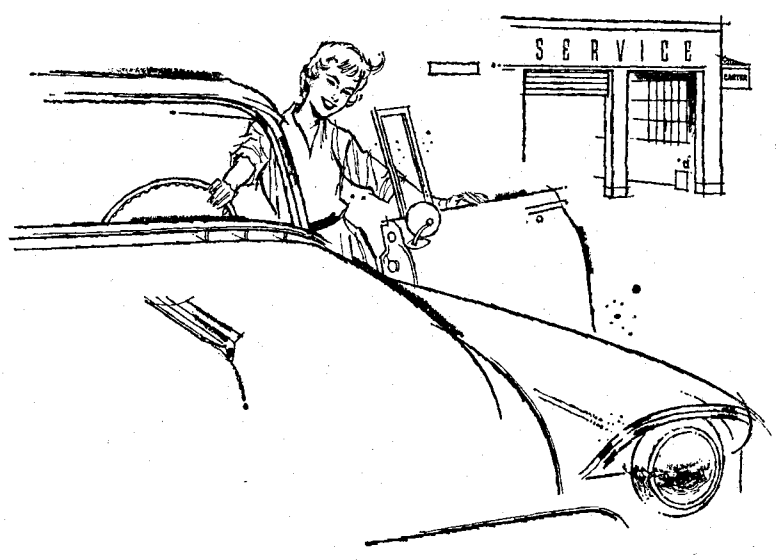


Contrary people, we Americans. We insist on specialists doing our work. At the same time we like to know *exactly* what the specialist is doing.

At least that's what Carter discovered in its surveys of American motorists. Here are men and women who love the automobile for what it is, respect its inner workings, agree on the need for regular care. Yet every other car in your community is in need of an engine tune-up now to bring its performance up to new-car specifications —and isn't getting it.

The key to this seeming contradiction, we have found, lies in your high regard for the car you drive. You want to have an expert working on the engine, that's for sure. Equally important as a proud (and sometimes suspicious) owner, you want to know, "Just what's that guy *doing* to my car?"

Well, here is a nationwide network of specialists in engine tune-up that gives you what you want on both counts, and has been doing so with complete satisfaction to American motorists for many years.




## The Science of Engine Tune-up

The Carter-Trained Experts in your community have been intensively schooled in the science of engine tune-up. And they don't mind telling you exactly what they're doing to your car. In fact, they welcome the opportunity to do so, because the more you know about a car, the more maintenance-minded you're likely to be. A look at the checklist on the right-hand page should take away any idea that an engine tune-up is veiled in mystery.

The success story behind the Carter-Trained Experts goes back a long way. Carter began making carbureters in 1909. Today it is the world's largest independent manufacturer of complete automotive fuel systems—carbureters, fuel pumps and fuel filters. In product development, the company has kept pace with the fabulous development of the automotive industry as a whole.

Simultaneously, Carter has worked hard in developing and improving the science of engine tune-up. A car is no better than the service it receives, and Carter recognized that its responsibility as a major manufacturer of fuel systems and components could not cease once its products were installed on new cars. There remained the vital need of maintaining Carter fuel system equipment at peak performance for the life of the automobile.

## Training of the Mechanic

This could be accomplished only in local service shops and garages across the country—and even then only by skilled mechanics familiar with the fuel system. There was just one positive course of action: the mechanics would have to be trained by Carter.

From the very start, Carter's Factory Service School in St. Louis was an enormous success. Mechanics, often recommended by Carter distributors and wholesalers, came from all over the country. Here they learned not just fuel system service, but a new scientific method of *complete* engine tune-up, including the engine areas for which Carter itself makes no products. It had to be complete, because you are interested not so much in what Carter makes as in what Carter products and service can do for *you*.

As automobile registrations zoomed each year, Carter soon had the Factory Service School bursting at the seams and still not keeping up with training demands. "We'll take the school to the men," was the decision. The Carter Power Center Training Courses conducted by Carter distributors—some of which may be going on right now in your area—came into being.

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by Carter Carburetor, Division of ACF Industries, Inc.

# an expert engine tune-up?

### 45,000 Carter-Trained Graduates

Today there are more than 45,000 Carter-Trained Graduates of these schools in fuel system service and engine tune-up. They are strategically located everywhere in the country, as part of the Carter service system network.

Your Carter Expert knows the purpose of a tune-up is to make the engine purr with power and still give you maximum performance per dollar of upkeep. He puts his heart and his skill into the work. That's his business, and the list of customers who return regularly for engine tune-ups is the lifeblood of that business.

### Where can you find this man?

He is at the service stations which do major tune-up work, and in the service departments of car dealers and independent garages. By and large, however, you won't always find him at the shiniest, most glamorous service spots in town. Often he is the highly skilled mechanic who works at his trade in the garages and service shops around your community—the places on the quiet side streets which tend to specialize almost completely in fuel supply systems and ignition work. Look for the Carter Sign—or check the classified section of your phone book under *Carbureters*.

### Here's The Carter Checklist For A Complete Engine Tune-Up

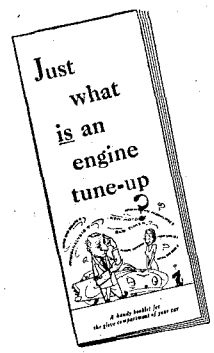
- ☐ Test battery and cables; clean or replace if necessary.
- ☐ Complete check of starting system.
- ☐ Fuel pump—check fuel pump for correct pressures and fuel delivery.
- ☐ Compression check of all cylinders.
- ☐ Carbureter—clean and adjust—install new gaskets, needle and seat, and pump plunger each 5,000 miles. Longer service may indicate complete re-carburetion.
- ☐ Fuel filter—clean sediment bowl—service or replace filter element.
- ☐ Tighten manifold studs and inspect manifold heat control valve.
- ☐ Clean or replace spark plugs, depending on mileage and condition; set electrode gap.
- ☐ Check all ignition wiring and cables for loose connections, resistances, wear and corrosion.
- ☐ Replace and align distributor points, check or replace condenser, test advance mechanisms and adjust cam angle.
- ☐ Adjust idle mixture.
- ☐ Set engine timing to correspond with grade of fuel being used.
- ☐ Clean air cleaner and service or replace filter element as required.
- ☐ Complete check of charging system.
- ☐ Adjust fan belt, other drive belts where used.
- ☐ Lubricate distributor, generator and starter.
- ☐ Inspect exhaust system for corrosion or rust accumulation and check for excessive back pressure.
- ☐ Check cooling system for leaks, faulty connections and restrictions.

(Some variation in tune-up sequence may be dictated by optional additional equipment under the hood.)

Consider that a portion of the cars of every major manufacturer in America are equipped with Carter carbureters—that some manufacturers use Carter carbureters and fuel pumps exclusively—that 24 million cars on the road today have Carter fuel system equipment. This gives your Carter man a place of unique importance in the automotive service picture.

Even so, you don't have to check to see whether you have a Carter carbureter on your car before driving in for service. This man knows the principles of carburetion inside and out. He is skilled in servicing the engine no matter who made the parts for it.

We suggest you take your car to him regularly. Have him check it over at frequent intervals, at least every 5,000 miles. Then, when the time for a complete engine tune-up rolls around, he'll be familiar with your car and your driving needs. He can recommend—and act—in your best interests.




### Free Booklet on Tune-ups Offered

Carter has prepared a 20-page booklet, "Just What is an Engine Tune-up?" which describes the various steps of a tune-up, and the reasons for them, in detail. If you would like a free copy for the glove compartment of your car, you can get one from your nearby Carter service outlet, or by mailing a postcard or letter to:

*Carter Carburetor, Division of ACF Industries, Incorporated, St. Louis 7, Mo.*

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***That's where the Kelly Celebrity takes top rating for safety.***

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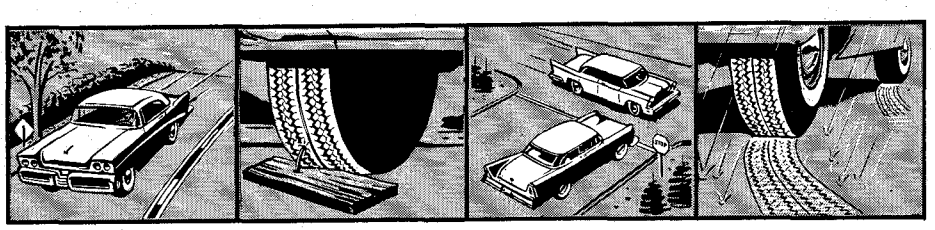

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LOOK FOR THE SIGN OF WORRY-FREE DRIVING

KELLY Springfield TIRES

THE KELLY-SPRINGFIELD TIRE COMPANY
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# Fair Young Ghost (Continued from Page 45)

"Faster if we walked," growled Brock and, ashamed of his irritation, patted her knee again.

She was an ensign in the Royal Navy office in Portsmouth to which he was attached as American liaison officer. He had known her less than ninety days, but, without a quiver of doubt, he now knew she was the girl for the rest of his life. It was not merely her looks. There were prettier girls around than Alison MacLaren. Indeed, compared to the blond, long-limbed English beauties, she was a shade stocky, a little square-hewn in a sturdy Scots pattern; and he had found under her comradely, casual manner a stanch Scots Presbyterian conscience.

She made this abundantly clear the night she finally yielded to his badgering and consented to dine in an American officers' mess. She had stood there on the green lawn between an ornamental pyramid of round cannon balls and a scowling figurehead off one of Nelson's ships of the line and looked at him squarely.

"Mr. James," she had said, a trace of the Scottish "r" in her lilting speech, "I've agreed to come out with you, and I shall. But to be fair I must say that if you're expecting what young Americans generally want, you'll take another girl in my place."

He blinked, a little embarrassed, because, of course, that was what he did want. But naturally he denied it.

She heard him out gravely. "Then it's all right," she said, "if you're telling the truth. But if you're not, then it will be better for both of us if you make another arrangement for the evening."

Her smile was kindly. "You'll have no trouble doing it, Mr. James. I know a dozen Wrens would give anything to go out with a handsome young American officer. Some are watching from the windows now." She pointed with her chin at the brick women officers' quarters. "I shouldn't mind, truly. I'd just go on to the pictures alone and in a bit some of the girls will come out as if to ask who you're waiting for and you can take your pick."

"But, my God!" he had expostulated, and "Look here!" and "What do you take me for?" and in the end they went to his mess on her terms and had a splendid evening; and after a dozen more splendid evenings in the next three weeks, in which he was cross a few times and utterly outraged once and learned that she had a straight punch with solid Scotch muscle behind it, Brock found himself hopelessly and eternally in love.

And Alison was, too, and they began talking of marriage for after the war, and Brock meant marriage and was astonished to discover that where it came to Alison he, too, had suddenly developed an old-fashioned moral code.

So now, sitting on his duffelbag in the stranded train, everything was settled and excellent between Brockden James and his Alison MacLaren. All that waited was the success of the Overlord invasion, a quick end to Hitler's war and after that the Japanese one, and then Brock meant to take his bonny, bonny bride from the bonny banks of Clyde home to Rahway, where his father manufactured radio sets, and live there forever.

The two men in cloth caps vanished inside the station. Long minutes dragged and Brock's impatience mounted. Nothing to eat since breakfast, he thought; nothing to eat this side of London; and they could sit on this forsaken siding the rest of the night!

"This is ridiculous," he said disgustedly. "Come on, let's get off this Toonerville Trolley."

"Let's do what?"

"Get off!" he snapped. "Bail out! Abandon ship!"

"Why, what ever for?"

He gestured irritably. "To get something to eat, if nothing else."

"But suppose the train leaves?"

"It's never going to leave. And even if it does there'll be another one along someday. Come on!"

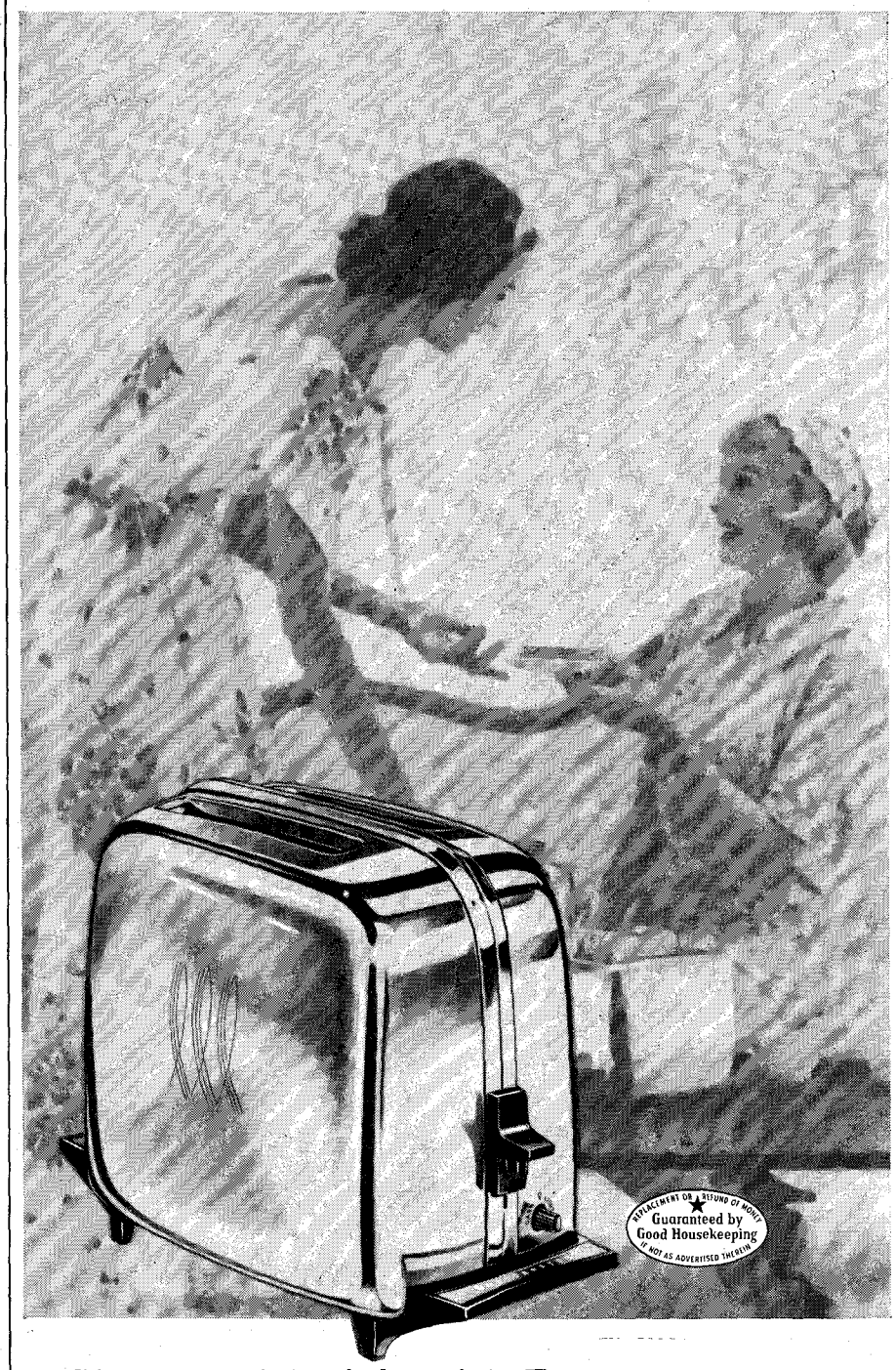
Alison shrugged. "Och," she said, laughing, "you're daft."

On a damp spring evening Brockden James, the thirty-eight-year-old vice president of the James Television Corporation of Rahway, New Jersey, was driving a rented car east across Westmoreland. There were two bedrooms reserved in a Windermere hotel, but in some stupid fashion he had taken a wrong turning and was now miles off his course to the Lake District on this black road that meandered across the lonely moors.

If anything had been needed to heighten his annoyed frustration, getting lost in Westmoreland would have done it. He had never wanted to see the place again, had never wanted to see the U.K. again, though he could not explain why to his wife. He had tried to take Rosalind to the

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"He can't hear you, Martha—he's outside!"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Then the automatic action raises your toast—hot, evenly browned, and tasty . . . ready for eating.

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TOASTMASTER DIVISION, McGRAW-EDISON COMPANY

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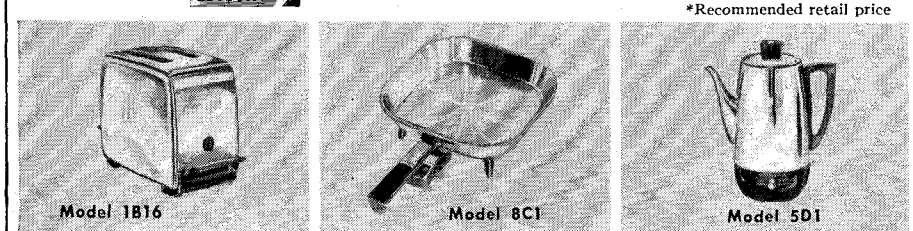

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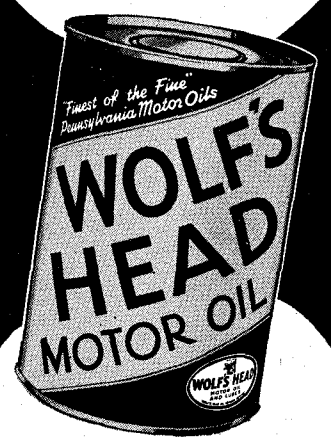
*It's the "finest of the fine" premium motor oils.*

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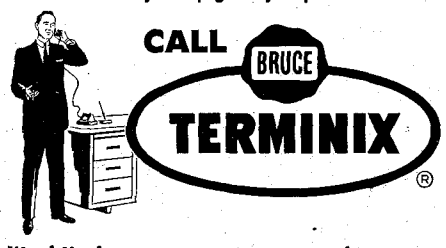


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Continent for their European vacation, but she had this thing in her head about seeing Scotland and he couldn't talk her out of it. In ten years of marriage Brock had rarely talked Roz out of anything.

He drove in sulky silence, ignoring her bright chatter that found every flock of grazing sheep remarkable, every gorse patch, every monotonous lift of moorland, every crooked stone fence, worthy of exclamation. She was, he thought wearily, the most irritatingly cheerful traveler, the most tediously enthusiastic, he had ever known. Until their month-long holiday together he had never appreciated the blessing it was to have an office to go to each morning.

One bleak hill succeeded another. Overhead, gray clouds rolled toward the Irish Sea. A raw, warm wind buffeted the small car, and Brockden James bowed his neck and drove.

The road bent south and railroad tracks out of the north came curving beside it. At once Brock sensed an uneasy familiarity in the loom of the moors—a shape as of a land he might have visited once in a dream. He fidgeted uncomfortably. The black road lifted and the railway dropped, running level through a cut. From the hilltop Brock saw stone houses clustered in a notch beside a small railroad station where the angling train tracks bisected the road. A long way off he read the station sign: SCRAGSDALE.

Something seemed to explode in his brain. He coasted into the cobbled single street of the moor village, stopped the car and under a sudden, insupportable weight of anguish bent his head.

"Why, Brock!" said Roz. "What's the matter?"

He blinked at the polite concern on her dark and vivid face. "What did you say?"

"I asked what's the matter. Are you ill? What is it, Brock?"

"Look up the street," he said huskily, not daring to raise his eyes. "Is there an inn up there? An old stone inn called the George and Dragon?"

"Why, Brock!" she exclaimed. "This is amazing. I didn't know you knew this part of England."

"I don't," he said unsteadily. "I spent a night here once, that's all. I—I don't want to talk about it."

He put the car in gear, but a weakness assailed him. He shut his eyes. *O Alison, Alison, my lost love; Alison.* "Look, Roz," he said with difficulty, "I want to stay here tonight. At that inn."

She stared. "Here? With reservations at Windermere?"

He struggled for calmness. "Roz. Please. I said I want to stay here."

Rosalind shrugged her fine shoulders. She was of vaguely Scottish descent four generations back and had dragged Brock through half the kirkyards between Dumbarton and Inverness, hunting fancied ancestors. From an Inveraray hotel chambermaid she had acquired this locution she liked. "Och," said Roz disdainfully, "you're daft."

Brock shuddered. "For God's sake, don't use that expression!"

She was affronted. "What is this?" she asked coldly. "Is this something to do with that girl? The one you knew over here in the war?"

He did not answer. Doggedly, with stony eyes, Brock drove into the courtyard of the George and Dragon and left Roz in the car while he went to find the manager.

"Och," said Alison, laughing, "you're daft." She rose docilely, slung her musette and followed Brock when he opened the train door and leaped out into darkness and misting rain.

They were halfway up the cobbled street when the locomotive whistled derisively, coughed up a plume of smoke and lurched out of the station.

"Well, this is nice, I must say. What was that you mentioned about walking to Portsmouth?"

Brock grinned sheepishly. "Just shows to go you. My life's a history of bad guesses. Well, let's see what they can do for us at the inn."

Under the swinging sign of the George and Dragon he rang the bell a long time before the door opened. An old woman with her hands under her apron eyed them distastefully. "And what would you be wantin' this time of night?"

"Supper," said Brock, good-naturedly. "We're famished."

She sniffed. "Supper, is it? Ah well, it's a public house."

"When's the next train for London?"

"Six in the morning, if it's on time, which it hasna been for two years."

"Then I guess you'll have to put us up for the night," said Brock.

"You're a Yank," said the old woman accusingly, and swept Alison with a contemptuous, inventorying glance. "You're no wed?"

"No," began Alison, "but ——"

"There'll be no hanky-panky under my roof," said the woman sternly. "I'll give you beds, but in separate rooms on separate floors, and I'll have no tippytoeing oop and down stairs after."

Brock flushed angrily, but before he could speak Alison had faced the old woman calmly and in a broader Scots than he had heard her use before explained that they were pledged, but not yet wed, and certainly they wanted separate rooms if the lady would be so kind.

The woman cocked her head. "Ah, now. You're a Scottish lassie."

"Aye," said Alison, smiling. "Of Arran."

"My mister was Ayrshire, rest his bones. Well, come along in then." Surprisingly, the old woman smiled at Alison. "I'll serve you upstairs, though what there is to give you, with this wicked war and the rationing and all, the dear Lord only knows."

They ate in a chilly second-floor lounge. There seemed to be no other guests at the George and Dragon. The woman brought bread, cheese, half a cold pie and a tankard of beer for Brock. In front of Alison she put a glass of hot milk. "There," she said approvingly, "that will warm you this wild, bitter night."

"This is lovely," said Alison.

Brock grinned with his mouth full of bread and cheese, and raised his tankard in salute. "Glad now that train ran off and left us. This is all right, huh?"

The old woman beamed at Alison. "So you'll be going to the States to live?"

"Aye," said Alison. "When the war is over."

"In its day," said the woman, staring past them at the shadowy corner of the lounge, "this was a great house for young lovers. It's no so far, you see, from Gretna Green. In those times just a good run by posting coach." She cocked her head again, her eye bright as a robin's. "You're certain you'll be wantin' two rooms?"

"Quite certain," said Alison, blushing.

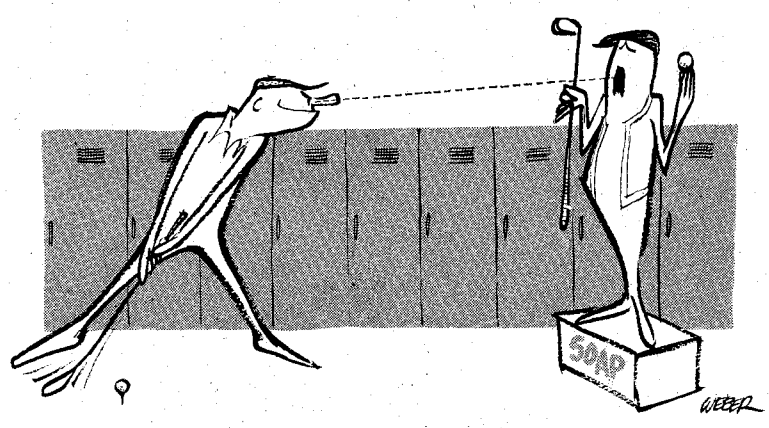
"Ah well," said the old woman, almost regretfully, "you know what's best for you, of course. Well, I'll say good night."

When she was gone Brock laughed. "Why, that old—romanticist! What happened to that stuff she gave us at the door about hanky-panky?"

"Hush," said Alison reprovingly. "She's sweet."

Brock's bed was lumpy and damply chill in a room cold as any funeral vault. He lay a long time listening to groaning creaks and ghostly whispers from the wainscoting as the wind beat at the old inn. Once he got up, smoked two cigarettes he did not want and should have saved, staring

(*Continued on Page 74*)




## The Perfect Squelch

Until he made a hole in one, Ed was just a minor nuisance around the golf club, a windy duffer who talked a much better game than he played. But immediately after making this lucky shot, Ed became impossible. Carrying the ball he had used around the locker room, he explained to each member just how he had hit it. He described in detail his stance, his grip and his swing. He even voiced such unabashed congratulatory phrases as "a wonderful shot" and "a tremendous drive."

As he approached the club's pro for the second time, Ed still held the ball lovingly before him. "This is the ball that did it," he said. "Boy, did I hit this ball!"

Nodding wearily, the pro agreed. "Too bad," he said, "you can't have it stuffed."

Gordon Sammon

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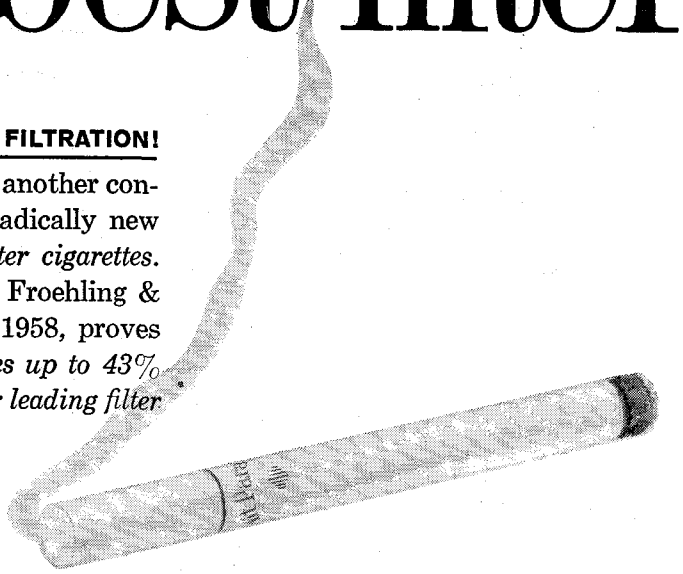

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(*Continued from Page 72*) out his mullioned window at the moon-shadowed moors. The rain had stopped. Shivering, he returned to bed and at last fell asleep.

The creak of his door latch waked him with a start. A pale figure crossed the room and a warm palm covered his lips. "Brock," said Alison in a voice of deepest sorrow. "Brock, darling. My poor, poor Brock."

He was alarmed and perplexed. "Alison! What are you doing here?"

She sobbed suddenly and clung to him, spilling hot tears on his face.

"Alison! Alison, baby! What is it?"

"I'm going to die," she said brokenly. "I'm fey. I waked in that cold, black room and knew it. I'm fey."

"You're what?"

"Fey." She shuddered and burrowed into his arms. "Marked for dying. It's a thing the island Scots know. I never believed in it. My old nurse told me, but I never believed in it. Only it's true, Brock; horribly, dreadfully true. I'm to die. Soon. I felt the ice clutch my heart. I'm going to die and we're never to marry." The bitter tears rained down.

"Now, now," said Brock bewilderedly, soothing and petting her. "Go back to bed. You had a bad dream, that's all. Go back to bed, honey, before you take cold."

She shook her head obstinately and pushed under the bed covers, straining against him frantically, shaking, weeping. Baffled, Brock smoothed her hair and shoulders. Slowly the shivering and sobbing ceased. Alison lay still, staring with dull eyes at the shadowed ceiling.

"This is all we're to have," she said in a doomed, dead voice. "Tonight is all. Tonight is the only marriage we will have."

"This is all wrong," he protested. "You'll feel differently in the morning. It's just this old inn, just the timbers creaking and the wind blowing. You dreamed it, darling. Go back to bed. You'll be fine tomorrow."

"Don't deny me," she said stubbornly. "Tonight is all there will ever be." Then she seized him frenziedly and overbore his weakening protests with wild, wet kisses.

When the old woman waked Brock with tea in a five-o'clock blackness Alison was gone. On the long trip south that day she did not mention the night, scarcely spoke at all. A detached calmness possessed her, a remoteness. By the time they reached Portsmouth, Brock was wild with perplexity and frustration, and it was Alison who soothed him. With a slight, tranquil smile she said that they should be grateful for the warning that had given them all they would have of each other. She said that in the years ahead he was not to let her memory divide him from the living world. She stopped his agonized pleading with chaste, cool lips and said that he was to be happy. That if he was unhappy she would know it and be unhappy too.

The next day orders detached Brock to a destroyer in the Mediterranean. He never returned to England. An early V-1 found Alison in its path, and her mother wrote that there was not even a grave he could have visited.

"I wonder if we could have two rooms," said Brock hesitantly. "My wife's a little—not too well just now, and needs privacy."

"Nothing serious, I hope," said the owner of the George and Dragon politely. He was a man named Milbank, about Brock's age, but older-looking with a brown, close-trimmed navy-style beard.

"Just a nervous condition," said Brock, despising the lie. Roz and he had planned their vacation with the tacit, unacknowledged purpose of trying to find where they had strayed from each other, of recovering the brief, lost happiness of their first marriage year. But something had angered her early and, since Edinburgh, Roz had insisted on separate rooms. It was intended as punishment for an offense Brock could not remember giving, but now he thought of it as nightly respite from her sharp, ceaseless tongue.

"If you're staying the one night only I can accommodate you," said Milbank. "Starting tomorrow, however, I'm booked through the weekend, all but one room."

"That's all right. We're going to Windermere in the morning. Could I send a telegram to my hotel there?"

"Of course, Mr. James. Perhaps first, though, you'd like to bring your lady in."

Milbank walked out to the car with him, Brock already beginning to regret his inexplicable impulse. This was not the George and Dragon he remembered. Oh, it was the same old stone building in the same moor village, but bright now with new paint and beds of spring flowers. He recalled a dank, haunted mausoleum of an inn on a bitter, blustering night. This George and Dragon was cheerful and pretty and characterless.

What made him stop? he thought glumly. Bad as an old woman, hugging an ancient sorrow. What did he expect to find—Alison's ghost? His own ghost? The ghost of that twenty-three-year-old boy? The ghost of happiness?

Milbank's cheery voice startled him. "Hope you don't mind ghosts, Mrs. James. Your husband said you were feeling a bit nervy."

"Nervy?" said Roz, frowning at Brock. "Ghosts?" she asked delightedly.

"Well, one ghost," said Milbank, smiling. "Of a young girl."

Brock closed his eyes. "A young girl?" he said faintly. "How young?"

"Never seen her myself," said Milbank dryly. "But I can't keep chambermaids. They're country girls and a superstitious lot—forever spotting her as she flits down the corridors at night, a fair young ghost, wringing her hands, weeping bitterly. A nuisance, but, even so, I'm rather proud of her. Perhaps you know how we feel about ghosts in England. Cherish them, rather, like heirlooms. Ghosts are snobbish sorts, generally. Stick to castles. Not often found in an ordinary inn."

Brock swallowed dryly. "Someone who stopped here once, you think? Who died here or—or died shortly after being here and—and had reason to come back?"

Milbank shrugged. "Really, don't take this as seriously as I make it sound. I'm sure it's nothing but the moor winds sobbing under the eaves. This is an old house, full of creaks and rustlings. The chambermaids hear them, see patches of moonlight or reflections of car headlights passing at night. I'm sure it's nothing more."

"But I want to take it seriously," said Rosalind. "I'm fascinated. Who do they think she is?"

### Sink of Iniquity

One lesson I've learned to my sorrow,
When guests to the house we invite:
The dishes put off till tomorrow
Can multiply during the night.

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They were at the reception desk and Brock was registering their names in the guest book. His hand shook slightly. It was ridiculous, totally absurd, but once before in this old house he had witnessed a thing that common sense rejected.

"Who do they think she is, Mrs. James?" Milbank smiled. "No one very original, I fear. Just another poor girl betrayed by a faithless lover. All nonsense, of course. My old aunt, from whom I got this place when she died, never said anything about ghosts. Of course there are people on the moors would tell you Aunt Cathy was in league with dark forces herself. This story's developed since the war—about the young girl, I mean. Abandoned here by her lover en route to Gretna Green. Hanged herself, or some such. Chap walked off from her without sanctifying the relationship. I beg your pardon, Mrs. James."

"Don't mind me," said Roz. "I think it's a marvelous story. Imagine a girl nowadays hanging herself over something like that!"

Milbank seemed amused. "Well, they're very moral in these parts as well as superstitious. A morality tale, I suppose you could call it, intended to warn young women against straying from the strait and narrow. . . . Would you like to see your rooms now?"

They dined silently in a room bright with burnished copper, and after coffee Roz smiled mockingly. "I think you're utterly asinine," she said, "and I'm sure you'll never tell me why you chose to stop here. But if it was to annoy me, you failed. It's a lovely old place and I'll sleep extremely well. Good night, dear." She rose. "By the way, Brock, I'm not in the least afraid of ghosts."

"Aren't you?" said Brock wearily. "Aren't you, Roz? Well, I am."

After she went up, he walked through the village by twilight, thinking of the rainy night with Alison, thinking of what it had been to be happy and young and in love. How transient we are, he thought moodily. How slight and insubstantial the things which stand tallest in our memories. Who except him now knew or cared that Alison MacLaren and he had been happy here once?

He returned to the inn in a dreary mood, wanting a drink. There was no servant in the lounge and he could not find a bell. While he was hunting along the paneled walls, Milbank entered, wearing gray slacks and a corduroy jacket. "I've a feeling about you, Mr. James," he said. "A strong feeling that we've met before."

"In the States?"

"Never been there. Been in Canada, but not the States. It's something about the war, I fancy."

"Well, I had liaison duty with one of your admirals' staffs in Portsmouth."

"There!" said Milbank. "I knew you'd been a sailor. When you came in this evening I said to myself, 'There's a chap who's walked a quarterdeck.' Navy myself. Not the wavy navy. Not the regulars. Wartime only. It wasn't Portsmouth I saw you, though. Were you ever in the Med?"

"Matter of fact, I was," said Brock slowly. "They posted me there from Portsmouth. To destroyer duty. The Massingale."

Milbank clapped his hands sharply. "The Massingale! Oh, by heaven, this is too much! Tell me, do you recollect hauling a poor, oil-soaked sod of a leftenant commander over your sides one morning, fellow off a torpedoed corvette?"

Brock stared. "Was that you? Are you the guy we put aboard that RN hospital ship?"

"As ever was," said Milbank, grinning hugely. "My good friend and onetime rescuer, this calls for a drink. Did you ever taste Navy-issue rum—Nelson's blood?"

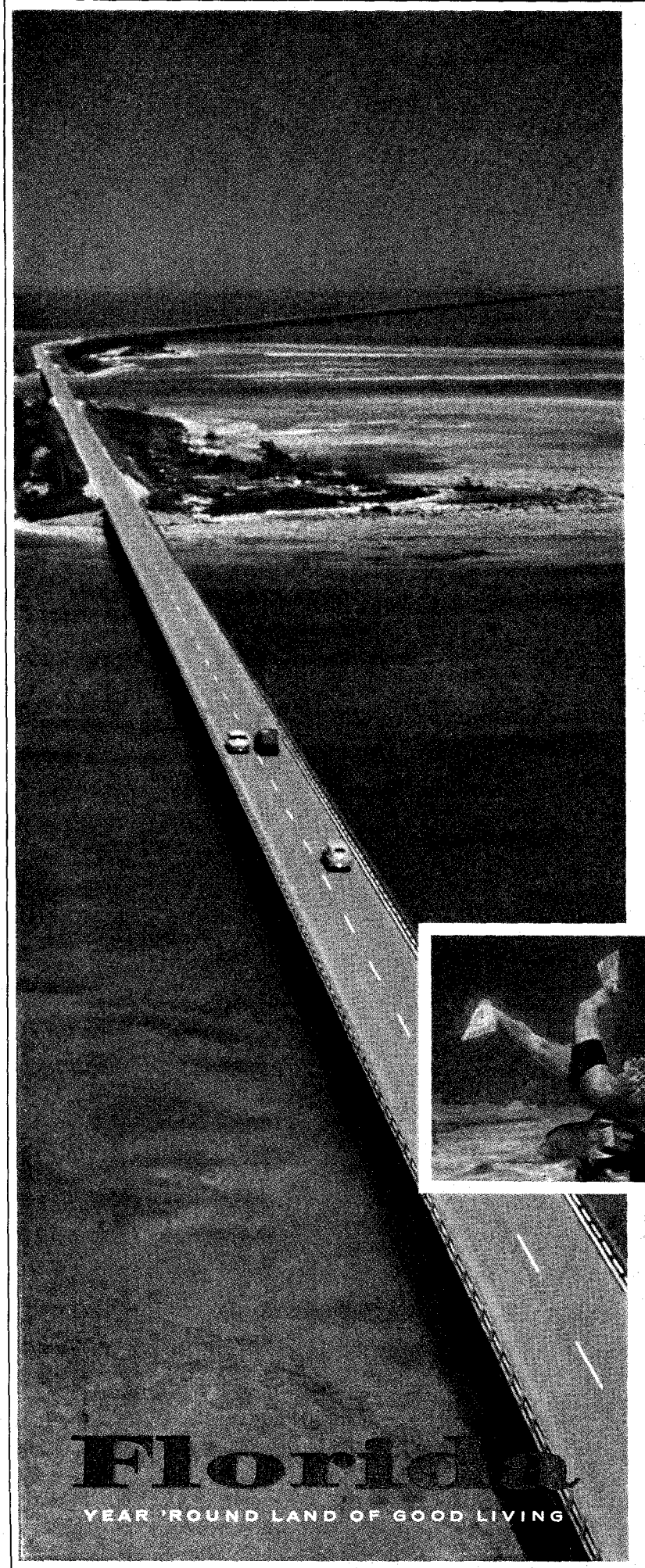
"Sure did," said Brock, grinning too. "In some of you fellows' wardrooms. You'll remember," he added apologetically, "ours was a prohibition navy."

Milbank grimaced. "So I understand. Heroism above the highest call of duty, I always thought it. Fancy going to sea without a tot of grog! Well, now. This is quite an occasion we have here. Excuse me a moment." He went to the cellar and, returning with a white stone crock, poured rum into pewter tankards. "Cheers, friend James. And may I say belatedly, many thanks. Except for your smart seamanship that morning, Aunt Cathy would have had to leave the George and Dragon to my snivel-nosed half brother."

The quiet lounge became the most cheerful room, it seemed to Brock, that he had known since the war. For a long time after Alison's death he had hated with cold fury the war that took her from him, ignoring the corollary that the war had given her to him in the first place. Under the influence of rum and Milbank's pleasant company, however, and after the worse than solitary month with Rosalind, he found himself reminiscing about the war, ships and sea fights and liberty ports.

The hours passed and the rum crock grew lighter. Brock heard himself propounding with the insistent positiveness of mild intoxication a just-discovered conviction that in some ways the war had been the best thing that would ever occur in the lives of men who were in it.

"Not the ones," he said, squinting owlishly, "who got (*Continued on Page 77*)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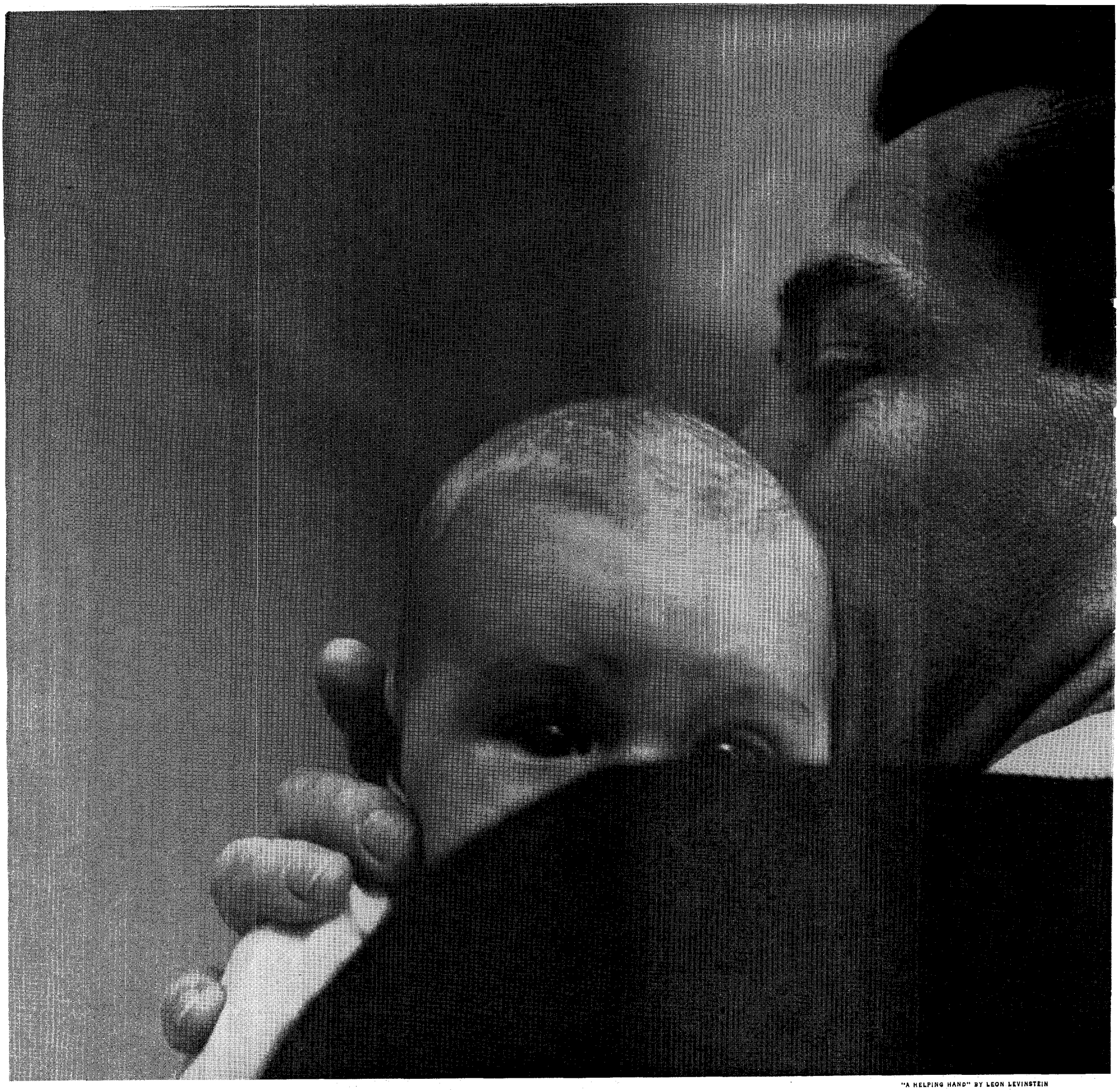

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## Living Insurance by Equitable

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(*Continued from Page 75*) all shot up, of course, but guys like you and me who came out of it all right." He gestured, spilling rum on his cuff. "For me, at least, it was a fine time, looking back now. Being young, having everything so simple. Work your ship, fight your ship, go ashore when you could and frolic. Everything simple. Everything crys'l, I mean crystal-clear."

Milbank stroked his brown beard.

"People weren't in it don't know," said Brock argumentatively. "Don't un'erstand how things were. Take my wife—well, never mind. But they don't un'erstand, people weren't in it."

Milbank stared into his tankard. "Perhaps. Thought so myself for a while. But you can't just shut them out because of it. Not their fault, you know. It's not that they don't want to understand. I've a young wife too. Excuse me. Ought not bring up personal affairs. Home now, visiting. Montreal. Mavis, now. Well, she didn't understand about the war either. Too young, too far away from it. But I learned —— Well, you see, Brock, old boy"—they had achieved first names with the fourth rum—"had to learn it was wrong, closing her out from that important part of my life. Made her feel inferior. If it's a fair show, marriage—well, you must, you know, absolutely must take your wife into all you've done and been. They want it, old boy. Really. We went on the rocks, nearly, before I learned that. Excluding them, you see, letting them feel left out—well, it just won't do."

To err is human. To blame it on the other party is politics.

S. OMAR BARKER

Brock scowled. "Never thought of it—not like that." The syllables sounded thick as he spoke them. "Worth thinking about." He stood up, a shade unsteadily, told Milbank good night and went thoughtfully to bed.

He lay there, unable to sleep, pondering murkily what Milbank had said. He supposed he had closed Roz out. Hadn't meant to, exactly, but when it came to the war he hadn't wanted to talk to her. The pain of Alison's loss, he'd never told her that. He'd mentioned once about there having been a girl; once and never again, but Roz hadn't forgotten. Nor forgiven, he suspected.

He stared at the mullioned window. It was a windless night, but he could sense the old house settling and whispering about him. What time was it? It must be late. He'd feel that rum in the morning. Roz was going to laugh sarcastically when he turned up with a hang-over. Hang Roz.

Whatever he did now, it was finished for them. It was too late. They'd just keep going through the dreary motions of a marriage that was all dry rot inside. The vacation trip had not only failed in its purpose, it had worsened matters. Contemplating the future dismally, Brock finally fell asleep.

He waked to a sensation of acutest sorrow. The room was black dark except for the pale shape of the window. What had he been dreaming? What had he heard in his sleep to induce this deep melancholy, this grief beyond hope?

Then he heard it again and shuddered. Heard it and remembered now hearing it in his dream.

Somewhere outside his door, a woman was weeping. He had never heard a sound so pathetic, so heartbroken, so utterly hopeless. He listened and they came again, endless, racking sobs, the weeping of uttermost despair. But not quite human. . . . Suddenly Brock's scalp prickled. Nonsense, he told himself sternly. Superstitious nonsense. It was the wind.

But it was a windless night. Through his window he could see the stars of a still, fine night.

The weeping rose higher, might have been just beyond his door. He sat upright in bed and, noiselessly, his door swung open.

"My God," Brock whispered as a pale, feminine figure formed in his doorway.

"Oh, Brock!" cried Rosalind in a pitying voice, "did you hear it? Did you hear her crying, that poor, lost creature?"

She ran across the room, in her nightgown, and clung to him. She began sobbing, the self-possessed Rosalind, sobbing. "Did you hear her? That poor, brokenhearted girl?" Her arms tightened about him. "I'm ashamed," said Rosalind. "Deeply ashamed. It's wicked of me not to be happy, to let you be unhappy, with all that we have. In a world that can hold that kind of sorrow, her sorrow, it's wicked, Brock. Sorrow such as I never dreamed anyone could feel."

The agonized sound of weeping in the corridor outside faltered, died out. Uncertainly, Brock began stroking Rosalind's hair. "It was just the wind," he said unsteadily. "It wasn't anything, Roz. You mustn't let it upset you."

"It wasn't wind," she said, burrowing into his arms. "You know it wasn't. You know what it was as well as I do. And it shamed me, Brock. Shamed me because with all our reasons for happiness I've let us be unhappy. Brock, I never stopped loving you, not really. Brock, can we try to be happy again?"

The sound of weeping in the corridor had ceased completely. Brock had a curious notion they would not hear it again.

"We can try," he said shakily, and drew Roz to him. "I'd like to try. It's been my fault, all of it. I haven't been fair ——"

She closed his mouth with her lips. "No. It's my fault. All of it. Brock, will you let me come to bed with you?"

In the morning, Milbank looked pale about the gills, but his smile was cheerful as ever. "Well, you people still planning to leave us this morning?"

Roz colored slightly under Milbank's knowledgeable regard. She guessed that the maid who brought their morning tea had communicated to the whole household the intelligence of where Mrs. James had spent the night. "It's such a lovely old inn," she said. "Could we stay on a day or two?"

Milbank fondled his beard. "I've only the one room, you know."

Roz blushed. "That will be quite all right. I'm not—nervous any more."

Brock grinned and squeezed her hand. "Say, Alan," he said to Milbank, "did we leave anything in that crock of yours last night? I'd like Roz to get a taste tonight of the sort of hell-fire the Royal Navy drinks."

"Hell-fire!" said Milbank rebukingly. "I'll have you know that's the finest hundred-and-twenty-proof rum this side of Jamaica. Let me mix up a bit for her in a fruit cup after tea. Can't expect a lady to knock the stuff back neat the way we old tars do." Then he winked. "Letting her in on some of the horrors of our war, are you?"

In the following February, Brockden James received a letter from Alan Milbank confirming his requested reservation for two bedrooms at the George and Dragon the last week of April.

. . . putting a fine old rosewood baby crib for the little one," wrote Milbank, "in the room with her Nanny and are looking forward with delight to seeing the three of you.

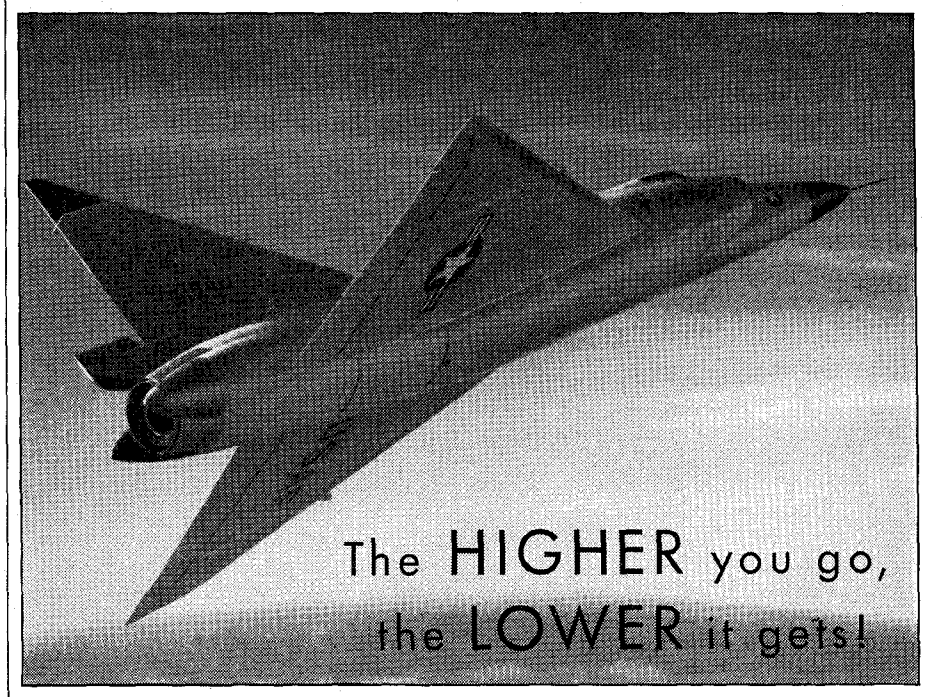
Things here are much as you left them with one rather startling difference. Don't want to be annoyed with a man who saved my life, Brock, but it does seem to me you went too far. We're accustomed in England to rich Yankees making off with our household treasures, but when it comes to stealing ghosts, really, this is too much. The point is, I haven't lost a chambermaid since your visit. Fact! I don't know what happened, but the ghost has vanished. Swallowed up into—well, where do ghosts go?

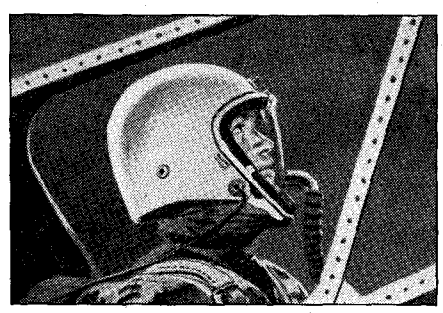
Yours cordially.

Brock grinned and put the letter in his pocket to show Roz at the hospital. He glanced at his watch and rose hurriedly. It was just twenty minutes before visiting hours at the maternity ward and he was anxious to see Roz and little Alison MacLaren James. He thought that was a fine name for a newborn baby girl. Being of vaguely Scottish descent herself, Roz thought it was a fine name too. Anyway, she wasn't in the least jealous of any girl Brock had known in the war.

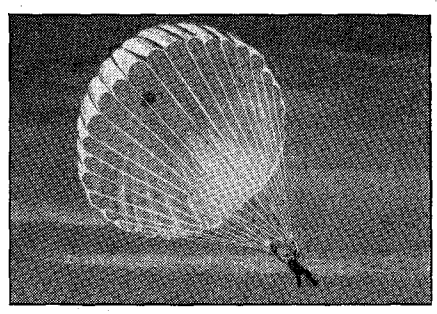
She hadn't any reason to be either.

THE END

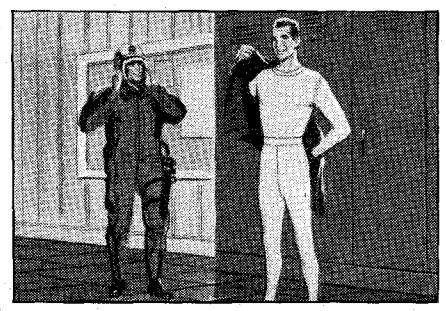



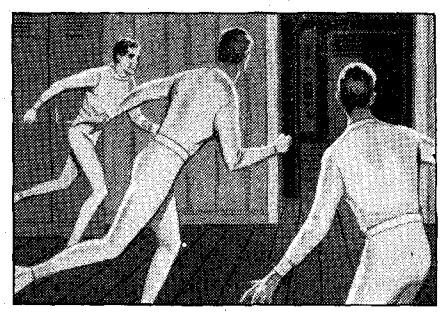
1 High up in the stratosphere—where Air Force F-102A jets patrol—temperatures of 50° and 60° *below* are just average . . . with even lower readings 'upstairs.'



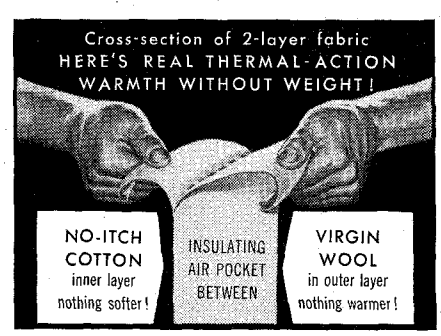
2 Pilots forced to bail out face a grueling, bitter descent . . . where cold protection often spells the difference between making it — or not.



3 That's why so many jet pilots personally select thermal-action Duofold underwear. Duofold's exclusive two-layer construction, with insulating air space between, keeps pilots warm even in the numbing cold of the stratosphere . . .



4 . . . And, lightweight Duofold never makes them feel overheated or restricted in the plane's crowded cockpit. Duofold is highly absorbent, too . . . best for stopping clammy chill—forerunner of colds, flu and other serious respiratory ailments.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# We Made History in the Nautilus

(Continued from Page 41)

antennas and snorkels. We confirmed our underwater navigation by occasional observations of the stars, received important official radio messages from the antennas, and revitalized our air supply with the snorkel. Although we are fully capable of operating completely independently of outside air for weeks at a time—the nuclear submarines Skate and Seawolf recently did so for thirty-one and a half and thirty days respectively—I wished to conserve our oxygen banks for the long cruise across the Arctic Basin and subsequent voyages to England and home.

A nuclear-powered submarine is primarily a weapon of war. Nonetheless, it is the most comfortable means of sea travel known to man. At our cruising depth there is absolutely no motion; the ship is as steady and level as the ordinary living room. Even when the roughest storm imaginable is raging overhead, at a depth of 250 feet, and below, the water is as calm as a lake. Our air conditioning maintains the atmosphere in all living compartments at an ideal level—temperature, 72 degrees; relative humidity, 46 per cent. Nautilus sailors actually dislike surfacing—except for liberty—because in this rock-steady sea environment it is easy to lose one's sea legs after several days submerged. The only real shortcoming of our underwater living is the almost total lack of news from the outside world.

Movies are the high point of recreation on board the Nautilus. Ordinarily we load one film for each day we expect to be at sea. Each film is shown twice a day, first in the afternoon and then again after supper, so that every watch stander will see it. On this trip we had thirty films on board. One of the first to be shown after leaving Seattle was a submarine movie, Hell and High Water. A line in this movie, in a curious coincidence, provoked a belly laugh from the salty audience: "Who would have thought six months ago I would be on a submarine headed for the Arctic?"

Since we are almost always completely out of touch with normal time, place and circumstance, we have found from long experience submerged that it is best to establish a semblance of routine living when we are under way in our dark element. Shortly after leaving Puget Sound, crew watches were organized on a regular basis—four hours on, eight hours off. However, as a special precaution, I increased the number of officers on watch from two to three—a diving officer in the Control Room, a conning officer at the Periscope Station, and an engineering officer in the Maneuvering Room. Meanwhile, Doctor Lyon and his assistant, Rex Rowray, began checking the complex array of sensitive ice-detection equipment which we had installed earlier in the spring, ostensibly for our publicized "ice exercises" with Skate and Halfbeak. Lyon found that the deep-water pressure had punctured one of the topside ice detectors—but this was of little concern to us, because we had several others in reserve.

Two days out, during the early morning, our radio picked up a report that a severe storm lay ahead of our track. The storm was moving northward. It would not influence us, of course, in our comfortable submerged home, but we were vitally concerned about its effect on the ice conditions in the Bering Strait and beyond. However, it was much too late to investigate. We would have to take our chances.

On the third day, when we left the comparatively warm Japan Current astern, the sea temperature dropped sharply. Approaching the Aleutian chain, we gradually rose toward the surface, keeping a gimlet eye on the fathometer, which recorded the rapidly decreasing depth of the water beneath us. On the night of June twelfth we made our initial landfall on Unimak Island, 1700 miles northwest of Seattle. In sum, our initial run had been routine.

With periscopes up, we gazed in wonderment at the rugged, snow-capped peaks and valleys of the Aleutian Islands. Maneuvering slowly, seeking a northward channel through the island chain, navigator Shep Jenks took one fix after another. At length he was satisfied, and he aimed Nautilus for a fairly open stretch between two islands. Diving deep, we sped through. By midnight we had threaded our first needle and had introduced Nautilus to yet another body of water, the Bering Sea.

We steered a steady submerged course, only occasionally taking a peek through the periscope. The bottom of the Bering Sea is quite shallow, and extraordinarily flat. Scientists say this is due to heavy layers of silt which have accumulated over eons of time. The silt is deposited when pieces of landlocked ice, containing fragments of earth, break away, drift out to sea and melt.

Shipboard activity progressed routinely. In the cribbage tournament, which had been going full-blast since our departure, Gilbert Spurr, Engineman 1/c, was eliminated at four-thirty in the morning, in the third game, by Lt. Ken Carr. The off-going watch relaxed over coffee and doughnuts in the crew's mess before turning in for a few hours' sleep. In the engine room, David H. Long, Engineman 2/c, tended the evaporators, which provide fresh water for showers, shaving, cooking and the steam plant. "Plenty of water for all comers" was his posted motto. However, our supply of fresh fruits and vegetables—avidly consumed in our world of artificial light—was rapidly disappearing.

Never before had I seen such interest on the Nautilus in regard to the ship's position. It even surpassed the interest in the major-league baseball scores which we obtained when we could catch brief snatches of news broadcasts. A constant stream of crewmen peered over the navigator's shoulder to examine the chart. Richard Bearden, Machinist Mate 1/c, and Norman A. Vitale, Engineman 1/c, were appointed "engine-room navigators," and posted a large polar chart near the reactor-plant controls. Every hour or so they plotted Nautilus' position as she churned ever northward.

On Friday, June thirteenth, four days out, skimming along barely 100 feet above the flat, featureless floor of the Bering Sea, we passed the Pribilof Islands. On the following day, we rose to "snorkel depth" to revitalize our air for the last time. From then on, I intended to make use of our normal air-revitalization system—oxygen from stored bottles; machines to maintain such gases as carbon dioxide, carbon monoxide and hydrogen well below harmful levels. Cmdr. Richard F. Dobbins, Nautilus' medical officer, and his two hospital corpsmen were assigned the responsibility for checking the concentration of dangerous gases in our sealed atmosphere.

We were now set to face the most challenging and dangerous portion of our mission. This was penetrating the ice-chocked, narrow Bering Strait, which for any kind of ship is probably the most hazardous body of water in the world. Two "doors" were available to us. One lay to the west, or Siberian, side of St. Lawrence Island, which straddles the south end of the strait like a kind of unwelcome mat. The other "door" lay to the east, or Alaskan, side of St. Lawrence Island. For several reasons we had decided long ago to try the western approach first. On our great-circle route it was closer. Moreover, on the west side of the island, the water is comparatively deep, and we had read in an old pilot book that the menacing shore ice receded earlier in the year.

It was evening topside when we completed our final ventilation. The sea had been very calm, but visibility was blotted out by heavy fog which lay across the water. Pulling down our snorkel, we slipped deeper to make a final check of our magnetic compasses.

As one changes latitude, errors in magnetic compasses likewise change. In under-ice operations it is vitally important to know intimately these behavior fluctuations. If our electronic and gyro navigation systems failed, we would have to rely solely on the magnetic compass for dead reckoning. In our trip under the ice in 1957, such knowledge had paid big dividends. When our gyrocompasses failed after a loss of electric power, the wavering magnetic needle had prevented us from wandering in circles.

"So I said, 'What's more important, a lodge meeting or an evening with Fred and Myrtle?'"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

At ten o'clock that evening, Siberia lay on our left and St. Lawrence Island on the right. Coming up to periscope depth for a navigational fix, we found the sky a beautiful, cloudless blue and the seas very calm. The snow-capped, bleak Siberian coast, some twenty miles distant, was clearly visible. In fact, owing to a freak atmospheric condition, we could actually see about 100 miles in all directions. But there was no time for sightseeing. After the quick fix, we went deep, setting a course northward for the Bering Strait. Our route would keep us to the east of the international boundary line, laid down many years ago and observed to this day by the U.S. and the U.S.S.R.

We encountered our first ice on the fourteenth day of June. It was detected initially on the electronic gear. Through the periscope we could see its shadow blotting out the rays of the sun. The ice was neither thick nor plentiful, yet we decreased our speed. Word soon spread through the ship, and many of the crewmen gathered at the electronic machines to watch. For our new men, it was their first contact with ice, and they stared in fascination. The veterans of our last trip under the ice simply grunted: "Brash and block again," or, "Just like last time." It was just like last time, with the exception that our movements were severely restricted in the shallow Bering Sea. We were sandwiched in, as it were, by ice above, and the flat bottom close below. Utmost care would be needed to keep from striking either.

By the time the watch changed, we were easing under floes forty yards across and twenty feet thick. After a hurried but careful survey, we estimated that heavy ice covered about 60 per cent of the water overhead. The percentage caused me considerable concern. At this comparatively low latitude, we had expected a far smaller figure. The sonar watch, manning all equipment, strained for accurate and continuous readings, as there was only forty-five feet of water between our keel and the ocean floor, and less than twenty-five feet from the top of our "sail" to the bottom of the ice.

At twenty minutes after midnight, near St. Lawrence Island, we passed beneath a huge block of ice which projected thirty feet below the surface of the water. To be frank, I was astonished. Doc Lyon and I exchanged apprehensive glances.

The total thickness of ice which has spent its entire life in the open sea is fairly predictable. The thickness of rafted ice chunks that have broken away from the coastline is not. No one has made a complete study of raft ice, but Doctor Lyon and I knew that chunks as thick as sixty feet had broken loose from the Alaskan coast. We knew nothing of the thickness of the raft ice which had torn away from Siberia, the coast nearest us. Nothing—except that we had just squeezed under a monstrous piece of Siberian ice projecting thirty feet below the surface!

I thought of the even shallower stretches of water that lay before us. An unnerving question arose in my mind. What if we met a piece of Siberian shore ice just ten feet thicker than the last one?

I conferred in private with Doctor Lyon, telling him that I was genuinely concerned about the ice picture. He replied quietly that he was too. We had both learned that ice is an enemy to be respected,

(*Continued on Page 80*)

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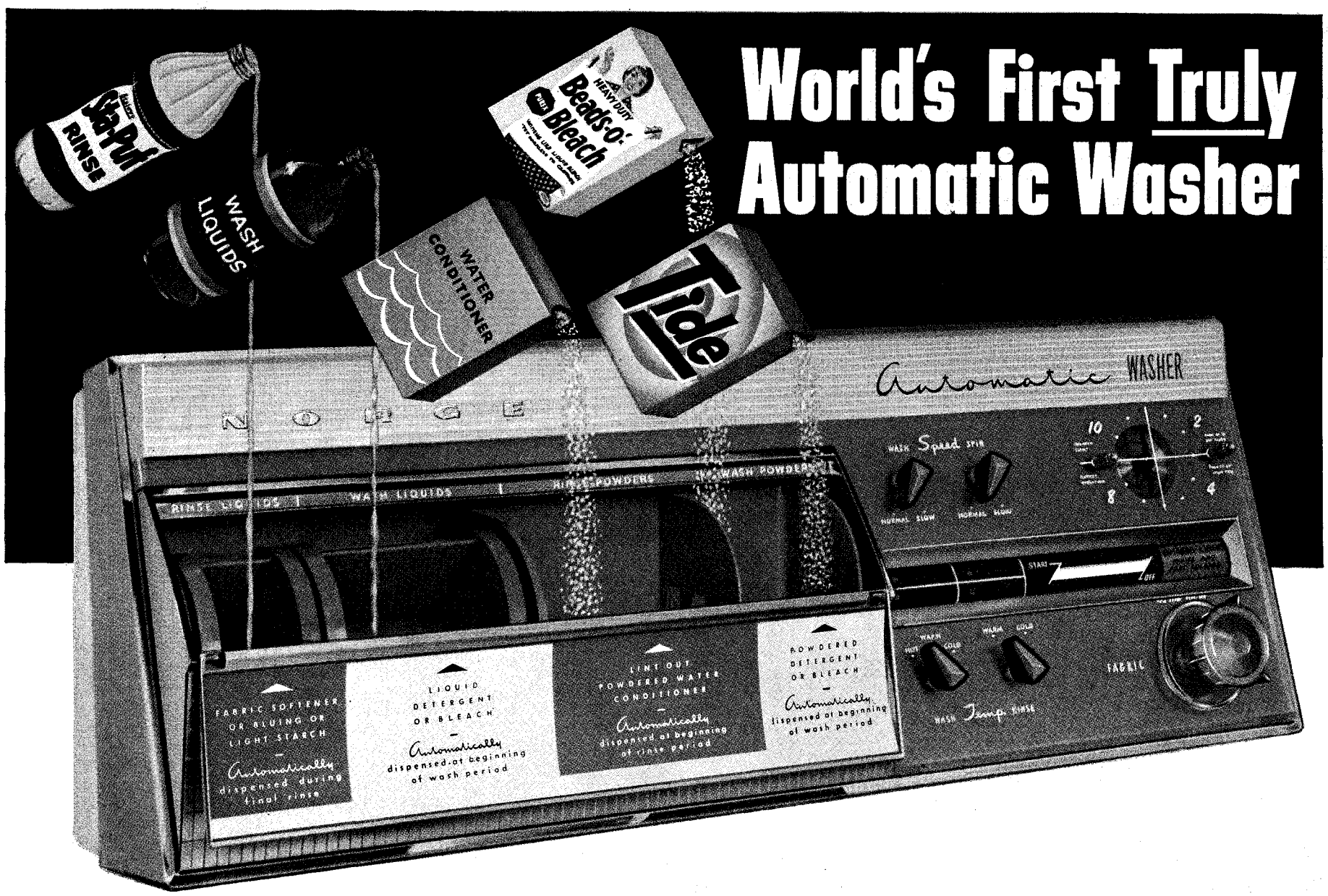


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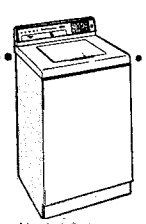

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so clean...

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Polident's purifying solution penetrates deep down into tiny cracks and crevices of your plates toothpaste never reaches. It soaks out clinging food particles and odor-breeding bacteria, chief causes of offensive Denture Breath.

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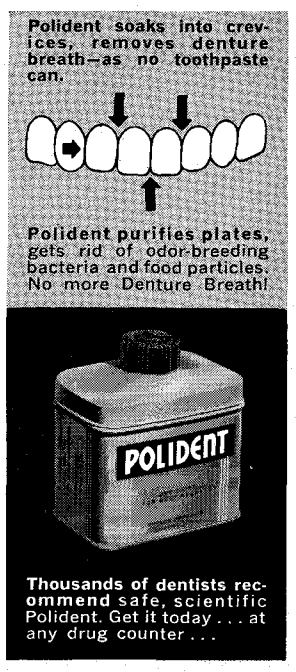
So stop using toothpastes that weren't made to clean dentures. Get Polident. With Polident you won't have to worry about Denture Breath again.


Polident soaks into crevices, removes denture breath—as no toothpaste can.
Polident purifies plates, gets rid of odor-breeding bacteria and food particles. No more Denture Breath!
POLIDENT
Thousands of dentists recommend safe, scientific Polident. Get it today . . . at any drug counter . . .

POLIDENT®

**LOOSE FALSE TEETH?**
Don't rely on weak powders.
Hold dentures firmly in place
with this long-lasting cream adhesive.

(*Continued from Page 78*)

even at the cost of time. The year before we had run into battle like an eager young fighter ready to whip the world, and almost instantly got both eyes blacked out. This year I was determined to prevent any serious injury, no matter what the cost.

There was not much time to ponder the situation. Within a few seconds I had made up my mind. I approached the conning officer, Lieutenant Carr, and in a soft, even voice ordered him to reverse course.

With the western door locked, I intended to try the other, circling south around St. Lawrence Island, and then north off the coast of Alaska. We would pass over extremely shallow water in spots, which would force us to cruise part of the time with our sail, or perhaps the entire upper hull, exposed, thus increasing our chances of being detected. But we had no other choice.

By six o'clock the following morning, we had completed our withdrawal from the Siberian ice. We ascended vertically to obtain a fix on St. Lawrence Island. The weather was clear and sunny and the sea was flat calm. There was little or no wind, and no ice in sight. However, at that moment, unexpectedly, the sonar reported ice off the bow. Incredulous, I wheeled the scope around. The "ice" turned out to be two sea gulls bobbing in the water. It was reassuring to see how amazingly sensitive our ice-detection gear could be. Later, with these machines we picked up and tracked another bird, a diving cormorant.

By noon, when we again came to periscope depth to ventilate the boat, the weather was foggy, the visibility less than 1000 yards. We obtained one last fix on St. Lawrence Island and were on our way. As soon as possible I passed the word to the crew that I had decided to give up the western "door" and would try the Alaskan route. To a man, I'm sure, they shared my disappointment that we had not been able to drive straight through to deep arctic seas on the first try. I also told them that we would be cruising through shoal water, and that we might run on the surface. Typical comment: "I hope it's not on my watch."

We circled St. Lawrence Island to the east, and turned north following the Alaskan coast, sail exposed a good deal of the time, dodging the many logs which had drifted seaward from the mouth of the Yukon River. By early afternoon we had once again reached the high-latitude mark for the cruise. The weather was moderately clear, sea temperature well above freezing and no sign of ice. The news that we might now proceed northward under far more favorable conditions spread like wildfire among the crew. Spirits rose.

Late in the afternoon the rugged features of King Island—just south of the Bering Strait—loomed in our periscope cross hair. We turned west, reaching for deeper water, hoping to traverse the radar-scanned strait at periscope depth or more. That evening, when conning officer Bill Lalor reported a few chunks of ice, we zigged north, leaving the ice on our port beam. Shortly afterward we saw a massive mile-wide floe which protruded above the water several feet. We were now at the entrance of the Bering Strait, gateway to the Chukchi Sea and the Arctic beyond.

Our trip through the strait was accomplished with unexpected ease. We ran at periscope depth, and at five-thirty on June seventeenth our bow sliced into the waters of the Chukchi Sea. Like the Bering Sea, south of the strait, the Chukchi is flat and shallow, varying between 105 and 170 feet. Four hundred miles north across the Chukchi lay the deep Arctic Basin. If we could reach the basin without bumping up against deep-draft raft ice, I knew we had it made.

We sped ahead, adjusting our depth, usually 110 to 135 feet, to the contour of the bottom, dodging an occasional ice floe. At longitude 168° 39′ west we crossed the Arctic Circle. Our feeling of elation at having reached this significant position was soon brought up short. The waters began to shoal dangerously. Since ice reports had been sporadic I decided to ease up and see if we could safely cruise on the surface. After carefully checking the ice-detector machines, I ordered the "ice pick"—one of the radio antennas—raised. As we inched up, I watched the antenna through the periscope. If it bent over, it would be a certain indication of ice overhead, and I would still have time to pull the cork.

Ascending slowly, to our great fortune we found clear water all around. I gave orders to keep the boat on the surface. Since we were far from land, the risk of being detected was small. In shallow, unknown waters like the Chukchi, we could actually make better speed on the surface, and I was eager to recover the time we had lost in our fruitless probe of the western "door."

Dodging an occasional floe, we logged ninety miles in seven hours. Finally, at latitude (*Continued on Page 82*)

"Here's how it works. First you organize the kids, then you threaten to walk out unless you get an ice-cream break every morning."

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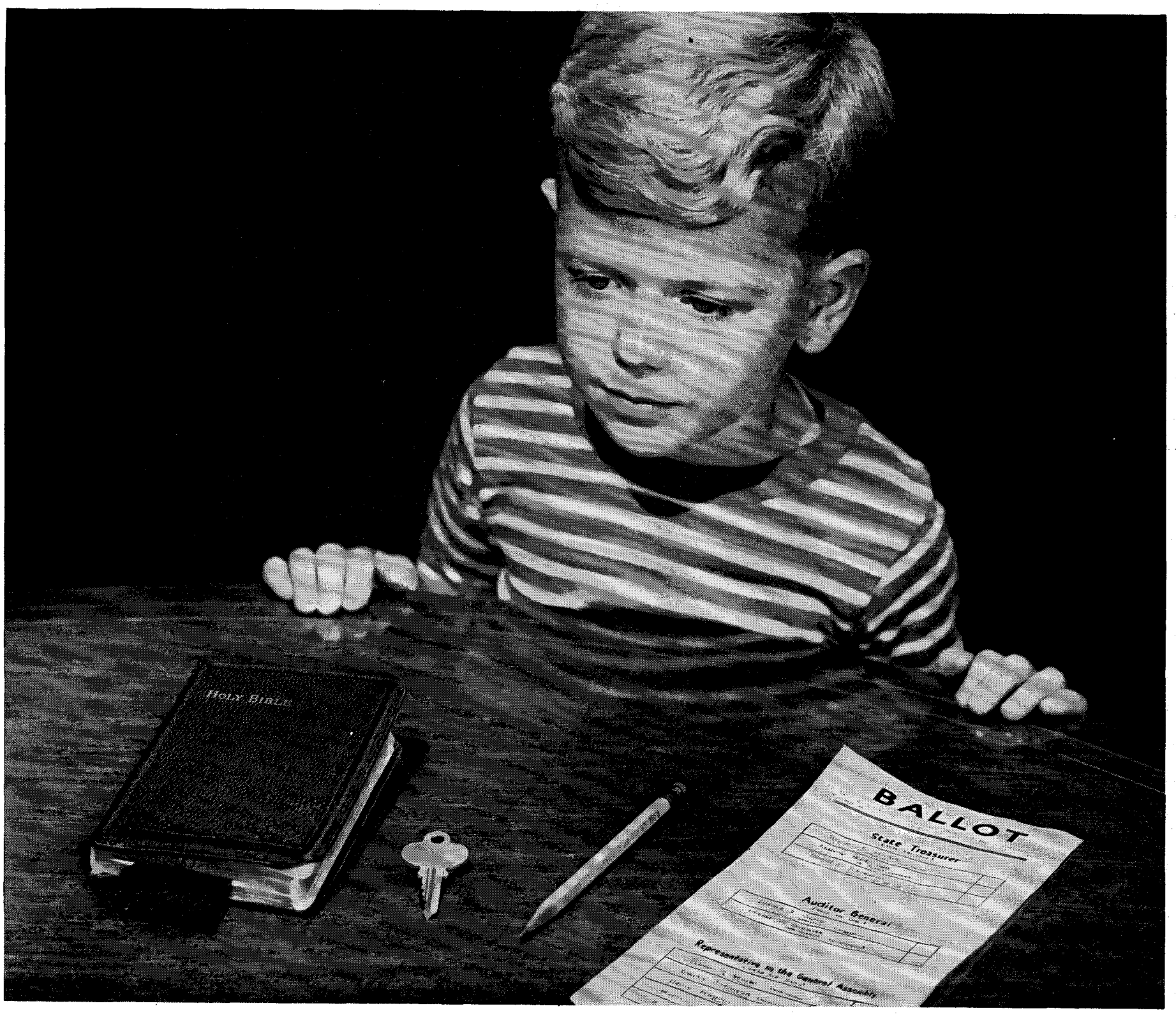


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**And a free ballot**—your right to choose the people who represent you in government—your protection against government tyranny. (Article I, U. S. Constitution)

HALF the world is trying to destroy these 4 symbols and what they stand for.

Even in this country, there are people who threaten our freedoms, by trying to give the U. S. government more and more control over American life.

They have a start—already the government runs hundreds of different kinds of business in competition with its own citizens. And you read about proposals that government take over even more.

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If socialism comes to America this way—step by step—you'll never have a chance to vote for or against it. For by that time, government will control your job, your independence, your thinking. Then what freedoms will you be able to pass on to your children?

## America's Independent Electric Light and Power Companies*

*Company names on request through this magazine

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(*Continued from Page 80*)

68°30′ north, the conning officer reported that the horizon was completely covered with ice. After a brief examination of this vast, seemingly endless ice barrier, we concluded that it was the long-sought, supposedly predictable polar pack itself. Relieved, and ringing with enthusiasm, Nautilus submerged to creep beneath it. At that time we did not expect to see daylight or open water again until we rose on the other side of the world near Greenland.

At first everything went smoothly. Ice covered only about 5 per cent of the surface, and this was unerringly picked up by our supersensitive sonars. Some of the larger chunks had keels down to twenty feet—fifty feet above the top of our sail. Beneath the keel we had a good forty feet of water. To most submarine sailors this might be considered close quarters, but with our previous ice experience on the Nautilus we were not overly concerned. In fact, we felt safe in increasing speed to eight knots. But every man was alert at his station.

After an hour or so of watching the topside sonar recorder pen trace the underside contour of the ice, I was convinced that we were indeed clear of the unpredictable shore ice and were well under the polar pack. We had traveled some 1383 miles under this type of ice in our 1957 cruise and we knew it well. I authorized the conning officer to boost our speed to ten knots. Then I strolled down to the crew's mess to watch the movie, ironically titled Hot Blood.

In a very few minutes the long hours of tension began to tell. I returned to my cabin, lay down and dozed.

At eleven o'clock that night—Tuesday, June seventeenth, eight days out of Seattle—my doze was interrupted by the calm but emphatic words of Lt. Bill Lalor crackling from my cabin speaker. "Captain, will you come in, please?" I hurried to the control room.

When I arrived, Bill reported matter-of-factly that Nautilus had just cruised under ice sixty-three feet thick! The ink tracing showed that the ice had passed only eight feet above the sail. I quickly ordered a swing to the left and a depth increase to 140 feet, a maneuver that would bring us to within twenty feet of the ocean floor. While we were turning, Alfred Charette, Sonarman 1/c, quietly reported two massive ridges of ice lying directly ahead. In fact, Nautilus was almost under the first of the ridges.

I ordered speed slackened to dead slow. Our sonar machines revealed that the gigantic block under which we hovered was over a mile wide. Not in many years had I felt so uneasy in a submarine. Obviously it was urgent that we move away from that ice. Fighting to keep an even tone in my voice, I again ordered the rudder put hard over.

As we crept into our turn, the recording pen wavered downward. All of us—Rex Rowray, who was operating the equipment; Bill Lalor, who was coordinating and checking on the ship's course, speed and depth, together with sonar reports; and myself—stared transfixed. Then slowly the pen receded. We all breathed easier. We had cleared the monstrous hunk by twenty-five feet.

But we were still in trouble. Our machines told us that an even more formidable barrier lay just ahead. I stared in disbelief at its picture on sonar. The books say this couldn't happen!

Slowly—very slowly—we moved forward. My eyes were glued to the recording pen. Downward it swooped again—down, down, down. Instinctively I reflexed, trying to pull my head into my shoulders. How I wished I could do the same with Nautilus! The small boy trying to squirm beneath the fence would soon be stuck. The inevitable consequences could be severe damage to our ship, perhaps even slow death for those on board.

I waited for, and honestly expected, the shudder and jar of steel against solid ice. The recording pen was so close to the reference line which indicated the top of our sail that they were, for what seemed like hours, almost one and the same. I—and others in the Attack Center, I am certain—turned for assistance to the only Person who could help us.

In pure agony we stood rigidly at our stations. No man moved or spoke. Then suddenly the pen, which had been virtually stationary, slowly moved upward. The gap between the ice and Nautilus was widening. We had made it! We had cleared by an incredible five feet, a mass of ice big enough to supply a 100-pound block to every man, woman and child in the United States.

It took only a second's reflection for me to realize that Operation Sunshine had already totally and irrevocably failed. Not even Nautilus could fight that kind of ice and hope to win. To the north of us lay many miles of even shallower water and possibly even deeper ice. There was no question about it—the only sane course was south. Reluctantly I announced my decision to the crew. I told them we would exit the pack, send off a radio report to Chief of Naval Operations, Admiral Burke, and ask for further instructions.

I spent a long time drafting that message. After so many months of anxiety it was heartbreaking to have to report that our first probe had shown that we could not get through. It was clear that we would have to stand off and take a long look. I tried to make the report to the point, adding my firm belief that the operation would probably be feasible later on—after the ice boundary had receded to deeper water. And we needed information. The world about us—the darkness below the ice—was as unmeasured as the far side of the moon.

We moved out of the pack, ascended to periscope depth and sent off the fateful message. Then we began our painful retreat toward the Bering Strait. Meanwhile a southwest wind had shifted large masses of ice across our track. We submerged and threaded a tortuous path under the ice, carefully skirting deep-lying keels. Our track, as laid out on the chart, resembled forty miles of crude mountain road, with sharp zigzagging and hairpin turns. Finally, at midnight, we found an open stretch of water. We poked up our radio antenna to monitor the official messages, hoping for a word from CNO.

It came. The message to me read: "I concur entirely with your prudent action in withdrawing from the ice pack. It is obvious that you have made a maximum effort. I tentatively concur with your recommendation to lay over at Pearl Harbor until conditions improve. Set course and stand by for further instructions. Remain undetected." It was signed, "Arleigh Burke."

We continued south through the Chukchi, skirted a hundred miles of ice, traversed the Bering Strait, and entered the shallow Bering Sea. On June twentieth we reached open water. From there, the trip to Pearl was routine, with one exception—the elaborate program to preserve the Top Secret security of Sunshine.

No detail could be overlooked. In giving the crew their instructions, I issued the first Top Secret order of my career. It stated that no facet of Operation Sunshine could be discussed with any person on board or ashore by either oral or written means. Private conversations on board concerning it were authorized, but only with the commanding and executive officers.

All hands were ordered to search through their personal belongings and seal up in envelopes, labeled Top Secret, all letters, papers, notes and charts—anything indicative of the operation. These would be locked up for an indefinite period of time under rigid custody. The same was true of all official ship's logs, charts, records and reports. When all this had been gathered and stored, our triple-lock safes were bulging.

Our security precautions also provided some laughs for the crew—badly needed after our harrowing experience in the polar pack. One of the men had stenciled two shirts with our North Pole insigne designed by the ship's cartoonist, Engineman 2/c William J. McNally. When the shirts were turned in, the owner commented, "This is the first time in history a shirt has become top secret." Because beards are somewhat indicative of cold-weather cruises, I ordered that all would be shaved off. One man asked Chief Torpedoman Lynus Larch, our Chief-of-the-Boat, if he could keep the remnants of his beard by sealing it in a Top Secret envelope.

All our special arctic gear, including cold-weather clothing, was hidden away. As we approached Pearl Harbor by a circuitous route that would not reveal our arctic departure point, we repainted our number on the sail. Then I conceived a "cover" operation to explain why we had not gone to Panama and to justify our absence—a fictional southern cruise near the equator. I prominently displayed a chart, tracing our imaginary voyage, and wrote a brief article so that all hands would have the same story.

It concluded: "It was a routine cruise—material problems were few and atmosphere control was the best experienced to date. Elaborate plans were made for the first equator crossing by a nuclear-powered ship. However, on 20 June, still considerably north of the equator, the ship received the change-in-operation order diverting us to Pearl. Failure to cross the equator at this time and the prospective delay in getting home are naturally disappointing; however, the visit to Hawaii will add another interesting chapter to the voyages of the most traveled submarine in history."

But the most interesting voyage by far was yet to come.

*Editors' Note—This is the second of three articles by Commander Anderson and Mr. Blair. The third will appear next week.*

## The Fragile Time

By Herbert Merrill

Step softly in this gold and
crimson wood.
The time is brittle and the fragile
sky
Hangs like a single pane of glass
that could
Be shattered by a footfall or a
cry.
Above us tremble painted-china
leaves;
The air transparent as a crystal
lens
Refracts the light and angles it
and weaves
A rainbow out of brilliant odds
and ends.
Within a week this linden, tall
and proud,
With rounded body like a golden
cloud,
This sumac flickering with
scarlet flames,
Will both be bare and blackened
wooden frames,
Stripped by the frozen fire of the
frost.
Step softly, softly, lest a leaf be
lost.

modern
security
demands
modern
protection

Master
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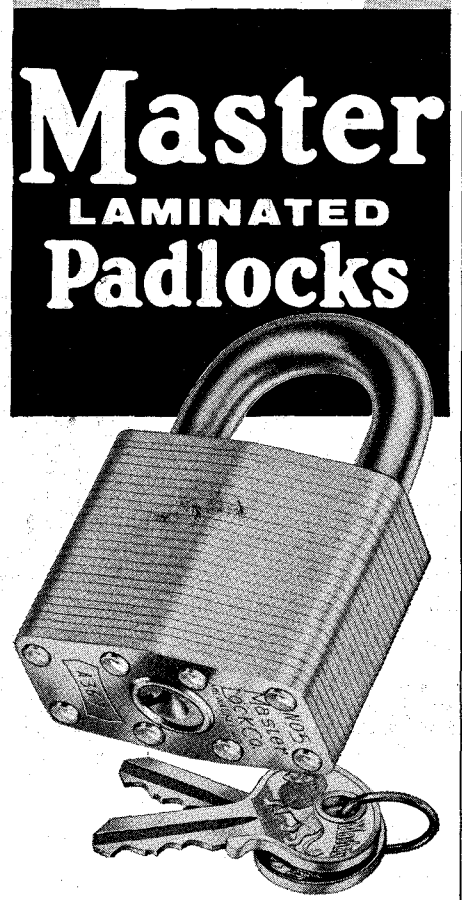

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# The Man Who Found His Country

(Continued from Page 23)

He was borne through these trials by his quite extraordinary character, abilities and personality. But all his good qualities might not have availed him, except for one other factor—the warmth of human kindness which seemed to come providentially to Marinaro's assistance in times of crisis. It was manifested by persons of many races and creeds. An old Albanian soldier, a scholarly Greek captain, a Jewish hotel *portier*, American diplomats, Franciscan Fathers, an Italian travel agent, a devout Negro maid in Washington—of such variety were those who intervened to set things right.

I first heard about Mr. Marinaro five years ago. A friend of mine, Robert L. Buell, had recently retired for reasons of health after twenty-seven years with the United States Foreign Service. He used to tell of the astonishing characters he had encountered in his diplomatic duties all over the world. Chief among these was one Costantino Marinaro.

(Incidentally, Bob Buell, ambulance driver at Verdun and later French artillery officer on the western front, is a remarkable character in his own right. He wanted me to write this article without mentioning his name. I had a hard time explaining to him why—as you will see—this would be impossible.)

Shortly after Buell went to Alexandria, Egypt, as American consul general in 1947, Marinaro applied to him for a job as chauffeur. He was a short, strongly built, competent-looking man, straightforward and polite. Buell liked his looks and, since he was highly recommended by Leland Morris, a friend and predecessor, he hired him.

Consul General Buell soon found that he had hired not only a fine chauffeur but a bundle of other talents. Marinaro was a linguist. He spoke excellent Italian, French and Arabic, fluent colloquial Greek and fair English. In a city where repairmen are hard to come by, Marinaro seemed able to fix everything. He was a good electrician, plumber, painter, stonemason and carpenter. When Buell's prized Alsatian almost died of dysentery, Marinaro nursed the dog through with the skill of a veterinarian.

On arrival in Alexandria, Mr. Buell, a bachelor, first occupied an apartment over the noisy entrance to a movie theater. Marinaro felt this would never do for the American consul general. It was said that decent houses were impossible to find in the overcrowded city, but Marinaro applied his leisure hours indefatigably to the search. Soon he had Mr. Buell comfortably installed in a suitable house at a reasonable rent. It was evident that Chauffeur Marinaro, the most polite and loyal of servants, also regarded himself as Mr. Buell's protector.

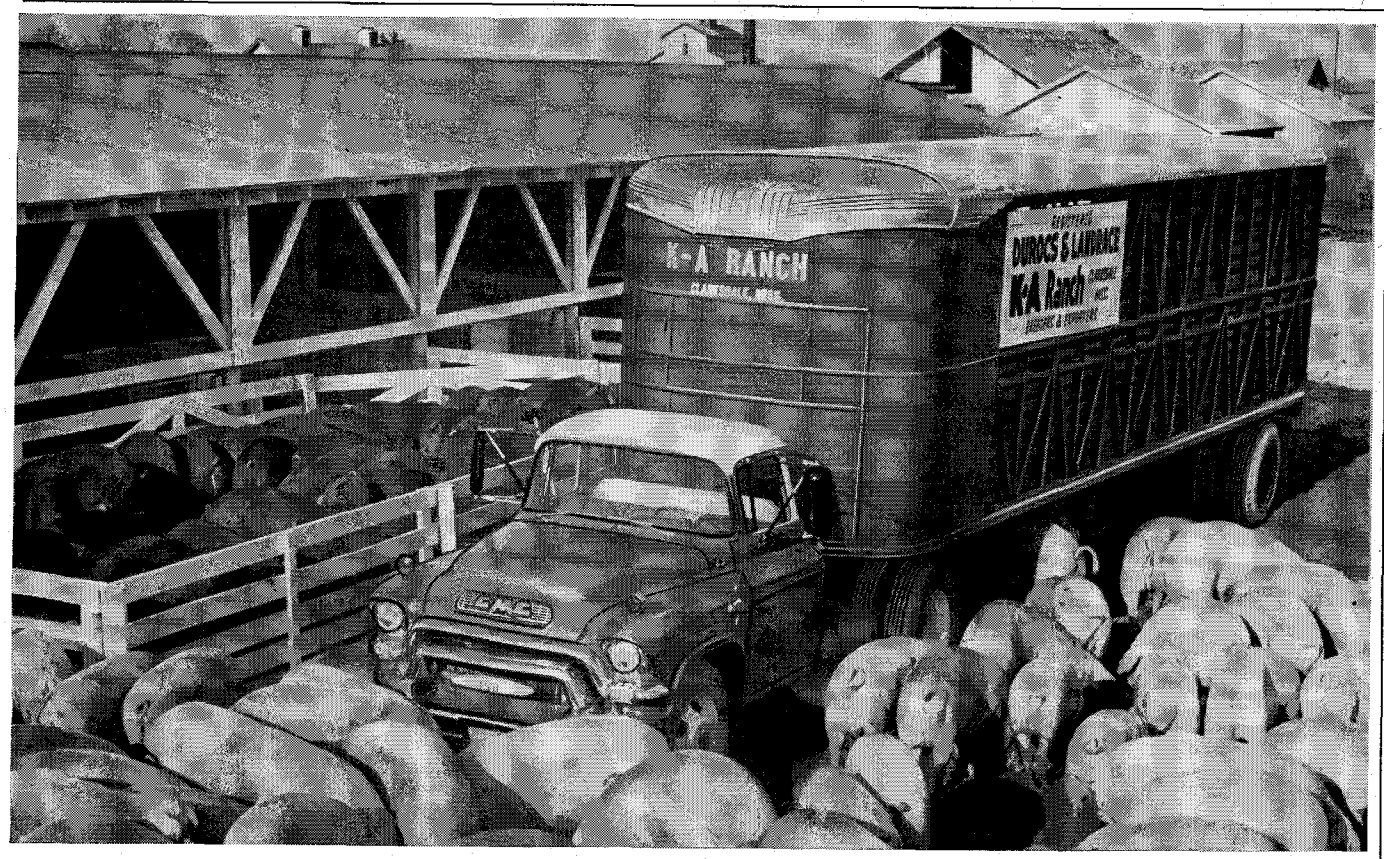
A problem for American Foreign Service officers, except for the few who are wealthy, is the modesty of their entertainment allowances compared to those granted by other nations. Thus Mr. Buell looked forward with some concern toward the traditional party that he, as consul general, was to give on the Fourth of July. Marinaro, determined to uphold the dignity of the United States, applied his diverse talents to purchases and arrangements. As a result the large party, in a floodlighted garden, complete with food, drinks and service, was a great success—at a cost of only $1.49 per person.

Marinaro showed a similar concern for Mr. Buell's personal health and safety. When the underpaid police of Alexandria went on strike, looting and murderous rioting broke loose. People were shot every hour in the streets. Marinaro, after warning his wife and children not to leave the shelter of their apartment, came to work as usual. Each day he cheerfully drove Mr. Buell about his duties, with a cool sense for the streets where the stray bullets were less frequent. On another occasion, when Mr. Buell was down with a heavy fever, Marinaro did not go home at night, but slept on a couch in the hall to be ready for any emergency.

It became apparent that Marinaro, a sort of Jeeves and Admirable Crichton rolled into one, had practically adopted Consul General Buell. Since this protective attitude seemed to be based on a genuine personal liking and respect, Mr. Buell appreciated it. But as he thought about the matter and came to know more of Marinaro's story, he realized there was something stronger here. What Marinaro really wanted to adopt was the United States, and Buell was its symbol. By adopting the American consul general, perhaps he could adopt America.

Perhaps—but it was a complicated perhaps. Between Marinaro and America lay a seemingly impenetrable tangle of nationalities, immigration laws, quotas and red tape.

Marinaro himself first became aware of his peculiar status in 1936, when he was twenty-one and first began to dream of America. He was born in Alexandria. But since all his people came originally from Italy, he considered himself an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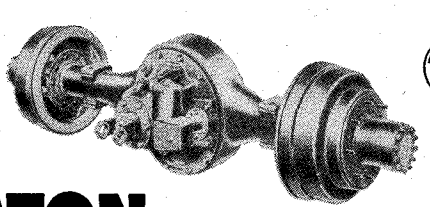


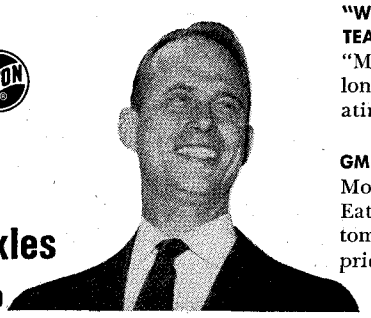

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Italian. And there was another catch in it. Grandpa Marinaro, an Italian who owned a small fleet of fishing boats, had settled in Corfu back in the days when that island was a British protectorate. Here his only son (our Marinaro's father) was born in 1874. But by this time Corfu, by the cession of 1864, had become Greek territory.

Soon after his son was born Grandpa Marinaro died. His widow, who had friends in the Italian colony in Alexandria, went there to live, taking her little son. There he grew up, thinking of himself as an Italian, and working for the British-owned railway company as a printer, setting timetables, a modestly paid job he held for thirty-three years. The fact that he had been born (legally) in Greece hardly crossed his mind. But the fact was there in the records, one day to plague his son.

This son, our Costantino Marinaro, grew up in an atmosphere of religion, frugality and hard work. His teachers in the school of the Christian Brothers found him an eager student, with a special gift for languages. In his spare time he helped his older brother, who was a skilled mechanic with an oil company.

He was graduated from high school with honors at seventeen. The Brothers wanted him to continue his education, but money was short. He went to work as a mechanic. At this time Egypt, always poor, was made still more miserable by the world-wide depression. With all his skill, and ready to turn his hand to anything, he could barely scrape a living. His lot seemed harder when, having fallen in love with a beautiful girl—the present Mrs. Marinaro—he could not afford to propose marriage.

To supplement his income he picked up occasional jobs as driver for tourists staying at the Hotel Cecil. The elderly Jewish *portier* came to recognize his honesty and ability and took a liking to him. One day he said, "Mr. Marinaro, I think I have a job for you." He introduced him, with high recommendation, to Leland Morris, the newly arrived American consul general, who was so pleased with him that he hired him as his regular chauffeur.

Thus, in 1936, life suddenly brightened for Marinaro. He had a good job, steady pay and a kind employer. He confided his marriage hopes to Mr. Morris, who was most sympathetic and encouraged him to plan and save toward that happy event. Under such benign influences, Marinaro saw all things American as good. He liked Mr and Mrs. Morris; he liked the other Americans he met; he liked American ways; he even liked the American eagles on the polished buttons of his uniform. Why should he not someday become a citizen of this great country?

When he made inquiries, he began to see the difficulties ahead. The Egyptian immigration quota, under American law, is only 100 persons a year, and the waiting list was so long that Marinaro might not reach America until he was old and feeble. It occurred to him that if he could establish his Italian nationality, he might have a better chance under the much larger Italian quota. The trouble here was that Grandpa Marinaro had left Italy before the days of passports; there were no papers to show his origin; and the family could not even recall the town where he was born. Marinaro went to see the Italian consul. He wrote letters to the Italian Government and to the municipal authorities of many Italian cities. All were most courteous in explaining that they could do nothing.

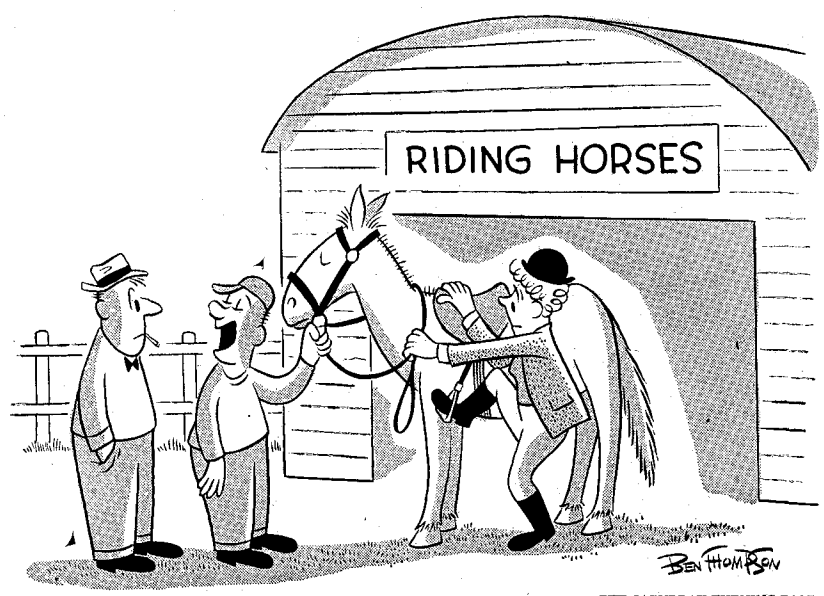
After two years Consul General Morris was assigned to another post. He and Mrs. Morris bade Marinaro an affectionate farewell and promised to help him in any way they could. (Mr. Morris did not live to see Marinaro's arrival in America, but Mrs. Morris was one of those who gave a helping hand when it was needed.)

Now Marinaro set up a small auto-repair shop. His customers were mostly Americans, British and other members of the foreign colony. He thus acquired a knowledge of many makes of cars—an expertness which was one day to tip the balance of his destiny.

Then came World War II. At first Egypt seemed safely remote, but within two years Hitler's blitzkrieg had rolled over Greece, and Rommel's rampaging Afrika Korps was threatening Alexandria. Battered remnants of the Greek Armies which had escaped to Egypt were, with British help, forming a new army in exile. Proclamations summoned all Greeks to the colors.

It never occurred to Marinaro that this meant him. Somehow the Greek drafting squads, who were scouring Alexandria for men, heard that Marinaro's father had been born in Corfu. At two o'clock one morning, while he was in bed with fever, rifle butts pounded on the door of their little apartment. Soldiers rushed in, brushed aside the frightened Mrs. Marinaro, yanked her husband out of his sickbed, and told him he was in the Greek Army.

He protested, he argued, he tried to appeal to the Egyptian courts, all in vain. The Greeks, (*Continued on Page 87*)




THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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(*Continued from Page 85*) desperate and uncomprehending, simply put him down as another malingerer. Within three days, fully outfitted in new British battle dress, he was in a Greek infantry camp in Palestine. By now he was so obviously ill that a medical officer put him in the hospital.

The treatment was simple and drastic. Each day Marinaro received one half tumbler of castor oil—nothing else. After a week of this he was dangerously weakened by the purging and starvation. The man in the next cot was an old Albanian, a grizzled warrior who had known the ways of armies since the days of the Balkan wars. He was friendly and was sometimes able to slip Marinaro a piece of bread from his own small ration. One night he said, "My son, I have seen others die under this treatment. If you want to get out of here alive, tell the doctor you are cured."

Robert Buell (right) is the retired Foreign Service officer whose efforts brought the Marinaros here. Here he is with young Dominic Marinaro at a circus.

Next day Marinaro followed his advice. The disciple of Hippocrates beamed. "Fine," he said. "You are restored to health and active duty." Marinaro, knees buckling, tottered back to his unit, wolfed army food for a few days and felt a little better. But he was not cut out to be an infantryman. He had a defective arch which made marching a torture after the first two miles.

It was at this point that he attracted the sympathetic attention of a Greek captain of engineers. To this kind and scholarly man, who spoke French, Marinaro poured out his story. "Why," said the captain, "good motor mechanics are just what I need. I'll get you transferred to my motor-transport outfit."

Sure enough, in a few days Private Marinaro was a mechanic in a transport unit. Here was work which he was good at, which he enjoyed, and which his officers appreciated. He was able to send reassuring word to his worried wife. He found congenial companions among his fellow mechanics. If he had to be in the Greek army, this was not too bad.

After eight months, nationality troubles caught up with him again. One day he was told to fall out of ranks, sent under guard to Cairo and flung into solitary confinement.

After a few despairing days Marinaro managed, through a friendly guard, to smuggle out a note to his wife. Mrs. Marinaro rushed to the American consulate. Marinaro's friends there at once "made representations" to the Greek and British authorities, and a hearing was arranged. It developed that some of Marinaro's earlier correspondence had come to light, in which he claimed Italian nationality. Why then, some zealous intelligence officer asked, had this Marinaro joined the Greek army? Why, except as a fifth columnist?

Americans from the consulate vouched for Marinaro's excellent character and said he had no use for Fascism, Nazism or Communism. His one political goal was Americanism. And Marinaro was allowed to explain how he "joined" the Greek army.

After some head shaking, Marinaro was cleared of fifth columnism. But since by his own claim he was an Italian national, he must go to the civilian internment camp for enemy aliens. That was that. Marinaro spent the remaining three years of the war in the internment camp. He was not cruelly treated. The chief foe was boredom, which he alleviated by putting his many skills to work to make the camp more habitable.

He was released in 1945 and, back in Alexandria with his wife and their five-year-old son Dominic, began life again. His shop and small savings were gone and he took what odd jobs he could find.

In 1947 things looked up again. As chauffeur to the good Mr. Buell, Marinaro again wore the uniform with the American eagle on the buttons. He happily resumed his attempts to adopt the United States. Also, with the Italian quota in mind as a possible steppingstone toward America, he resumed his patient efforts to establish his Italian citizenship. The fact that he had been interned for three years as an Italian national was held to be irrelevant.

Mr. Buell, who believed Marinaro and his family would make valuable American citizens, tried to help him with his ambition. At his suggestion, Marinaro put his name on the Egyptian quota. The list seemed interminable, but something might turn up. The one thing which could move Marinaro up on the list would be special priority. If an American employer would certify that Marinaro had some particular skill essential to his business, he would have a chance. Marinaro's skills were manifold, but no one of them seemed to fit the indispensable category.

So things stood in 1949, when Buell was assigned to a new post—this time as consul general at Edinburgh. Marinaro wept at the parting, and from then onward wrote him every month or so, telling him news of his friends and reporting his own progress. In 1951 he asked and obtained permission to name his fourth child Roberto, in honor of Mr. Robert Buell.

Marinaro had hoped to re-establish his repair shop, but the rising fever of Egyptian nationalism, with its ever-increasing restrictions against foreigners, made such a venture impossible. The Egyptians classed Marinaro as a foreigner. Turning again to his friends, the Americans, he got a job as a motion-picture operator with the United States Information Agency in Alexandria. He spent his days projecting films which depicted the virtues and glories of America. The films never had a more enthusiastic viewer than the man behind the projection machine. Or a viewer more tantalized. Marinaro was in the position of a starving man who is allowed to read a fancy menu, or of a man dying of thirst who sees unattainable fountains afar.

His work was so good that he was made director of the film section. Also, his long efforts to establish his nationality were finally rewarded. It was found that Grandpa Marinaro had been born in Bari, Italy. In June, 1956, the Italian consul handed Marinaro his Italian passport and congratulated him. But this did not qualify him for the Italian quota, since it developed that the United States recognizes place of birth rather than nationality for quota purposes. The passport was soon to serve Marinaro in quite another way, for in the fall of 1956 came the Israeli-Egyptian war and the Suez crisis.

After the British and French paratroopers landed in Suez, the position of all foreigners in Egypt became precarious. The ignorant mobs, howling for blood in the streets, could not distinguish Americans from British, or Italians from French. Americans from all over Egypt were being sent in motor convoys to Alexandria to be evacuated by ship. Marinaro, because of his reliability and driving skill, was given the job of driving twenty-five miles out into the desert in a jeep to meet these convoys; then escorting them back through Alexandria and to the harbor. It was an exhausting day-and-night job, not without danger.

When the last convoy was delivered, he returned to his apartment. He found his wife and children in terror. The night before, a mob had surged about the house, pointing Tommy guns at the windows and calling for the cursed foreigners to "come out and be drowned in their own blood."

Marinaro's friends at the American Consulate agreed that he and his family were in grave danger. An Italian refugee ship, the S.S. Esperia, was sailing the next day. They advised him to take it. With the new Italian passport, the Marinaros were eligible. In the morning they embarked, carrying with them only hand luggage and the few dollars' worth of foreign currency which the Egyptians allowed them to take out of the country.

In Washington, the first news of this came to Bob Buell in an anguished letter from Marinaro, postmarked Rome. In it he told of their sudden flight from Egypt and their bewildered arrival in Italy—strangers in their own land. The Franciscans had generously provided food and shelter, but this could be but temporary. He had already started hunting for a job, but Rome was teeming with unemployed, among them able mechanics. He could locate no relatives. As a newly arrived


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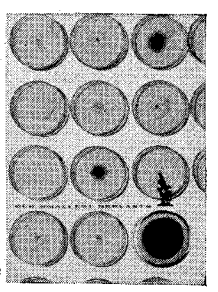

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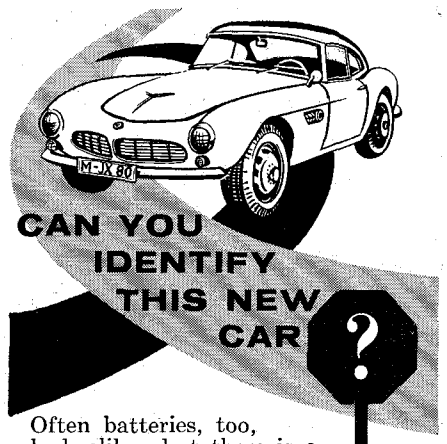


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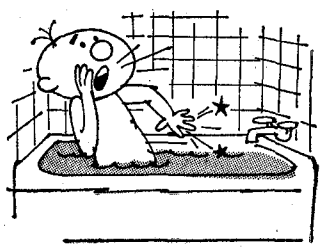

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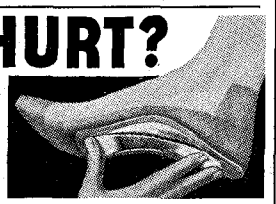

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nonresident he was ineligible for relief or other government services. What could the Marinaro family do?

Buell airmailed a check for immediate necessities and wrote Foreign Service friends in Rome, hoping they could find a job for this man who had served Americans so well. Within a few weeks a job was found for Marinaro with the USIA as a stock clerk. The pay was at the lowest rate, meager for a family of six, but the Marinaros, in a tiny unheated apartment, could survive.

Now Buell tried again to think of some way to get the family to America. He reread the laws, he consulted his friends, but he could find no crevice in the quota barrier. One day, walking on Connecticut Avenue, he noticed the amazing number and variety of little foreign cars that buzzed along. He had not paid much attention to them before; now they gave him an idea. He remembered Marinaro's expertness with various European makes.

He called on one of the city's leading dealers in imported cars, and asked him how he was fixed for mechanics. "Terrible," he said. "I can't get enough of them to take care of my customers. Most American mechanics can't handle these foreign jobs."

Buell described Marinaro's qualifications. Would the dealer sign a petition certifying this mechanic as urgently needed in his business? Gladly. The petition was duly made and filed. It seemed that the gates of America were about to open at last. Marinaro wrote from Italy that he and his family wept with happiness at the news.

But now the application must be "processed." First the United States Department of Labor studied to determine whether there was, in fact, a shortage of mechanics to service foreign cars. This took something over four months. Then it came under the scrutiny of the Department of Justice and its Bureau of Immigration and Naturalization. When it was finally approved there, it went to the Department of State, which would have to send the word to Italy that priority was approved for the Marinaros.

As the months dragged by, new troubles beset the Marinaros. An economy wave cut the USIA staff in Rome by 30 per cent and Marinaro was laid off. He pieced things out with a job as cook for the Franciscan Fathers. Son Dominic got a job as busboy in a bar for seven dollars a week. In the fall the whole family came down with Asiatic flu. At last the priority came through, and things brightened again. Mr. Buell offered to pay the family's steamship fare of something over $1200. Marinaro accepted this on stipulation that he should repay it in regular installments from his pay in America.

In December of 1957 the family set out joyfully for Naples, where they were to have their final medical examination, get their visas and be ready to sail. Now came the cruelest blow—the X-ray pictures showed a small spot on Mrs. Marinaro's lung. No visa possible. If she would come back in three months they would take another picture. So the family, again close to despair, went back to their icy little apartment in Rome.

Only financial help and encouraging letters from Mr. Buell carried them through those next three months. In late March they were back in Naples for the second X-ray test. After an agonizing delay the report came through: "O.K." The nurses flocked around to kiss the happily weeping Mrs. Marinaro.

They had their tickets to sail next day aboard the Cristoforo Colombo. All seemed ready. But through some clerical error their quota numbers had not come through from Cairo. No numbers, no visa. The ship sailed without them, and they had no money to go back to Rome—only a few lire for *pasta*, which they ate in their room. At this point another kind man came to the rescue. The Italian travel agent, Capt. Dominico Giliberti, who knew about their tribulations, arranged to take care of their expenses until they got their visas, and found space for them on an Italian airliner.

In two more days they had their visas and happily cabled Mr. Buell that they would arrive at Idlewild at seven A.M. on April fourth. He cabled back that he would be there to meet them.

Mr. Buell, who had been searching Washington in vain for lodgings which a family of six could afford, began to worry. His Negro cook, Helen Mahoney, who knew the situation, asked what she could do to help. "Just pray," he said, and she promised she would. That night after dinner she said, "Mr. Buell, why don't you telephone Steve Allison, the broadcaster? Maybe he'll tell about your family's troubles on the air." Buell at once telephoned Allison, whose evening program was about to begin, and told him the story. Within ten minutes the story was on the air over WWDC.

In ten minutes more Buell's phone began to ring with sympathetic calls from all over the city. Most promising was the call from the housekeeper of St. Anthony's Church, telling of a modest frame house in a clean, quiet neighborhood. Next morning he visited the house. It needed many repairs, but Marinaro's skills could take care of that. The location was ideal, with a Catholic church and parochial school across the street, a doctor next door and an Italian grocery store on the corner. Helen's prayers had been answered.

Mrs. Leland Morris, who remembered the Marinaros with affection, offered to take Mrs. Marinaro and the two small children, Rita and Roberto, to stay with her until their house could be made ready. Reservations were made for Mr. Marinaro, Dominic and Arnaldo to stay at an inexpensive hotel. Mr. Buell took a train to New York on April second, planning to tend to some personal business there on April third and be at Idlewild first thing on the morning of April fourth.

He woke up next morning, in his room at the Harvard Club, with a fever. His business downtown would have to wait. He would stay in bed and rest up for the next day.

At this moment, as we have seen, the travel-weary Marinaro family was waiting unhappily at Idlewild, unaware that a confusion of dates had brought them in twenty-four hours ahead of schedule. Their worries mounted with each passing hour. It was Mrs. Marinaro who at last suggested a bold and costly expedient—they must telephone Mr. Buell's home in Washington. They had his address, and kind officials helped them get the number. From Washington they heard the soft voice of Helen. She grasped the situation at once, reassured the Marinaros and gave them the number of the Harvard Club in New York.

Thanks to the fever, Mr. Buell was still in his room. His phone rang, and he found himself listening to the happily excited greetings and explanations of the Marinaros, all of whom wanted to thank him and hear his voice. Later he got them hotel accommodations, and next morning was well enough to go with them to Washington by train.

As they rode through Washington from the Union Station, Marinaro pointed out the places of interest—the Capitol, the National Art Gallery, the Archives, the Treasury, the White House—describing them with the familiarity of a licensed guide.

"But how do you know all this?" asked Mr. Buell.

Marinaro smiled happily. "For years I have read about it," he said. "And I have shown movie films of all these buildings, outside and inside. I think I can tell you about all the famous paintings in the National Gallery. Here I am at home."

Mr. Buell and Mrs. Marinaro hustled about getting the household essentials for the house. Friends contributed pieces of furniture. Marinaro got busy with paintbrush and hammer, pipes and wiring. Within one week the family was able to move in, and the following Monday, Mr. Marinaro was on his new job as expert mechanic, assembling and servicing foreign cars. The younger children were entered in school. Dominic, now eighteen, worked as a car-hop until he found his present job with an electrical engineering company. Mrs. Marinaro, the strict treasurer of the family, is exploring the economies of the chain stores and already has a family savings account well started.

And so Mr. Marinaro, after his long, strange quest, has found his country at last.

THE END

"Morton always could dominate a conversation."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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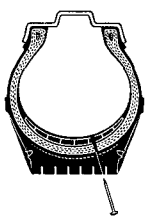

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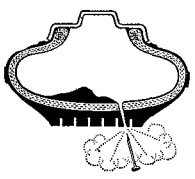

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# The Reluctant Gambler

(Continued from Page 35)

was only in her early forties, she had begun to feel quaint and wan. She felt that she had become indistinguishable from the thousands and thousands of lonesome American ladies who lived abroad because a foreign address, however modest, had a cachet that a New York or a Boston apartment hotel had not; the cachet was necessary so that they would not be pitied, and their daughters and nephews, their sisters and friends said of them, "Isn't it peppy of So-and-So to go gallivanting off by herself?"

Thus, Abby had come to belong to that group who have spent their lives leaning on someone—or being leaned on by—a father, a mother, a husband; and who, when the casket is closed or the divorce decree is final, find that they are waifs. They tend to look on loneliness as a little disgraceful and they never admit to it in their multitudinous letters home.

For years Abby and her husband, whenever they traveled abroad, had seen and grieved for these forlorn, brave orphans, and Abby knew that John would be appalled to see that she had joined their ranks. She did not really know how it had happened; she was by nature gregarious, sanguine and resilient; but she had been so stricken by John's terribly surprising death that she had moved like a sleepwalker and had taken the easiest course. And despite the pleas of her relatives and friends, despite her own judgment, she had rented her apartment in New York and had withdrawn to Europe, following the pattern of cousins and aunts and of her own mother, who had faded away on a balcony in Rome as she was painting a water color of the Spanish Steps.

One warm melodious evening about a month before, when Abby was still in Paris, her inertia had been replaced by an abrupt restiveness, brought on by the sounds of amorous laughter and fragments of song that were borne, together with flowery smells, on the mild wind through her windows, open to a garden. She was playing Canfield—that old-lady game, that game for septuagenarians to whom dusk is the sympathetic time of day—and as she played, the black cat watched her from where he sat on an ottoman. Scornful, chic and French, hugely self-respecting, the cat embarrassed her and made her feel badly dressed and out of place and timid. She really was badly dressed, and she had no need to be since she had flair and enough money, but along with sad looks, she had put on sad clothes; and she really was out of place, and found that she longed to be in her own apartment on the East River.

She was aware at last that she despised the flaccid life she was living and that she wanted to be back in the thick of things, among her innumerable energetic friends, in the familiar and surprising streets of New York; she wanted to give and go to parties; she wanted to sit in a box at the Metropolitan and never again go to La Scala alone; she wanted to be back at Bellevue as a volunteer, counting sponges in the operating rooms and, extravagant now, she told herself that she would rather smell ether than all these dense Parisian flowers. To the cat, defiantly, as if he had contradicted her, she said aloud, "I will go home. I shall simply book passage and I'll do it tomorrow."

The following morning, early, she went to a travel agent and took the first passage she could get, two weeks hence, and now, reborn, impatient to be off, the two weeks of waiting that stretched before her seemed an affront. How on earth would she live through them, being eyed by that indifferent cat? But providence had taken up Abby's cause and the afternoon's post brought her an agreeable reason to leave Paris and leave the cat in the custody of the maid. There was a letter from Hugh Nicholson, a man she had known for many years and had seen from time to time in the course of her recent traveling. He was a Canadian who had lived most of his life in London and he was associated at various times and in various ways with films. He had written and he had directed and he had occasionally acted. When his fortunes rose, he dressed like a peer and lived at the Albany in Regency splendor; and when they descended, he moved into an obscure bed-and-breakfast establishment and sang for his supper and for weekends in the country.

There was a wife, estranged, who lived in the north of England and bred Kerry blues, and there were two sons at school whom each summer he took to Scotland for a fortnight of bicycling. Abby and John had never met the wife, and Hugh never spoke of her. Once there had reached their ears some nebulous rumor of a scandal, but their affection for Hugh had safeguarded them against investigating its nature or its truth.

They had met him first in New York during one of his prosperous seasons and had been attracted by his warmth and his ebullient appreciation of America, the novelty of which, throughout succeeding visits, never wore off for him. They had seen him, as well, in London both when

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he was affluent and when he was poor. When he was on his uppers and his shirts did not look fresh, he was understandably less good fun, but he was never pitiable and he was endlessly optimistic: around any corner at any moment, he might stub his toe on the pot of gold at the end of the rainbow.

Hugh's wonderfully opportune letter this morning invited Abby to be his vis-à-vis at a house party in Sussex. The house, he wrote, was enormous and full of history and ghosts, and the gardens had everything Americans expected English gardens to have—"pleasances, ha-has and gazebos and spinneys."

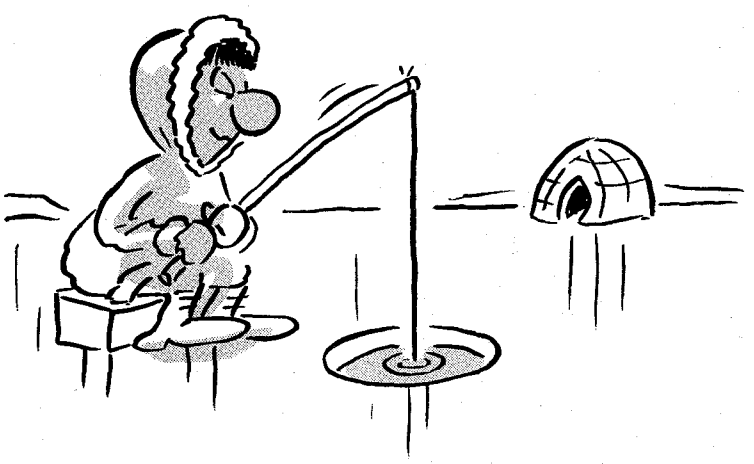
Abby, charmed with the invitation, did not deliberate for a moment, but at once wrote back to accept. And then, in a burst of euphoria, she went shopping and bought presents and dresses and some superb hats and some marvelous shoes. She packed and two days later left Paris in its August lull and went to London, where, except for the week in Sussex, she meant to stay until she sailed for home.

So she had spent that week in the sweet, misty English country in a house crowded with treasures and white elephants and dogs, and surrounded by gardens and parks and copses of larches where nightingales sang and she began to redeem her spirit, that had so long been mislaid. Hugh had just finished directing a film that was bound to be a smashing success and he was, in consequence, at the top of his form. He and Abby enjoyed each other enormously; they shone at croquet on the luminous lawns and they shone at darts in the murk of pubs, they found that they were perfectly matched at the bridge table, and Hugh surprised and impressed Abby with his bucolic knowledge of fungi and sheep. Lady Caroline was a delight; eloquently attired, looking like a Romney, she rode sidesaddle on a gray cob and at every meal she was served a small onion on a Sèvres plate, which she peeled and sliced to eat with apples or muffins or cheese.

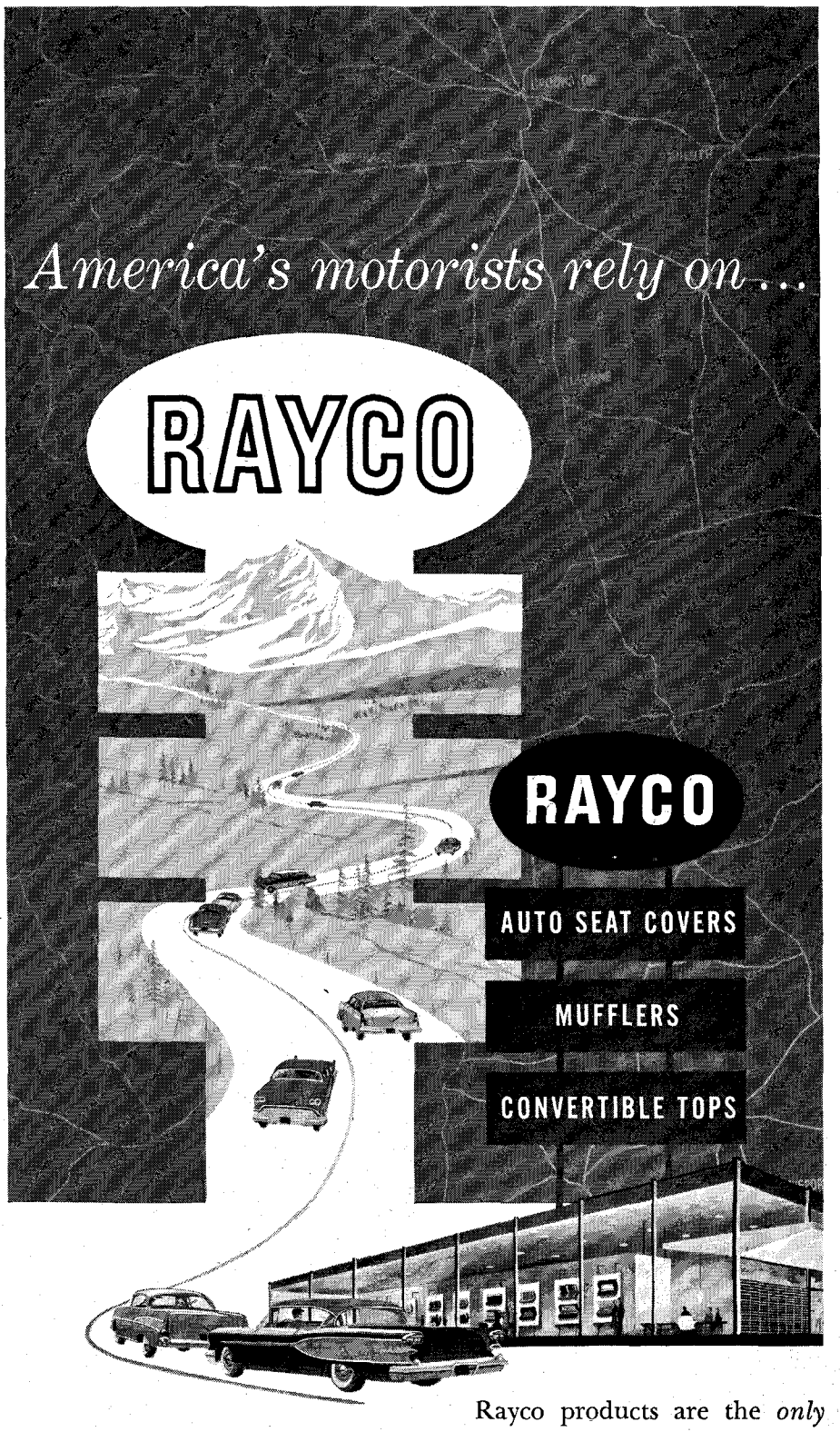
Now and then, when they were walking through a meadow or through a tunnel of dark trees on a back lane, Abby and Hugh spoke nostalgically of gala times they had had when John was alive, and one afternoon, as they were drinking bitter in an empty pub, in the midst of a reminiscence that touched her particularly, Abby realized that it was the removal from her life of John's energy that had enervated her, and energy was what she admired and, moreover, required as dearly as food and drink and air. She could burn, that is, with her own flame, but she must be rekindled; she must be complemented so that she could maintain her poise and pride. She was not the sort of woman who could live alone satisfactorily.

She raised her eyes from the dark ale and looked at Hugh, who was looking at her with a questioning and a solicitous expression. The pub had begun to fill and they talked lightly of other matters. But that night when the last rubber of bridge was over and Lady Caroline, with a sigh, had given up trying to get through to her spooks and everyone prepared to go to bed, Hugh asked Abby to go out with him for a breath of air. "Watch out for bats," said Lady Caroline; "they teem in Leo, I can't think why."

There were no bats, but the romantic air quivered with fireflies and smelled of roses, and far away a bewitched owl mourned and warned. Within a pergola where the purple grapes were ripe, Hugh kissed her and Abby felt as young and tremulous as a schoolgirl. But she was not demanding and she was not headlong



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST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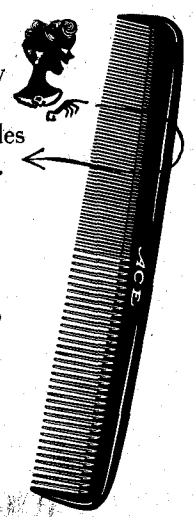

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and she counseled herself to look on this tenuous, auroral experience as one that would last only so long as she remained in England, a handful of days before the boat took her home. Like the cat in Paris whose contempt for her negative life had urged her to repudiate it for a positive one, so Hugh was the agent that reminded her that she must seek a husband. His kiss was no more than a symbol, for Hugh was no more than a friend.

When the house party was over, Hugh and Abby were reluctant to quit their fun and games and so, with the abandon of leisured youth, they did not drive back to London, but they went instead to Folkestone and took the Channel boat to Ostend; there were two French fillies running there that Hugh wanted to see.

For three days, in that dowdy harbor, alternately sun-baked and sodden with rain, they went to race meetings at the Hippodrome and rode in hansoms along the dike and ate cockles and mussels on the quays as they contemplated the bright shrimpers and the fishwives' bright sunshades and the children's bright balloons that sometimes escaped and went to sea, bobbing along in the wakes of boats.

The kiss in the garden had not been repeated, but their concord had deepened and their joy in each other's society had been so accelerated that Abby lived in a state of heady exultation. She was, indeed, so happy that there came moments when she regretted that the time was running out and she must leave.

And now here they were in this brown and sullen den of dismal, dogged greed, and Abby, drinking warm, sweet lemonade, could not remember any of the fun at all. The whole fabric of the heyday had been riddled and stained and frayed within less than two hours' time. She tried sensibly to attribute her desolation to her headache, tried to think that she was coming down with flu. But her uneasiness was more than physical, and she was frightened by some alien distemper that she could not understand. Why on earth had they come here instead of going, as she had wanted to do, to Bruges?

Repelled by the lemonade, she returned to the gaming room and paused, irresolute, beside a table near the cashier's room. One of the croupiers, a youngish man with a mouth like a knife and eyes like awls, stared at her across the table as he was raking in the profits for the house, and there was in his regard such cynicism that Abby felt contaminated, besmirched with venality, and she fled, looking for Hugh in the hope that he had played enough and that they could go to some cheerful bar and have a drink and recapture their earlier mood.

When she had threaded her way through the quietly snarling jungle, she found him just where she had left him, beside the croupier at the left of the wheel. She had the feeling that he had not moved at all except to lean forward through the thicket of people to place his bets. Though she stood so close to him that their arms touched, he was unaware of her and instinct warned her not to call attention to herself. He lost steadily and losing angered him, as she could tell by the flush of his face and the set of his mouth.

Observing him and observing the other players, she began to take in the deadly seriousness of their business here; this was no game, but was a combat in which the enemy was the wheel, as capricious as a windmill.

This kind of betting, she saw, was *sui generis;* in bridge, there were partners, there was an interplay of memory and judgment and intuition; in horse betting there were any number of elements to make up the equations and the permutations, just as there were in playing the stock market. But in roulette, intelligence was no weapon against the solitary element of random chance. As she thus analyzed, in another part of her mind she recognized a paradoxical circumstance: although Hugh was so remote that he might have been only an apparitional representation of the man she knew, she believed that she had fallen in love with him and, in love, that she was jealous. But of whom?

Rashly she took him by the arm and he wheeled with a mutter of exasperation and then, seeing her, smiled with an effort. It was apparent that he did not want to leave, that he wanted to be here and not with her; and when she said she had a headache and wanted to go back to the hotel, said he need not go with her since it was not far and the beach was well lit, he, usually so well-mannered, agreed too readily, with too perfunctory an apology, and told her good night and turned back to the table.

Abby's room, overlooking the sea and receiving the sea winds and therefore airborne sand, was papered with something nondescript, nubbly and bilious, and the linoleum had been designed in the same mean-minded way. There was a varnished wardrobe, too short and shallow to hang clothes in, a wicker table with a crippled leg and a scuffed brown blotting pad and a rusty pen. The bed, with its tumid featherbed and its log of a bolster, was low, although its topography was mountainous. She tossed from peak to valley, invaded by the sound of the sea and distant foghorns and the voices of Flemish revelers and excited dogs loitering on the beach. It was not only the bed and the noises—someone in the next room intermittently snored violently and upstairs a baby howled about a pin or a pain—that kept her awake. It was Hugh's mood and her own perverseness that had caused her to fall in love with him at the very moment she saw that a future for them was plainly impossible, for she knew that the remoteness she had seen tonight was, though sporadic, constitutional, and looking back she remembered that often he had seemed suddenly to disappear, although his flesh remained, in the middle of a conversation, in the middle of a dance.

Still, on the next day, he was very much with her. Belabored by a cold and sandy wind, they explored the town with the same conjugation of reaction that had made their Roman holiday a supreme contentment.

They stopped for tea at a pavilion on the beach where the stinging wind was so strong that as Abby was pouring, a gale redirected the scalding stream and it gushed painfully over Hugh's hand. If the accident had not been so grotesque, he might have felt it more and Abby might have been more compassionate. As it was, they laughed helplessly and Hugh said, "Oh, don't go back to America. This is too much fun."

A sourceless sorrow overcame her and she said nothing. For a while, then, they were silent. The bathers, emerging from their cabañas like troglodytes from caves, furled their umbrellas, collected their hampers and began to leave. The babies were wheeled home, convoyed by little schipperkes. No landscape could have been less pastoral, and Abby was cold and there was sand in her shoes and her ambiguous feeling of love was like sand in her mouth

"It's too late to get the Channel boat now," Hugh said at length. "Can you endure another night here or should we go back to Ostend?"

She was too listless to care and she said, "Why did we come here in the first place?"

"I got a sudden hankering for roulette as I do periodically," he said, and then, musing, detached, he told her his gambling history.

When he was a student at Cambridge, he had sometimes gone to Monte Carlo; but he had played only casually until twelve years ago, when, being in much need of rest and sun after arduous months of making a historical film, he had gone without his wife to the south of France for a long holiday. He had got no rest and he had got no sun because, during that time, he had become altogether obsessed with roulette. At first he had won and had lost equally and whether he was victorious or was undone, he was obliged to prove himself again and again, to demonstrate that fate could neither coddle nor outwit him.

He said that he had felt like one of those white rats that don't know whether they are going to get the shock of their life or a piece of cheese. In the end he was wiped out altogether; in one night he was reduced to absolute penury and he had to pawn his watch for his fare home. His marriage at its best had been thin and wavering, and when he had got back from France that time and he had told his wife that all his money was gone, they had had their final row and she had left in a glacial rage. It was not only the grievous loss of money, though; it was, he said, "the unfaithfulness to reality."

"Eventually the only need you have in the world is the need to win. You don't need food or drink or sleep or sex—gamblers don't sleep with their wives after they've been gambling, they sleep with numbers."

For some years now he had not gone to Monte Carlo, but had come here because the very grubbiness of the place seemed to him appropriate. "My masochism is extensive," he said, "and I brought you here—you asked me why I did—because I love you and I want to marry you and I know I can't, we can't. But I wanted you to understand."

"I don't understand," she said, close to tears.

"Try it tonight," he said. "I don't mean to proselytize you. I just want you to see what it's like. Do play for an hour or so, just as a clinician."

She could not decide whether he was the cruelest man she had ever known—how cynical, how basely frivolous to state a love in terms of its impossibility—or the most pathetic; but she concluded that she did want to understand him in order more easily to accept the futility of their situation, and so she said that she would play.

It was Sunday and the gaming room was less crowded than it had been the night before, so that Hugh was able to find a chair for Abby. She sat, shy and self-conscious, beside a croupier at the end of the table, placing her bets where Hugh indicated. At first, confused by the board, she was inattentive and covertly she studied the other players who overtly studied her. They were the same as the ones last night—those hard-faced witches with their beaded bags; those prosperous, stern-visaged merchants with their big cigars and (*Continued on Page 94*)

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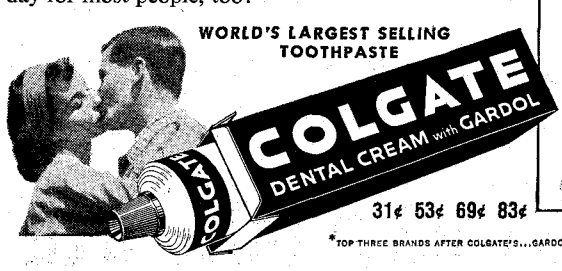


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*TOP THREE BRANDS AFTER COLGATE'S...GARDOL IS COLGATE'S TRADE-MARK FOR SODIUM N-LAUROYL SARCOSINATE.

**CLEANS YOUR BREATH WHILE IT CLEANS YOUR TEETH**

(*Continued from Page 92*) signet rings; those thin men with mustaches whose dinner jackets were well cut but whose cuffs were worn. The Chinese woman was in the same place she had been the night before, still jotting down figures in her notebook; the rajah, in an even more splendid turban, was betting heavily and, when he lost, he was shaken with sighs. There was again that restive silence.

Presently Abby understood the game and began to situate her counters for herself. Her interest was at last aroused and when, three times in succession, she won, she felt an extraordinary elation and wanted to cry out in triumph, but any display of emotion here would be *outré* and she allowed her face to demonstrate nothing, although she knew her cheeks were pink.

At some point she realized that Hugh was no longer standing behind her, and at another point she was emboldened to pick up a rake that some bankrupt player had relinquished, and with it she arranged her chips and drew in her winnings, afire with defiance; against what, she was not sure. She had beginner's luck and presently she dared to play for the highest stakes; twice she played *en plein*, and won thirty-five to one; it seemed to her, though she was not certain, that the croupier gave her a faint, congratulatory smile, the smile of a veteran to a lucky greenhorn.

Abby was tired, but nonetheless she was animated and she wished this tonic tension could go on forever; the wheel became her quixotic lover, now scornfully rejecting her and now lavishly rewarding her; it became, as well, her ambition, and while she splurged and then economized, rejoiced or lamented, she knew what Hugh had tried to tell her. The faces that had frightened her receded in the miasma of green smoke; the warmth of the room was oppressive, but she did not care; her mouth was parched, but she was too preoccupied to consider how she might slake her thirst. Eventually, as it grew near closing time, the crowd began to thin; the tables of *chemin de fer* were closed and one by one the roulette croupiers collected their gear and disappeared. At last the table where Abby was playing was the only one open and it was with genuine frenzy that she saw her game was nearly over.

She was still ahead when the wheel was spun for the last time; and when everything was finished she was giddy as she struggled out of her cocoonlike trance. The croupiers' fatigue humanized them; they rubbed their eyes and stretched their legs and their agile hands went limp. Abby was a little dashed and melancholy, let down and drained; she was, even though she had won, inconsolable because now the table, stripped of its seductions, was only a table. And the croupiers were only exhausted workingmen going home to bed.

For a long while Abby and Hugh sat on the veranda of the hotel, silent and unmoving, staring at the sea and the overpopulation of the cabañas on the beach. The moon shone palely through the heavy haze; there was no horizon and a slow ship passing by looked like a smudge on a wall.

"Well, you saw what it was like," said Hugh.

"Yes," she said and, reluctant to discuss her sensations which on reflection seemed squalid, she asked him to arrange for a car to take her to Ostend and the Channel boat. There was no mention of what Hugh was going to do or where he was going. Abby had an image of him here, going back night after night to that joyless brown room.

"Would you like me to go along to Ostend with you?" he asked.

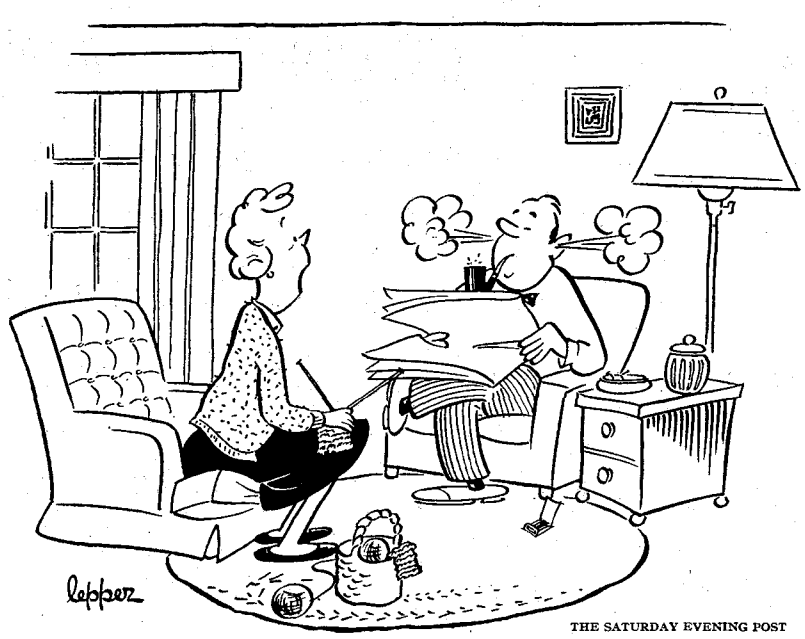
"No," she said and, mustering all the gaiety she could, she said, "I think it's vastly more memorable to say good-by in Knokke-le-Zoute. Besides, partings at boats make me sad. Knokke-le-Zoute—it sounds like a children's game."

They rose and in the ugly, awful dawn, Hugh kissed her good-by; kissed her in the good friend's way, and he said, "I wish it hadn't been a children's game."

She would not have given up so easily; she would have died hard; would, out of vanity and love, said that she could, somehow, save him; she would have staked everything on him if she had not so fully understood him. Sensibly, to comfort herself, she thought of how lovely it would be to see the clean September light on the East River. She told herself that, happy as the interlude had been, up until last night, it had been as an aberration and that she belonged where she had originated; in alien corn, it was imprudent to run risks. Guiltily, because she was fortunate and he was not, she was now anxious to be away from the spectacle of him. "Good-by, Hugh, good-by, I must go and pack," she said.

He was a shadow no more palpable than the phantom ships on the dim Norse Sea, and his voice, when he echoed her, came from an incommensurable distance.

THE END




"Henry, I wish you wouldn't do that!"

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# The Pill With the Built-in Surprise

(Continued from Page 27)

diet, especially salt, and that has its limitations."

Edema is not among the major "killers" listed by public-health departments and insurance actuaries. But it is a major complication in both kidney and heart diseases, which together acount for more than half of the deaths in the nation. The American Heart Association estimates that the majority of heart-disease patients suffer in some degree from edema and require treatment with diuretics.

Many heart patients also suffer from just plain obesity, but this should not be confused with edema, even though both can be measured in pounds. Obesity is excess fat inside the trillions of cells that make up the body. The fluid that causes edema, mostly salt water, is outside the cells.

A chlorothiazide tablet has no effect whatsoever on ordinary fat. It does its work by helping the kidney remove the surplus extracellular fluid.

At the heart clinic of George Washington University Hospital, I asked Dr. John M. Evans, head of cardiac research, whether results with the new diuretic pill had been as dramatic as reported elsewhere. He thought for a moment and then asked me if I had noticed the man who had left his office as I entered. I nodded.

"We've had cases," Doctor Evans said, "in which chlorothiazide has eliminated a lot of edema in a short time, but to me the most dramatic effect has been on patients like that man who just left. It's the first time he's been here in a month. He used to come in every other day."

Almost two years before, Doctor Evans explained, the man, who was in his early forties, had a heart attack that sent him to the hospital in an ambulance. A blood clot in the coronary artery had so damaged the heart muscle that it was too weak to pump the normal supply of blood. It was the beginning of the condition called congestive heart failure, a prominent feature of which is the backing up of fluids in the tissues—edema. The mechanism of fluid retention in congestive failure is complex, and not all authorities agree on the details. But most of them believe that inadequate blood-flow through the kidneys impairs their ability to remove fluid.

In this patient—let's call him Bill Jones—the heart action was strengthened with digitalis, and the circulation, including that through the kidneys, was thus improved. And salt was eliminated from his diet entirely, because it is a factor in increasing water retention in the body. About five weeks after treatment was started, the heart lesion was healed and Bill Jones returned home. After eight weeks of progressive exercise to build up his strength, he went back to work. But the increased activity even in his office job was more than his reduced "heartpower" could handle. Despite the digitalis and salt restrictions, the body fluids began to accumulate again.

"At first," Doctor Evans recalled, "we were able to keep the edema under control with an injection of a mercurial diuretic once a week. But as time went on we had to give them twice, then three times a week. On occasions, he would gain as much as five or six pounds between an injection on a Friday, and Monday morning when he came in for another. The rapid fluctuations in weight, and the injections almost every other day, were beginning to get him down. Then, about a year ago, we put him on chlorothiazide."

Bill Jones took a series of pills on a Monday and soon lost the five pounds he had picked up over the weekend. Ever since, he has kept his weight within a normal range by taking four pills a day. So far as he is concerned, the doctors can throw away their hypodermic needles. Taken orally, chlorothiazide is as potent as the mercurial diuretics he was taking by injection. But that's not all. Since chlorothiazide helps the kidneys eliminate salt as well as water, the salt restrictions that are such a dismal part of all diets for congestive heart failure could be relaxed. Bill Jones' food tastes better now, and his general outlook on life has improved tremendously.

Mr Jones, an engineer employed by one of the Federal agencies in Washington, is a six-footer, weighs just under 180 pounds, and has a deep tan that suggests he does more with his leisure than sit on the porch.

"The doctors told me to keep up my golf," he explained. "I enjoy gardening too. So I'm out of doors a lot. I have much to be grateful for. You can't appreciate, for example, what it means to get rid of that hypodermic needle unless you've been jabbed with one continuously yourself. And the salt business." His face broke into a large smile. "I can really taste my food now," he said. "Even though I don't salt things at the table, I can eat most of the things I did before I got sick, including those cooked with salt. It's hard to say which was worse, the needle or the saltless diet."

Where did this remarkable pill come from and how does it work? The answer to the first part of the question is easy: the Merck Sharp & Dohme research laboratories at West Point, Pennsylvania. But describing how it works is not such a simple matter. Chlorothiazide increases the excretion of both sodium and chloride, the two ions of salt. The scene of action is in the kidneys, which regulate the volume and composition of body fluids, and specifically in the nephrons, or tubules, where the process of eliminating waste products is carried on.

"Just what the mechanism is that increases the excretion of salt," Dr. Karl H. Beyer, who directed the biological research, told me, "we still aren't sure. In some respects, chlorothiazide resembles other diuretics, but it also has an action that is for the most part unique. In addition, it heightens the effect of certain antihypertensive drugs for reasons we don't yet completely understand. When we find out just how it does work, we will know much more than we do about how the kidney itself functions."

Diuretic therapy is a relatively recent medical development, although edema is an ancient malady—the word comes from the Greek, *oidema*, meaning "swelling." The first significant remedy, described by the English physician Dr. William Withering in 1785, was the heart stimulant digitalis. But not until the turn of this century was salt identified as the culprit. To oversimplify the explanation of a complicated bodily process, you get rid of the salt and the water goes along with it.

An Austrian physician, Dr. Alfred Vogl, now an associate clinical professor at New York University College of Medicine, discovered how to get rid of the salt while at a clinic in Vienna. In treating a patient with severe edema resulting from syphilitic heart disease, he noted that a new mercury compound he was using for the syphilis also produced a diuretic effect that eliminated the edema. Publication of his discovery in February, 1920, was the beginning of modern diuretic therapy. The number of victims all over the world whose lives have been lengthened, sometimes many years, by use of mercurial diuretics runs well up in the millions.

In the past decade, the need for an oral diuretic has been emphasized by the U. S. Public Health Service and the American Heart Association, which have encouraged experiments with research grants. Dr. Robert W. Berliner, research director at the National Heart Institute, in Bethesda, Maryland, explained that mercury compounds have little diuretic effect unless given by injection, which usually requires a visit to a doctor's office. The goal was a medicine as potent as the mercurials, but one that patients could take orally at home or at work. Investigation of a score of compounds was fruitless until about five years ago the American Cyanamide Company, a pioneer in the sulfa chemicals—dyes as well as medicines—discovered a derivative related to the sulfa drugs, called acetazoleamide. It was the first effective oral diuretic, and was termed a carbonic anhydrase inhibitor, because it acted on carbonic anhydrase, an enzyme that is found in the kidney.

Taken orally, acetazoleamide—known commercially as Diamox—produced excellent results on the edema associated with many kinds of kidney disease and also with pregnancy. It even relieved glaucoma, in which there is an increased fluid pressure inside the eyeball, a pressure that causes restriction of vision and even blindness if not checked. However, Diamox had its limitations. Continuous use creates an acid condition of the blood, so that administration must be interrupted every four or five days to get the metabolism back to normal. And patients develop a resistance to acetazoleamide

NEXT WEEK

Should Justices of the Peace be Abolished?

By Joe Alex Morris

I CALL ON BRET MAVERICK

By Pete Martin

TV's James Garner

In Color:

Green Treasure of the Andes

Fabled Emeralds of Colombia

MICKEY COHEN: The Private Life of a Hood

Where Does His Money Come From?

Orbit Flight

An Adventure in Space by Frank Harvey

BUD WILKINSON of Oklahoma Defends College Football Recruiting

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after varying periods of time, so that it no longer has a diuretic effect.

Research at the Sharp and Dohme laboratory, begun before it was merged with the Merck Company in 1953, had also been concentrated on the sulfonamides. In the course of the experiments, some 200 different compounds had been synthesized and tested before the break came that sent Dr. James M. Sprague, chemical director of the program, and his associate, Dr. Frederick C. Novello, into a flurry of activity.

With Dr. John E. Baer, the pharmacologist, they had reviewed the test data on this group of compounds and decided to try to make just one more. But when they looked into the bottom of the flask, so to speak, they found not one chemical but two.

"At first, the uninvited half brother got little attention," Doctor Sprague explained. "Since they were closely related, however, we tried both compounds in our animal tests, and the unexpected product proved to be several times more effective than the one we had set out to make. It also had some characteristics that we had been hoping for. With some further refinements, it became chlorothiazide."

After the exhaustive tests prescribed for new drugs had been completed in October, 1956, chlorothiazide was introduced to specialists at hospital centers in Washington, Cleveland, Houston, New York and Boston. By January, 1957, the first papers began to appear in official medical publications, reporting favorable and often dramatic results.

Most of the early reports concerned edema of congestive heart failure and kidney diseases. Some told of good results in treating cirrhosis of the liver. A most significant appraisal of chlorothiazide came from the toxemia clinic of the District of Columbia General Hospital's obstetrical ward. Toxemia of pregnancy, at least the acute stage, eclampsia, is not a common ailment, according to the head of the clinic, Dr. Frank A. Finnerty, Jr. But the mild stage, pre-eclampsia, is not always easy to diagnose, and once it progresses to convulsions, circulatory failure and deep coma, it may be fatal.

"The cause of toxemia of pregnancy," Doctor Finnerty said, "is not known exactly. Almost all women during pregnancy, and many nonpregnant women even during menstruation, seem to have a tendency to accumulate body fluids, even though it may only be evident as a mild swelling in the ankles and legs at the end of the day. Whether the edema characteristic of toxemia is an exaggeration of the fluid accumulation of normal pregnancy or an entirely different condition we are not sure. But whatever the cause, toxemia can be fatal to both mother and child if it is not brought under control in time."

Chlorothiazide proved an ideal diuretic for treatment of the toxemias of pregnancy. When given at the first excessive weight gain or elevation of arterial blood pressure—two of the symptoms of pre-eclampsia—it frequently reversed the toxemic process.

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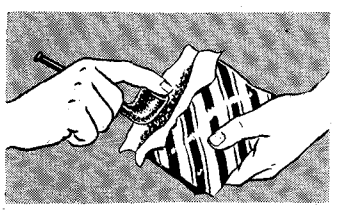
8 QUALITY BLENDS



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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Hello! I'm Henry Tinkle. Your son and I traded homes."

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None of the clinic's patients developed any resistance to chlorothiazide, so that it could be used effectively during the entire period of pregnancy. That is particularly important for patients with a history of hypertension before pregnancy, Doctor Finnerty pointed out, because they are prone to develop toxemia. Chlorothiazide can be prescribed for these patients from the first prenatal visit. If the patient has been taking medicine for high blood pressure, chlorothiazide will not only control the edema, it will enhance the potency of the antihypertensive drugs, so that their dosage can actually be reduced.

Eclampsia usually receives prompt treatment because the symptoms—convulsions and coma—are pressing. Preeclampsia often gets none at all because the symptoms don't seem alarming. Few doctors will prescribe, and fewer patients will follow a salt-free diet if the edema is mild and arterial pressure only slightly above normal, although neglect in time may cause serious consequences. Chlorothiazide is expected to prove invaluable in controlling those mild symptoms so that patients can enjoy a practically normal diet.

Another ailment not directly associated with the toxemia clinic but for which chlorothiazide has proved effective, according to Doctor Finnerty, is edema of premenstrual tension. It is a rather common disorder among women between twenty-five and forty, and probably has something to do with the increased hormone activity during the last half of the menstrual cycle. Chlorothiazide in small doses is usually enough to control the condition.

Almost as dramatic as its control of edema is the contribution chlorothiazide is making in the reduction of high blood pressure. Here it is usually combined with other hypertensive drugs, but in more than a year of trial it has given excellent results.

Since salt restriction has been a part of the treatment of hypertension for many years it was only natural that chlorothiazide, known for its ability to eliminate salt from the body, should be tried in the former condition. Among the first to use it in this way was Dr. Edward D. Freis, chief of the medical service of the Veterans Administration's Mount Alto Hospital, in Washington, D.C. And one of the first patients to whom he gave chlorothiazide experienced such a marked drop in blood pressure that a contemplated nerve operation, a sympathectomy, was found unnecessary.

The patient was a thirty-year-old man whose blood pressure in the course of fourteen months' treatment with other drugs had been reduced from 240 millimeters to 180, still far above the 120-to-140-millimeter range considered normal for his age. This reduction had been achieved by the use of drugs that act on the autonomic nervous system which regulates blood pressure by relaxing or constricting the arteries. Although the cause of most hypertension is unknown, the malfunctioning of this autonomic nervous system seems to be involved. Somehow, the vasomotor center in the brain gets set at a higher level and sends out impulses that relax and constrict the arteries on an exaggerated range, above the normal. This overconstriction of the arteries raises the blood pressure.

The purpose of a sympathectomy is to stop this overconstriction by cutting some of the nerve ganglia that carry the exaggerated impulses. The operation is considered a last resort, because the result is not always predictable, and some pain and temporary disability are involved. But for fifteen years prior to the introduction of the antihypertensive drugs about five years ago, sympathectomy was the most effective remedy for acute hypertension. And there are still occasions that demand it.

"Antihypertensive drugs," Doctor Freis explained, "fall into two principal categories. Some, like reserpine and hydralazine, act on the autonomic nerve center in the brain to lessen those constrictor impulses. Others act farther along the nerve pathways at the ganglia, where the nerves branch, and are called ganglionic blocking agents. In many patients, the ganglionic blockers achieve chemically the same result a sympathectomy does surgically. But in the patient we are concerned with here, the combination of reserpine and hydralazine, plus mecamylamine, one of the ganglionic blockers, had only brought his pressure down from 240 to 180. The dosage of drugs couldn't be increased without undesirable side effects. A sympathectomy was the only recourse. Since the operation meant the patient would be out a couple of months, we set it two weeks ahead to give him time to arrange things at home and at his job."

That was late in January, 1957. It so happens that Doctor Freis is also a consultant at Georgetown University Hospital, only a few blocks away from Mount Alto, and during that two weeks talked to Doctor Schreiner one day about his work with chlorothiazide in the renal clinic. Learning of its de-salting action, its potency, the lack of toxicity and its sustained effect week after week, he had a hunch. He sent for some chlorothiazide and when his sympathectomy candidate came to make arrangements to enter the hospital early in February —— But let the candidate, an electronic technician in nearby Hyattsville, Maryland, tell the story.

"I was practically ready to walk into the operating room," he told me, "when the doctor sent me back home with a bottle of pills to try for a week. I was already taking ten pills a day and never thought three more would matter. But when I woke up next morning I found out they did. I could hardly get out of bed. My wife took my blood pressure—she's an expert by this time—and it was 110, seventy points lower than when I went to bed the night before.

"Eileen called Doctor Freis right away. He said I should keep on taking the new pills, but to cut down the mecamylamine pills, the ones they call the blockers, from six to three a day. In a few more days, I'd cut them out altogether. With the new pills, the reserpine and hydralazine keep my blood pressure about 130, where it belongs. I still don't speak to the salt shaker at the table, but otherwise I eat everything the family does except very salty things. No pretzels with my beer."

In treating more than 125 hypertensive patients at Mount Alto, Doctor Freis has found that chlorothiazide alone reduces blood pressure in some patients, as much as 17 per cent in one group. But it is particularly effective in combination with other antihypertensive drugs such as reserpine, hydralazine and Veratrum. It heightens their effect, so that when chlorothiazide is used their dosage can be cut down as much as 40 per cent. Chlorothiazide has made it possible for patients taking ganglionic blocking agents to reduce the dose or even discontinue it entirely, although sometimes a milder drug must be substituted. It also brings a further reduction of pressure in patients who have undergone sympathectomy.

"In only a few cases," Doctor Freis said, "did chlorothiazide produce any side effects, and those were mild and transient. However, it is not a foolproof drug. In a patient without hypertension, chlorothiazide does not reduce the blood pressure below the normal level. In a hypertensive, however, it may, especially if he is taking blocking agents or has undergone sympathectomy. The dosage must be watched carefully to prevent low blood pressure. And special care must be taken with certain patients taking digitalis and suffering from kidney failure. When the proper precautions are taken, it is a potent aid."

Dr. Robert W. Wilkins, professor of medicine at Boston University and president of the American Heart Association, has recently added another word of caution regarding the administration of the new antihypertensive medicine. In an article in the Journal of the American Medical Association he states that trouble may arise when chlorothiazide is given continuously over long periods of time. Potassium levels in the blood are lowered in about 40 per cent of patients taking the drug for more than a week, unless they receive supplementary potassium. Because sodium restriction aggravates the potassium deficit he advises that low-salt diets be relaxed when patients start on chlorothiazide.

"Even with this precaution," Doctor Wilkins said, "serum potassium level may become so low that it is alarming to the physician and I suspect may be harmful to the patient," especially if he is subject to disturbances in the heart's rhythm or has coronary disease.

Doctor Wilkins reported there had been five deaths among several hundred patients given chlorothiazide in his hospital. Since all patients had heart disease, their deaths were listed as "cardiac," and "could not be blamed with certainty on the medicament being taken." He said that it nevertheless "seems possible that there may have been some connection between the use of chlorothiazide and death in some of these cases."

It is well to remember, Doctor Wilkins concluded, that chlorothiazide has been used continuously for only one year, and toxic reactions, sensitivity or other unfavorable side reactions may occur after a longer period of use.

In the most severe cases, of course, almost everything else has been tried. And chlorothiazide has succeeded where the others had failed. Even in the rapidly progressive type known as malignant hypertension (though it has nothing to do with cancer), the new drug has often proved effective. Malignant hypertension was usually fatal, within twelve months, before the advent of the antihypertensive drugs. Today it frequently yields to treatment if it is diagnosed in time. At the Hahnemann Medical College and Hospital, in Philadelphia, Dr. John H. Moyer, head of the department of medicine and one of the early researchers with chlorothiazide, recalled an emergency case that was treated recently.

The ambulance brought in a thirty-two-year-old woman who was found unconscious by her neighbors. The lower half of her body was swollen and puffy. Her heart was enlarged. Her blood pressure of 260 millimeters, about double the normal level, prompted an examination of her eyes. Hemorrhages of the retina and the condition known as papilledema, or edema of the optic nerve, were cardinal points in the diagnosis of malignant hypertension.

Admitted to the hospital, she was immediately given injections of reserpine and a ganglionic blocking agent, hexamethonium, to which on the second day chlorothiazide was added. By the sixth day the woman's pressure was down to 160 millimeters, and the resperine could be given orally instead of by injection. The hexamethonium was discontinued altogether. When she was discharged nine days later, the edema had disappeared and her heart had decreased in size. She keeps her blood pressure at a normal 130 with Rauwolfia and chlorothiazide.

Chlorothiazide is obtainable only by prescription. On the basis of the number of those being written, the drug, known commercially as Diuril, would be a contender for the title of Pill of the Year, if there were such a thing. To many millions suffering from edema, the lucky pill is proving a medical bonanza. If no long-range flaw turns up in its surprising and still unexplained action in reducing high blood pressure, many of the 20,000,000 Americans who suffer from that have hit a medical jack pot. THE END

"Richards, I've had my eye on you for some time . . . mind swapping desks with someone else?"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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# Del Crandall: Solid Man of the Braves

(Continued from Page 25)

among the ingredients that make an All-Star catcher. They are among the qualities that have made Del Crandall the No. 1 catcher in the National League and a vital performer in the Milwaukee Braves' second straight pennant dash.

As the 1958 baseball season moved deep into July it threatened to become for Fred Haney just one long midsummer night's scream. The man who was supposed to manage the Braves to an easy National League championship had watched his left fielder, Wes Covington, hobble in and out of the line-up on a left knee still sore and swollen from a spring-training accident. He had seen his second baseman, Red Schoendienst, forced to the side lines first by a rib injury, then by pleurisy and then by a crushed finger.

Outfielder Bob Hazle, the late-season batting sensation of 1957, had been unable to get back in the groove after two beanings and was sold in late May to Detroit. Bill Bruton, who came off the disabled list on May twenty-fourth after an absence of nearly a year, had been trying to play on a knee that still wasn't ready to carry him around center field as spryly as it once did. Finally, what was supposed to be the best holdover group of starting pitchers in the league had suffered an important loss when Bob Buhl's right shoulder went bad less than a month after opening day.

Through all these major misfortunes—plus minor mishaps involving third baseman Eddie Mathews, first basemen Joe Adcock and Frank Torre and outfielder Andy Pafko—the Braves remained at or near the front end of the standings. In the last week of June and the month of July, a period when the Braves never led by more than three and a half games and several times slipped into second place, a minor mob scene became familiar in the Milwaukee clubhouse. It found the sports writers jamming around either Carlton Willey or Joey Jay, the two young right-handed pitchers whose victories were keeping the club afloat.

Both Willey, a rookie up for his first season, and Jay, an ex-bonus boy who previously had pitched a total of only forty-eight innings for Milwaukee, handled these impromptu sessions in the same way. Each would politely work his way through the standard questions, and then, if no one broached his favorite subject, he would bring it up himself. The subject? Del Crandall.

Delmar Wesley Crandall was officially recognized as the league's No. 1 catcher for the first time this season when the players chose him to start the All-Star Game, an honor won the two preceding years by Cincinnati's Ed Bailey. Crandall proved his right to a top rating by his canny handling of Willey and Jay at a time when the crippled Braves truly needed a talent transfusion.

From June twenty-third through July thirty-first Milwaukee won twenty games to stay alive in what was then a wide-open race. Willey and Jay contributed nearly half of these victories—a combined total of nine. And after each success the winner had more to say about Crandall's work than his own.

After missing a perfect game against St. Louis on July twenty-third by the frustrating margin of two infield hits, Joey Jay bubbled, "Del's got to be the best catcher in baseball. He mixes up his calls like nobody I've ever seen."

Jay's July brilliance won for him the league's "player of the month" award. His poise and his use of breaking pitches in tight spots drew much acclaim. His ability to put a curve across a corner of the plate when the pressure was on prompted Milwaukee pitching coach Whitlow Wyatt to call Jay "the best young pitcher I've ever seen."

Jay attempted to deflect praise in Crandall's direction, saying, "I only throw what Del calls for." Reminded that it was the pitcher who had to do the throwing, Jay shot right back, "Sure, but Crandall makes a pitcher feel like there isn't any question about it. The ball is going to be in there and it's going to get the batter out."

Carl Willey seconds all this fervently. He leaves little doubt that if Crandall were to signal him to throw a high fast one right between the umpire's eyes, the deed would be as good as done.

"If Del calls for a certain pitch, I know it's the right one," Willey says. "Besides that, he's like a coach on the field. He can spot a flaw in my motion as soon as it shows up, like failing to follow through, or letting a curve ball go too soon."

After Willey had beaten Robin Roberts, 1–0, on August fifteenth, Eddie Sawyer, manager of the Phillies, indulged in the loser's right to question fate. "That boy doesn't look like a shutout pitcher," he said. "I mean he isn't overpowering. But I've got to admit he knows what he's doing out there."

What Willey was doing was just what Crandall asked of him, and he did it well because he felt the requests were absolutely right. This confidence that Crandall inspires in his pitchers is considered by many baseball men to be the most valuable single asset a catcher can have.

Crandall achieves this without being the "holler-guy" type. The Braves do not possess such a player. The team is composed mostly of men who would take great delight in stuffing a holler guy head first into a bat bag. What field leadership there is arises from the respect that his mates have for Crandall—an intelligent, articulate young man of twenty-eight, matured by more than seven seasons of big-league catching—and the respect that everyone connected with the Braves has for the veteran Red Schoendienst. As tangible evidence of how the players feel about Crandall, they have chosen Del as the team's player representative in the Major League Baseball Players' Association.

The Milwaukee brass is high on him too. Fred Haney, who has never tried to talk any of his players into early Hall of Fame berths, says, "No question about it, Crandall is the outstanding catcher in the league. A pitcher has got to believe in his catcher. In the three years that I've been over here Del has improved a great deal in this respect. All the pitchers, youngsters and veterans alike, now have faith in his judgment.

"His diagnosis is very good. He's helped himself by studying each of his pitchers. A catcher has to know what his pitcher does best. If you get beat when a batter hits a good pitch, you can say, 'To hell with today's game, we'll get 'em tomorrow.' But if you get beat by a foolish pitch, then it eats on you. I don't have to worry much about that kind of beating with Crandall catching."

With the falling bodies of disabled players having thudded around him so often this season, Haney was asked if the vision of a possible injury to Crandall had haunted him.

"You're damn right it did. That was one of my biggest worries. I could afford to lose all those other guys that had been hurt, better than I could have afforded to lose my catcher, especially with us trying to get along with just two receivers, Crandall and Del Rice."

On September seventh Crandall came up with a pulled muscle in his left leg during a game in Pittsburgh. It was decided to rest Del for a while. By this time all the previously injured regulars were back in action, and the Braves had opened up a convincing lead.

The leg ailment hampered Del only in running. He is fast for a catcher. Speed, of course, is a relative term on the Braves. With Covington and Bruton slowed by knee injuries, the only Milwaukee players who can be considered fleet of foot are Henry Aaron and Eddie Mathews. Crandall may not have a sprinter's speed, but for a catcher, quickness behind the plate is much more important. Crandall's quickness is evidenced by his record for assists. He led the league in this department in 1953, 1954 and 1957 and was again well ahead as this season approached its ending.

A catcher gets his assists chiefly by retiring would-be base stealers and by throwing out batters and base runners on bunts. The catcher who can get out of his crouch without the aid of a crane is a handy man to have around on an attempted sacrifice. He can often foil the sacrifice by getting the lead base runner, and, failing that, he minimizes the possibility of missing the batter at first base.

The Braves' general manager, John Quinn, says, "Before Crandall went into the service in 1951 he had a real shotgun. While he's lost some of that steam, he gets the job done just the same with quickness and accuracy."

Crandall himself says, "If a catcher has a reputation as a hard man to run on, then a player won't take chances. Besides, the game has changed so that stealing isn't much of a hazard, unless you're working with a pitcher who can't hold a runner near the bag."

Del Crandall has a clean-cut collegiate appearance—he actually went into baseball directly from high school—a strawberry-blond crew cut and early-to-bed philosophy. On a team that at one time grew round-shouldered under the weight of its playboy labels, Crandall stands apart with a reputation that borders on the monastic.

When four Braves found themselves involved in a "dunking party" alongside the swimming pool at a movie executive's home in Los Angeles last July, some of the sting was taken out of the resultant headlines by the fact that Red Schoendienst was among the group. Milwaukeeans reasoned that if the Redhead was there, it couldn't have been any bacchanalian orgy. The only thing that could have made the affair appear any more innocent to the home fans would have been the presence of Del Crandall.

Early in the season, when cautioned not to get into any trouble on the road, pitcher Bob Trowbridge responded, "How can I get in any trouble rooming with Crandall? He's even got me drinking milk shakes now."

Although the wholesome life no doubt has helped Crandall to keep fit for his rugged duties behind the plate, until recently it didn't seem to be doing him much good when he stepped up there with a bat in his hands. A right-handed hitter, he has power—he has collected from fifteen to twenty-six home runs a year for the last half-dozen seasons—but essentially he appeared to be just another infrequent-hitting catcher. Del batted a commendable .272 back in 1953, then tailed off badly. His career average up to this season was only .247.

For most of the current campaign, though, Crandall has been hitting .275 or better, and driving in runs at a rate that promised to take him past his previous personal high of sixty-four, which he attained in 1954. That's a creditable figure for a man who generally hits seventh or eighth in the batting order.

Said general manager John Quinn recently, "Del's always been a good receiver. Now he's getting his batting average up there too. Until Roy Campanella had his tragic accident, it was his bat that helped keep him ahead of Crandall. Now Del is the best in the league. Maybe he's the best in baseball, but I can't say that, because I (*Continued on Page 100*)

"When Melvin takes me on a date he spends money just like it was water . . . drip! drip! drip!"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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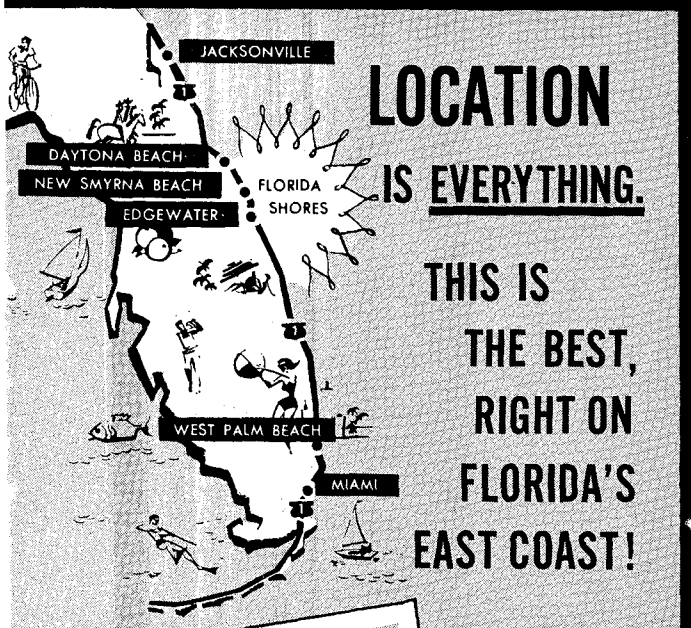


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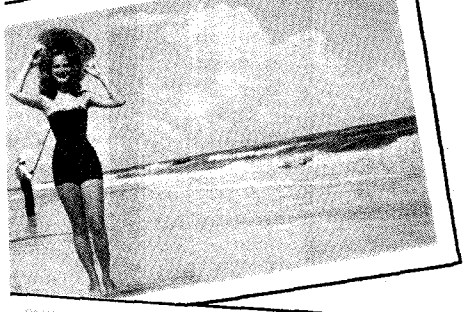

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**FLORIDA SHORES REFERENCES**

1. New Smyrna Beach Chamber of Commerce New Smyrna Beach, Florida
2. Bank of New Smyrna Beach, Florida
3. Better Business Division, Miami-Dade Chamber of Commerce, Miami, Florida

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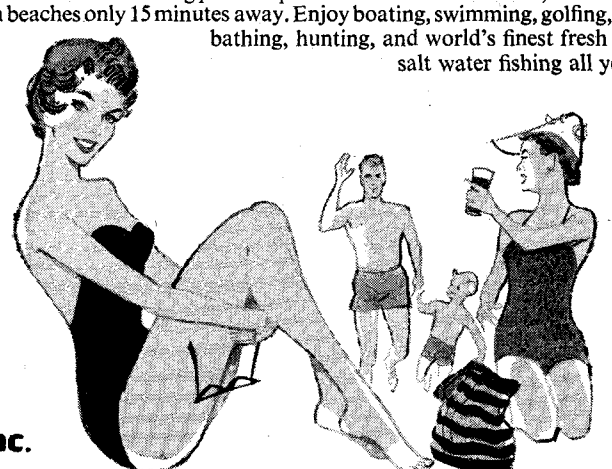

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(*Continued from Page 98*) don't get to see enough of the American League."

Del says that his hitting power has been curtailed somewhat by an injury he sustained in 1956 when Dick Cole, of Pittsburgh, slammed into him on a play at the plate.

"I chipped some bones in my left elbow and it never has completely healed," Crandall declares. "But it might have been a blessing in disguise. It's cut down my swing some, and now that I've learned to live with it, maybe it's helped me to boost my batting average.

"You know, on the face of things you'd think being a catcher would help a man in his hitting. Studying the pitchers the way we do we ought to know a little something extra. But there can't be much in that, because so many catchers have trouble hitting. Maybe we think too much up at the plate."

Crandall has been known as a dead-left-field hitter through most of his career. There have been rumors that he was going to try to learn to hit to all fields.

"That kind of talk is of no consequence," he scoffs. "If you're a pull hitter someone is always talking about getting you to spray the ball. If you hit to all fields, they want to teach you to pull. Being able to hit to all fields is a help if you can really do it. I've been hitting more to center this year than usual, but hardly at all to right."

As for his operations in back of the bat, Crandall agrees that the first requirement for a successful catcher is to have the confidence of his pitchers. "Next to that," he says, "I think the best weapon is the element of surprise. I try to steer clear of patterns that might help the guess hitter."

There was a graphic illustration of this on the night of August first in a game at Milwaukee that saw the beginning of the San Francisco Giants' decline as a pennant threat. The Braves then were only one game ahead of the Giants. In the opener of a four-game series, Milwaukee starting pitcher Lew Burdette had a 4–2 lead going into the ninth inning. When the Giants got runners to second and third with two out and Willie Mays coming to the plate, Fred Haney replaced Burdette with relief specialist Don McMahon.

McMahon can virtually fire his fast ball through a dugout wall, an accomplishment that is frowned on by stadium maintenance men, but one that comes in quite handy for a relief pitcher. He threw seven straight fast balls to Mays—including some that were foul-tipped—as the count went to three and two. Mays, poised for fast ball No. 8, never moved his bat as McMahon curved a third strike past him.

Later on in the clubhouse, McMahon, who has often expressed contempt for his curve ball, said, "I almost fell off the mound when Crandall called for that curve."

Playing around with surprise pitches will not win games unless there is some thinking behind it, of course. Crandall says, "I can't call for something if I know it isn't working. McMahon's curve is a good one. He doesn't have as much faith in it as he has in his fast ball, but it's still a good curve or I wouldn't have called for it.

"As for my handling of Jay and Willey, that's another case of going with what the pitcher has. The first thing I try to find out is what is working best in a particular game. You can't find out in the warm up. It's got to be in the game. Sometimes a pitcher has a good curve and can't control his fast ball. Sometimes it's the other way around. Sometimes it varies from inning to inning.

"When I call for breaking stuff it's because I think the pitcher can get it over, no matter what the count is. When Jay got his first chance to start I figured we might as well try straight off to build up his confidence in all of his pitches. He'd never had a chance to pitch much before, but he had the equipment. All he needed was the feeling that he could use it. He got off to a good start, and up to the time he hurt his arm late in July he was looking like one of the best pitchers in the league."

Crandall says that the term "weakness" is overworked and misunderstood in connection with what a batter can or can't hit. "There isn't a man in the majors who can't hit a ball wherever it's pitched unless there's something on it. To me the pitcher's strength is much more important than any weakness on the part of the hitter. If a pitcher could do just what he wanted with the ball every time, the batter wouldn't have a chance. But the human element enters in, so we have such a thing as .300 hitters."

Crandall is six feet, one and a half inches tall, and weighs a solid 192 pounds. Aside from his elbow injury in 1956 and an ankle injury in 1954—also sustained in a collision at home plate—he has had no major physical problems. His durability has been especially welcome on a team as accident-prone as the Braves.

"Maybe my style of catching is a little different than some," Crandall reflects, "because I've never had much trouble with hand injuries. I've never had a fracture, and have had only one split finger. Other than that I think I'm pretty much a basic catcher. I might move around behind the plate a little more, because I think a good target is important."

The Yankees' Yogi Berra, until this season the American League's acknowledged premier receiver, has built up a reputation as a conversationalist behind the plate. This isn't Crandall's style. He says he doesn't talk to the hitters because he figures he has enough to do just tending to his own job.

The high pop foul, an item that has put unsightly creases in the brows of many catchers, is no headache for Crandall. He does not stagger or circle. He runs to the spot where it is coming down and catches it. Del testifies that the hardest play for him is the throw to second base, whether it be on a steal, a pickoff or a bunt.

Crandall displayed a valuable versatility in 1957, filling in during emergencies as an outfielder and at first base. Asked if Crandall accepts such assignments without pouting, Manager Haney replies, "Sure, he gets a kick out of it."

Del corroborates, "Yeah, I don't mind filling in. You go where they tell you. I feel that I can do the job, so why not do it?"

However, catching became his specialty at an early age. He first put on the mask in the fifth grade at grammar school in Fullerton, California. "It was an organized team, and all the other positions were filled. I was short then, and—well, almost fat. So maybe that's why the coach decided I ought to be a catcher."

Del grew up to become the high-school varsity catcher for three years in Fullerton. His team won no major honors, but Del himself was sought upon graduation in 1948 by every major-league team except the Phillies, A's and Washington Senators. A couple of Pacific Coast League clubs also were after him.

"My dad and I boiled it down to the two Boston clubs"—the Braves were still in Boston then—"mainly because their catching was getting old. Both teams offered me the same contract, but we finally settled on the Braves. As things turned out, we couldn't have made a better decision."

Crandall did not grow up in the kind of family where they start pushing baseballs at a newborn son in his baby buggy. However, he credits his parents with being a big help to him.

"My folks did all they could to encourage me," he says. "Dad wasn't a baseball player himself, but he never stood in my way when it came to playing ball. That meant a lot, because we didn't have it easy. We didn't have too much."

Del was born at Ontario, California, on March 5, 1930. The family moved to Fullerton when he was six years old. His parents still live there. His father, Richard, works for the Fullerton parks department. Del has two sisters—Mrs. Barbara Ziegelmann, of Fullerton, and Mrs. Betty Peterson, of Oakland.

After Crandall signed with the Braves in 1948, his rise was even more rapid than Del and his dad had hoped. He started at Leavenworth, Kansas, in the Class C Western Association, then was brought up to Boston near the end of the season for a taste of National League competition. In 1949 he was assigned to Evansville, Indiana, in the Class B Three-I League. In mid-June, hitting .351, he was called up to the Braves for keeps at the precocious age of nineteen. He did considerable major-league catching that season and the next, then went into the Army for two years.

Crandall spent eleven months at Fort Ord, California, and served the rest of his military stint in Japan. While in the Army he was married to Frances Sorrells on March 18, 1951. She is a Fullerton girl, but as it happened, they did not know each other until after Del had finished high school. They now have three children—Del, Jr., six; Billy, three and a half, and Ronnie, nineteen months.

Crandall got to play some baseball in the service—between sixty and sixty-five games, he estimates. He didn't do much catching, though. He hurt his arm one day throwing without an adequate warm up, and thereafter was stationed mostly at first base. This injury may be what robbed Crandall of the "shotgun" arm he used to possess.

As has been stated, the arm is now more than adequate to do the job. Del Crandall today is a well-established ballplayer and citizen. His clean-living habits reflect more than just a desire to keep in good playing condition. "I attend church regularly, and I try to live up to what my church expects of me," he says.

Crandall has been an active member of the First Christian Church of Fullerton in the off season. In other years the Crandalls have always deserted their Milwaukee apartment at the end of the season and returned to Fullerton, but this year they will get their first taste of a Wisconsin winter.

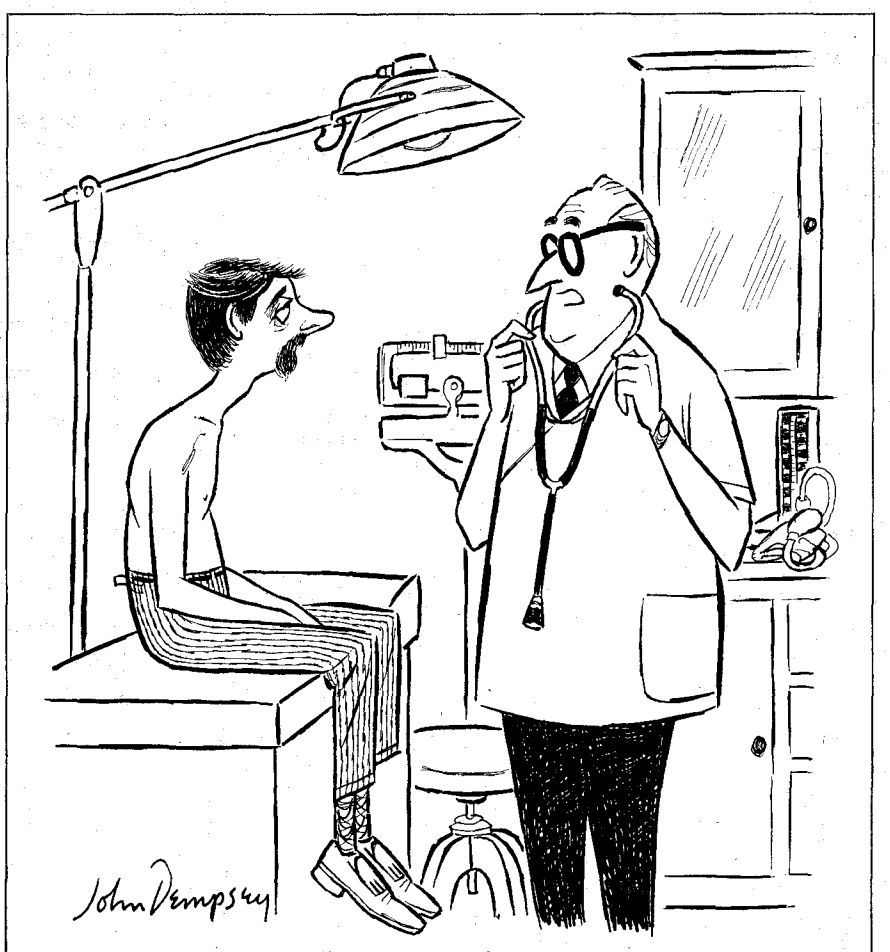
This year also will mark the first time that Crandall has taken a winter job. He will be working as a public-relations man with a Milwaukee dry-cleaning firm. However, baseball remains his major interest. He probably is up around the $20,000 salary level—plus World Series cuts. Crandall hopes to stay in the game in some capacity after he is finished as a ballplayer. Del lists photography as his hobby. He also shoots some golf.

His selection as the National League's All-Star Game catcher this summer does not appear to have turned Crandall's level head. "It's nice when it happens, certainly," he says. "But after that, you have to go on playing every day and trying to maintain that No. 1 status. Being an All-Star doesn't mean you're going to stay one without working at it."

Not long ago general manager John Quinn was asked if other teams had shown much interest in acquiring Crandall during the years when Del was still in the process of proving himself as a first-class receiver.

Quinn replied, "In trade talks there are certain players you don't go around making offers for. You know that there is no point in it, that the man you're talking to won't pay any attention to you. I mean players like Willie Mays or Stan Musial."

By implication, he was putting Crandall in the same untouchable class. This is exceedingly fast company. But then, a good con man who can also catch, hit a baseball out of the park and stand up under the daily wear and tear is exceedingly hard to come by. THE END




"Man, you're beat."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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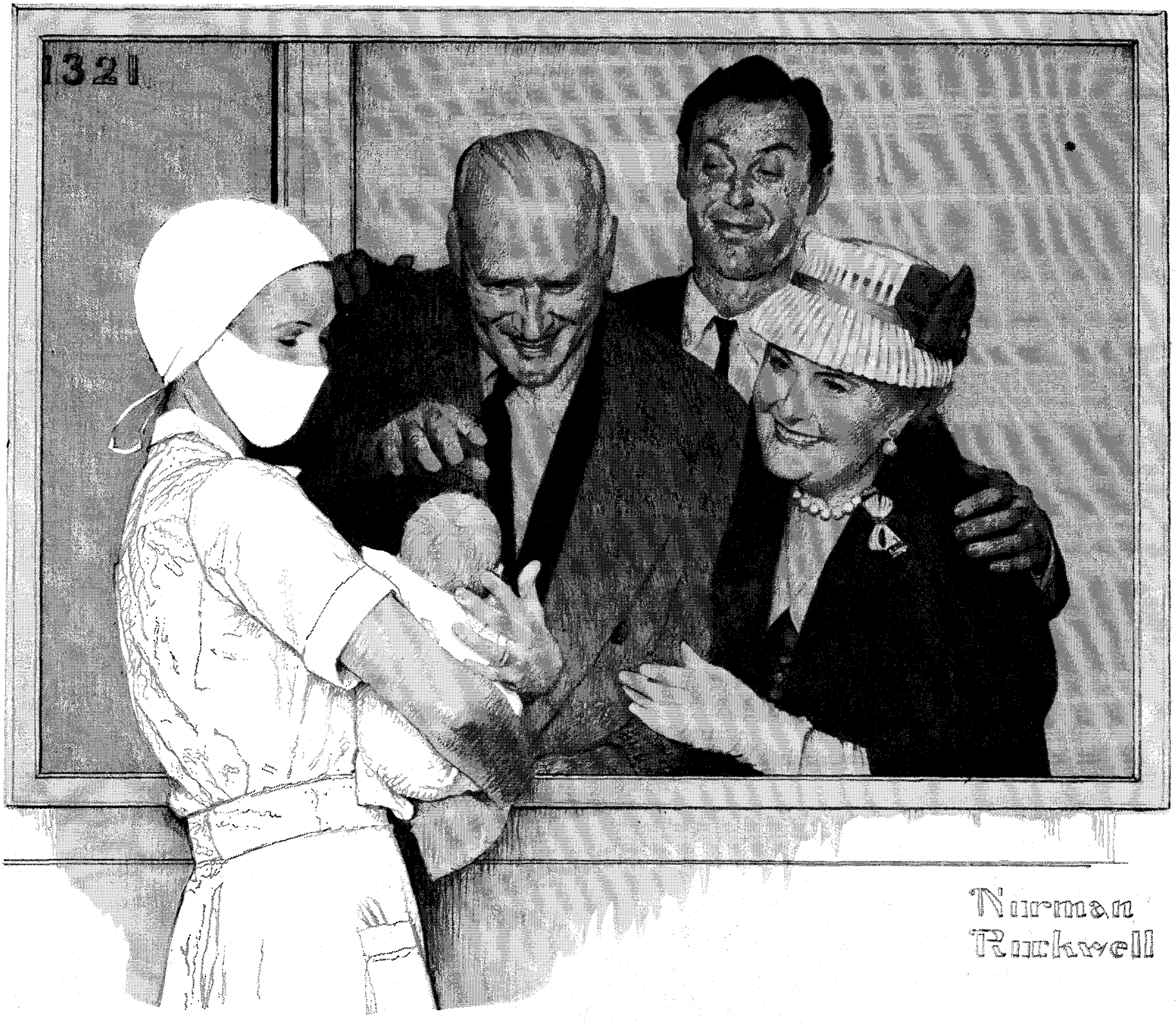


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# The Deadly Depths (Continued from Page 31)

was a chunk of fresh catfish; dropped it, picked it up again, dropped it. Corky braced his feet against the transom of the boat. April was spawning season and one black drum weighing a hundred and eleven pounds had been caught in Barrett's Bay, and others, weighing much more, had been lost.

In the primeval ooze around the bay banks, Corky had driven stout cypress stakes strategically spaced. To each stake he had attached a cord; to each cord, a dead chicken. The chickens were impaled on steel shark hooks. Across the sandbar, at the mouth of the bay, he had driven more stakes and strung some barbed wire. Because Corky wasn't fishing for drum. He wasn't, in truth, fishing at all. He was hunting for a murderer and he didn't want to be disturbed.

Instinct, born of living beside a salt waterway, and observation told him the murderer still hid in these waters. But there was much disagreement over what kind of a thing had murdered his father.

A puff of wind moved the boat. The wind carried the aromatic odor of pine-log smoke and the acidulous smell of salt marshes. It also brought the sound of a guitar and a sweet and low-pitched voice:

*Sinner man, you cain't fool God,*
*You cain't fool God, you sinner man,*
*No, sinner, man, you cain't fool God,*
*'Cause He got His eyes on you. . . .*

The voice raised Corky's spirits a trifle. It was the voice of Betsy Bishop, who was the wife of Simon Bishop. Simon was a crab man, who worked all night and slept all day. So Betsy sang away her lonesomeness in their squatter's shack on the west side of the canal. Finer black people than the Bishops were hard to come by.

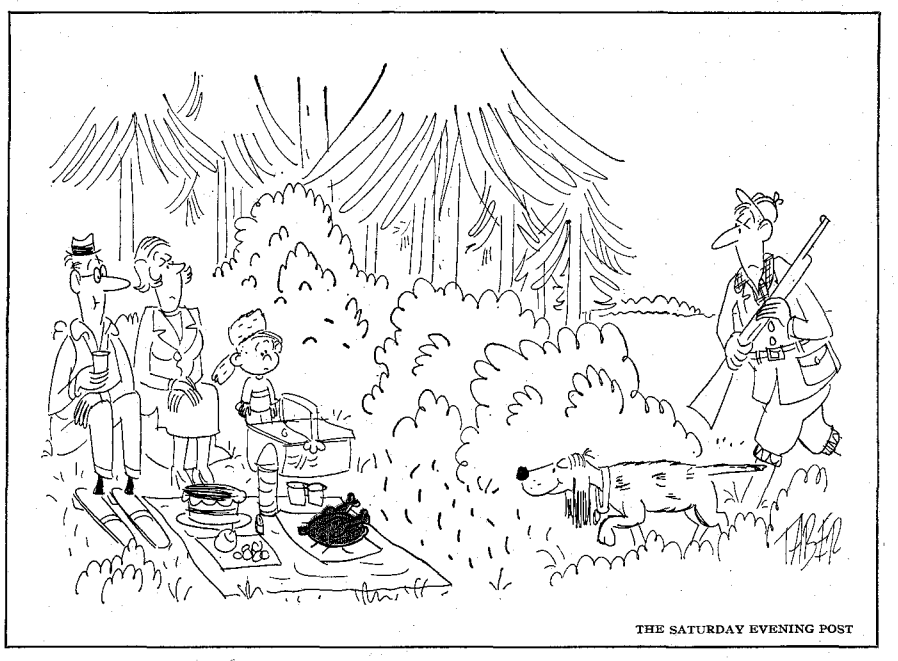
The swamp fog, swirling in the wind puffs from the north, chilled him. He reached for some old gunny sacks in the bow of the boat and draped them around his shoulders. But the sacks had absorbed the coldness and the dampness of the night mists and they were not helpful.

He closed his eyes because they were burning, partly from salt spray, but mostly from tiredness. Then he heard something he had been waiting for; something that his ears, like antennas, were beamed for—a long, rasping sigh and the gurgling of water close to one of the chicken stakes. He straightened up.

*It has been just about three hours since the last time,* he thought. *The book says they must breathe every three hours.* The gurgling stopped and he thought, dismally, *The book also says they rarely eat when the air and water are cold.*

Another sound reached his ears. It was a rustling, scraping noise. He reached for his .22-caliber rifle, which lay in the bow of the boat. He fired, once, in the general direction of the noise. He heard some scrambling and some weird grunts. Then it was quiet again. This was the fourth time raccoons had raided his baited stakes. They had stolen two chickens.

The hours—soggy, blind, miserable hours—passed slowly. The young man appeared to be asleep. But his eyes were paper-thin slits, very much alive and astonishingly alert as they knifed in all directions across Barrett's Bay. His ears, too, were alert.




The gray fingers of the false dawn crept over the tops of cabbage-palm hammocks. Even without feeling it, he knew the wind had swung to the east, because now he could hear the dull booming of the Atlantic surf. The sun came up, a gigantic orange, and its heat felt good. But soon it turned grapefruit yellow and the rays bit into the skin.

Then he heard the wheezing of an ancient, low-horsepowered outboard motor and presently Simon Bishop hove in sight, and Corky knew by the way his gunnels rode that his wire baskets were loaded with fat blue-clawed crabs. Simon cut his motor a good hundred yards south of Barrett's Bay and used an oar to work his way up to Corky's temporary barbed-wire barrier.

Simon spoke softly, "You see anything, mahn?"

Corky shook his head. "Heard something—twice. Didn't see it. Too black."

"We got a fat moon," Simon said. "East wind'll blow off the land fog tonight, maybe. Should he'p some." He reached into a paper sack. "I brung you some coffee. A hot jug. Want I should come under the wire?"

"I'll move over there. I got lots of slack in the anchor ropes." Corky paddled his boat over to the wire.

"Your mom," Simon said soberly, "is worried-like to pieces about you."

Corky's jaw stiffened. "Won't do her no good—worryin'. I'm fixing to stay out here. Did you tell her Mr. Bona said he'd send her my pay check?" Danny Bona ran the shrimp processing plant at Mayport. Corky, since he had quit school, worked there. For many years, Jonathan Walker, Sr., had been Danny's first mate aboard the shrimp trawler Polly.

Simon shook the salt water off his yellow plastic cap. "Your mom ain't worried about no pay check. She's fearin' you

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maybe'll get the swamp fever; she's fearin' maybe something worse'n swamp fever'll get you, mahn."

"Shoot!" Corky gulped some hot coffee. It unlimbered him. He stood up. Corky was six-feet-four. His hair was a tangled black mass. His muscles were as solid as cypress knees. Corky was the spitting image of the late Jonathan Walker, Sr.

Simon said, very seriously, "I seen old Knobnose back in Big Cypress. Climbin' on a log for some sunshine. He look mighty fat and contented, mahn. Let's go get him."

Corky stretched and his joints creaked. "Shoot, Simon! That old 'gator wouldn't hurt nobody. I used to ride on his back when I was a kid."

Simon said dubiously, "He must weigh a thousand pounds. He must be a thousand year old. How come you so sure it war'n't old Knobnose?"

Corky thought unhappily, *Here we go again. Simon thinks it was old Knobnose. Deputy Sheriff Sadler says it was a mako shark. The fish-and-wildlife men believe it was a moray eel. The doctors say it was a 'cuda. Nobody really knows. But I think I know.*

Corky said firmly, "Old Knobnose don't have a mean streak in him. He just wants to be left alone and fish Big Cypress. Besides, 'gators, when they grab, they roll and turn and mangle." He hesitated. The next words were painful. "You saw dad's leg. Chopped right off—real fast. Faster'n any 'gator ever could move. You know that, Simon."

Simon was cleaning his pipe with a broom straw. He nodded. "Maybe you is right, mahn. It was a mighty fast chop-off." He paused. "Take a mighty big 'cuda. In forty-seven years crabbin' an' fishin' an' seinin' I never seen barracuda that big in the canal, mahn."

Corky's mind was reconstructing. He shuddered. It had been what—three?—no—four afternoons ago. A nor'easter had been blowing. The shrimp fleet had been bottled in snug harbor at Mayport. Jonathan Walker, Sr., and Corky had gone fishing for drum because at the Jacksonville market they could pick up as much as nine cents a pound for freshly caught black drum.

Jonathan, Sr., fishing from the stern with a stout line and using dead jumbo shrimp for bait, had been unusually jovial.

"Your maw's birthday," Jonathan said, "comes April twenty-nine."

"Yes, sir," Corky said, surprised.

"We got three hundred in cash money laid aside, son. Three hundred she don't know about. Reckon it would buy that fancy electric washin' machine an' the freezer box too."

Corky's eyes, which, like his father's, were deep-water blue, sparkled. "That would sure make her happy."

Jonathan, Sr., chuckled. "Such things she ain't got to have, son. Such things she got along without all these years. But they're things she's been talkin' about, on and off-like. That's what makes a woman happy. Gettin' things she ain't got to have."

"Yes, sir," Corky said happily.

Jonathan, Sr., basking in the mellow sunshine of his idea, wound the fish cord around his left wrist while he lit his pipe. On several occasions, Corky's ears had been cuffed for winding fish line around his hands or wrists.

"Shoot!" Jonathan, Sr., said with a wide grin, "man might just as well spread a little happiness while he can still spread. We'll get us a big birthday card—one of them lacy ones—an' you an' me can sign it. We'll ——"

The pipe flew out of his mouth. His left arm straightened like a railway semaphore. Then he was overboard, in a smother of foam. Corky, terrified, hauled in the anchor. His father was struggling to loosen the cord around his wrist. But something powerful was dragging him.

Corky kicked off his knee boots. He jammed the bone handle of a fish knife between his teeth. He prepared to dive. Then his father screamed. Corky had never before heard a man scream. He was, forevermore, to hear its echo.

Even as the scream was absorbed by the high mud banks of the canal, Jonathan, Sr., shouted—and it was his last shout—"Corky—stay in the boat! You hear, son? That's an order!"

Corky saw his father's head vanish beneath the green water. Then he saw blobs of crimson, staining the green. Corky dived.

He reached his father in eight powerful strokes. He swam a little ahead of his father. He dived again and with the knife severed the fish line. Then he swam back, grabbed his father by the hair and started struggling back to the boat. That was when Simon Bishop had puttered alongside. Simon, too, grabbed Jonathan, Sr.'s, hair, then the shoulders. Simon heaved.

"Oh, my Lord!" Simon said, as Jonathan, Sr., landed in his boat. "Oh, my Lord Almighty, Mr. Jonathan! What they done to you, mahn?"

Corky glanced at his father's left leg, then at the bottom of the boat. He became sick. Simon helped him aboard. They headed for a nearby fishing camp and long before they reached the dock Simon was shouting, through cupped hands, "Go get a doctah! Go call the sheriff! Mahn here's got a leg bit clean off. Go get a doctah, damn you all!" Tears were rolling off Simon's cheeks.

# The day I flipped!

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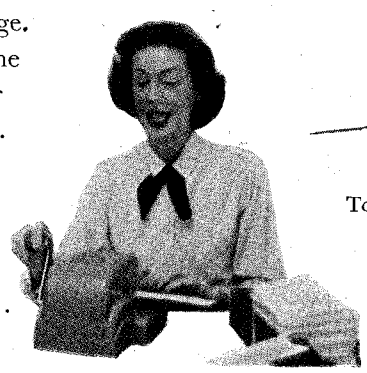

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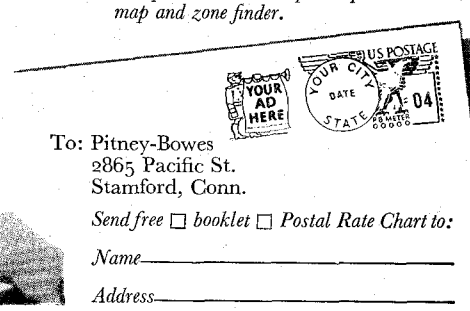


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But long before Deputy Sheriff Sadler's patrol car reached the hospital at Jacksonville, Jonathan, Sr., was dead. They had applied tourniquets. But the doctors blamed shock rather than loss of blood.

Now Simon Bishop cranked up his ancient motor.

"Betsy be down—'fore noon," he said.

"Thanks for the coffee," Corky said gratefully.

With the sun came canal traffic. Three shrimp boats, as white and as graceful as swans, passed Barrett's Bay. The skipper of the fleet waved from a pilot house. It was Danny Bona. Corky returned the wave. Several northbound luxury yachts, disregarding waterway speed limits, fishing camps and fishermen, roared by. Their high wakes sloshed angrily against the waterway banks, tossing small boats and making pilings creak. Then came the press boat—an eighteen-foot cruiser equipped with two powerful outboard motors and a movie camera. Corky felt his blood pressure mounting. Enough was enough!

The man at the cruiser's controls waved and shouted, "Corky, we're coming under the wire. I want some close-ups." Corky recognized him as Sam Odum, a television man from Miami.

"Better not!" Corky warned. His chin was jutting.

Odum, grinning, said, "You don't own these waters, Walker. A lot of people would pay plenty for this kind of publicity." He started to raise the single strand of barbed wire with a boat hook.

Corky's left hand fumbled behind him. He raised the .22-caliber rifle. He fired a single shot. The bullet whined, inches to starboard of Odum's right ear.

"Why, damn your hide!" Odum shouted, dropping the wire. "I'll fix you. I'm going to get Sheriff Sadler."

Corky merely held the rifle across his knees.

A man with gray hair, a pleasant face and a mild manner was standing in the stern of the press boat.

"Corky," he said quietly, "my name's Anders. I'm with the Associated Press. What do you figure it was that got your father?"

Corky's eyes measured the man for size and quality. Then he said calmly, "That's what I'm fixing to find out if you fellows will leave me alone and quit racketing up the bay water."

The AP man was persistent. "A barracuda?"

"Don't know, Mr. Anders. Doubt it."

"Mako shark?"

"Just don't know. Nobody knows, for sure."

"How long you going to stay out here, Corky?"

Corky's eyes flashed. "Until I get it."

"And then?" Anders asked.

"Kill it. Like it killed my dad."

Odum raised the barbed wire again. "One close-up, Corky," he said. "Pretend you're fighting a big fish."

Corky raised the rifle and drew a bead on the camera lens.

"Let's go, Sam," the AP man said quietly. "I think I know how he feels. I know how I would feel."

The press cruiser roared away. Corky sighed.

About ten, Betsy Bishop paddled up to the wire in a canoe. Betsy looked as old, as black and as ugly as old Knobnose, but her heart was bigger than the mouth of the St. Johns River.

"Got you some fried chicken and some warmed-up grits, Mr. Corky," Betsy said softly. "Your mom says you best come home an' git a bath an' some rest. You hear?"

"I hear," said Corky. He accepted the brown bag of chicken and grits. He also reached eagerly for the gallon jug of fresh spring water that Betsy held out for him. He said, "I sure do thank you. You and Simon both."

She frowned. "You goin' home an' see your maw?"

"Nope. Stayin' here."

"Miss Randy was askin' 'bout you."

Corky thirstily gulped some water.

Betsy added, "Miss Randy say she know you don't want to be pestered. But she say—you git too lonesome—she be glad to come an' set with you. Jest set. No talk."

Randy Russell had been Corky's sweetheart ever since he could remember. She had black hair, eyes that matched the incoming green tide at the jetties. Randy had decided, at the age of twelve, that Corky was "her man." No one disputed it. Not even Corky.

Right now, Randy was studying at the university in Jacksonville, concentrating on oceanography. Summertimes, she worked at a library at one of the beaches. She brought stacks of books to Corky. Most of them concerned commercial fishing, because Corky someday was going to own and operate his own shrimp trawler.

"Tell Randy I said 'Hey!'" Corky said to Betsy.

Impatiently, Betsy dug her paddle into the water.

Shortly before dusk, Deputy Sheriff Sadler came to see him. He cut his motor a hundred yards or more before he reached the bay. Sadler was even taller than Corky and he weighed two hundred and seventy pounds. His boat rocked dangerously as he shifted his weight to attach his painter to the barbed wire. Sadler always wore a wide-brimmed black hat and he was rarely seen without a cigar in his mouth.

"Anything stirring, son?" Sadler asked. His voice was Deep-South-soft yet strangely penetrating.

Corky shook his head.

"See two of your chickens is gone. Coons?"

Corky nodded.

"You want, I'll fetch you a couple of fresh ones." Sadler relighted his cigar. His eyes focused on the rifle in Corky's boat.

"Corky," he said hesitatingly, "a man can't lick somethin' he can't see, or hear, or feel. The fish-and-wildlife boys want to come in here with steel-mesh nets an' drag bottom. Reckon all the publicity got 'em upset-like."

Corky scowled. "Reckon I can't stop 'em."

Now Sadler spoke less softly. "You'd best quit wavin' that rifle of yourn around like it was a palm frond. I got complaints. Pointin' an' firin' a gun at a man is a felony. You hear, son?"

"Yes, sir," Corky said dully.

"I'll bring over a couple more dead chickens." Sadler's voice had changed again. Now it sounded understanding and sympathetic. "I'll see if I can't hold off them fish-and-wildlife boys for a few days. Kind of know how you feel."

The sheriff rowed away. But half an hour later, after dark, he returned with two dead chickens, two ham sandwiches and a flask of coffee.

"You want a see-gar?" Sadler asked Corky.

"No, thank you. Don't use 'em," Corky said.

"Skeeters ain't bad yet. But the gnats an' fruit flies is mighty pestiferous. Cigar smoke he'ps." The sheriff patted a hip pocket. "You feelin' chilled, I got somethin' a little hotter'n coffee. Just say the word."

"Thanks a lot," Corky said gratefully, "but I'm feeling right pert, Mr. Sadler."

Sadler nodded dubiously. "Take care, son. See you tomorrow."

Corky staked out the chickens. He ate one of the ham sandwiches and drank some water. The wind changed. It swung, rapidly, from east to southwest. It brought rain. The wind was warm, but the water felt like miniature ice cubes. At the height of the storm, something struck at the port-rail bait. It was a smashing strike that shook the boat.

Corky grabbed the line. He set the hook. A few minutes later he hauled in a thrashing, grunting redfish. Corky guessed it would weigh at least twenty-five pounds. Redfish, at that weight, were high-off-the-hog-eating-fish, so he tossed it in the bow to save it for Betsy Bishop.

The rain increased. Corky, using a rusty tin can, bailed.

Then, abruptly, the squall passed and a sickly yellow glow from a mist-swathed moon reflected on bay and waterway.

At dawn, Betsy Bishop brought him some pork chops, still hot, on a cardboard plate covered with a teapot cozy. Betsy also handed him a steaming quart jar of coffee. Her large, appreciative eyes sparkled when he tossed the redfish into her canoe.

"Simon won't be down today," Betsy said. "He got the aches an' shakes. Come evenin', I bring you a mess o' baked redfish."

Corky nodded. "That's a mighty good dish."

Late in the afternoon, Randy Russell paddled over to the barbed wire in her eighteen-foot cruiser.

"Corky," Randy said, and her eyes were flashing like the fog beacon at the St. Johns River jetties, "you've been out here four days and nights—except when you came ashore for the funeral. Your mother's worried sick." She lowered her eyes, her voice too. "So am I. Corky, come on home."

Corky sighed. "Can't."

"Why?"

"I ain't ready to."

"I am not ready to," she corrected.

Corky managed a weary, one-sided grin. "That's right."

Randy's soft green eyes looked deeply troubled. "Take my boat, Corky. Then you'll have some protection."

His eyes roamed over her sleek cruiser.

"Your rails are too high," Corky said, "and the roof'd be in my road. Asides, I'd get so comfortable I'd likely as not fall asleep."

Now she was getting angry. "You're not doing any good. It's not helping your—your father. It's hurting your mother. It's hurting me. You too. Can't you see, Corky?"

Corky took a deep breath. "Man's got to get something like this out of his system. He just can't quit, Randy. He just can't up and quit while he feels like he's got cottonmouth poison bubbling in his veins. I'm not quittin'."

"Come on home, Corky." She was near tears.

Angrily, he said, "I'm trying hard to keep it quiet here. So the thing won't spook. I don't want folks fussin' around here—not even you."

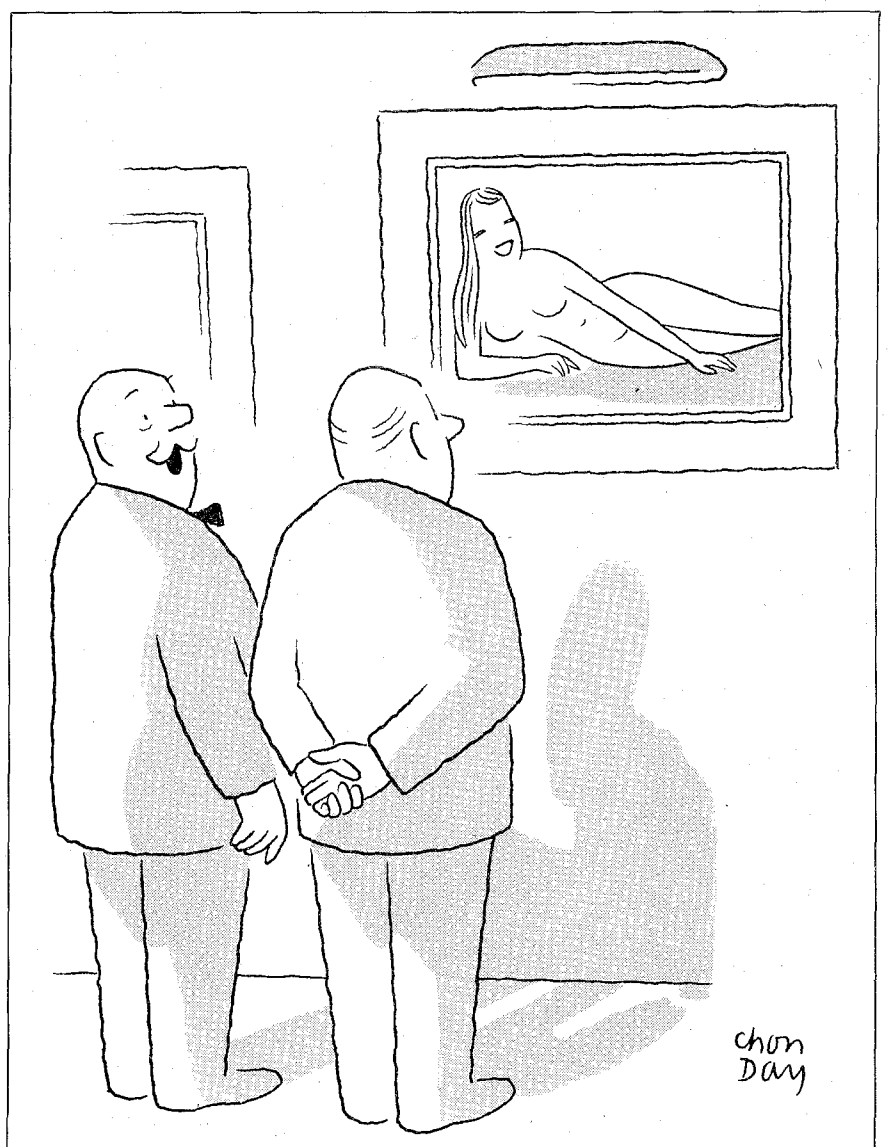
She looked terribly hurt. He could see her throat working hard.

"Anything I can do, Corky?" Now he could see the tears and it upset him more than he cared to admit.

"Nothing anybody can do. Except—maybe—me."

The tears stopped. "You've got an obsession. That's it. A crazy obsession."

(*Continued on Page 106*)

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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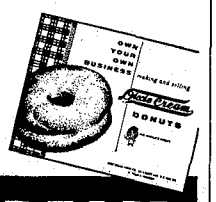


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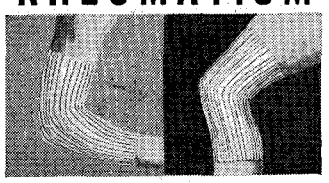

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(*Continued from Page 104*) She paddled away. But when she started her motor, about fifty yards from the bay, it sounded like the thunder of jet planes and she tore south in the waterway, leaving a high rooster's tail and a spreading ribbon of white foam.

The moon came up, waning but still near-full and hibiscus-red, and Corky knew it was about an hour before midnight. Some pest fish fooled with the bait and he guessed they were small croakers.

His eyelids drooped. Now he felt numb all over—numb and hopeless and a little sorry for himself.

He must have dozed. When the shock came, it was frightening. He was still gripping the cord in his right hand. But the cord had pulled him off the seat, hurled him against the transom. His face had smashed against the outboard-motor hood. The blood, as he gasped, tasted warm and salty.

With both hands, he jerked hard on the cord. He could feel teeth and jaws crunching against steel. Those jaws, Corky had read somewhere, had a thousand pounds of pressure on the downward snap. Yet, once closed, a man with muscles could keep them closed with his hands.

He jerked the cord again and the thing on the shark hooks took off. It moved, powerfully and determinedly, toward the channel of the Intracoastal Waterway. The boat, with two anchors and several lines dragging, moved with it. The barbed-wire barrier broke with a loud "twang-g-g!" The boat moved rapidly, stern first, in the waterway. It headed south.

Corky's emotions bounced from terror to elation and then to determination. He managed to straighten up. He braced his feet against the transom.

*This is no big drum*, he thought. *This is something far more powerful, more cunning, more determined than any drum. This is what I have been waiting for.*

"I got you!" Corky shouted. It was closer to a scream. "I got you—Old Cannibal! I'll never let you go! I'm goin' to kill you dead as you killed dad—only slower."

Abruptly, the tension on the cord ceased. The line fell slack. Corky's heart almost stopped. For a moment he thought a sharp edge on the outboard prop had severed the cord. Then, in the raw, now yellow moonlight, he saw the cord moving toward the boat. Swiftly he hauled in line.

The thing surfaced. Corky could see the red eyes, the shadowy, ugly, knobby outline of the huge head, the great white teeth and the pulsating nostrils. It hissed. With both hands, he tugged on the cord. The thing almost seemed to drift toward the stern of the boat.

*You're tired, Old Cannibal*, Corky thought. *You got the cold-water droops. But you're not half as tired as you pretend. And you're twice as cunning as you are tired.*

Corky waited. He waited for a good fifteen minutes. With his left hand, he managed to reach a gunny sack. He wiped the blood off his face and neck. Then, cautiously, experimentally, he drew in more cord. The red eyes moved closer to the stern of the boat. Now he could see the color of the head. It was a mottled, grayish-green, barnacle-blistered. Inch by inch—holding his breath at intervals—Corky hauled it to within five feet of the stern.

Again using his left hand, he groped behind and found the end of the long pine pole to which the wire noose was attached. Moving like a man in a slow-motion dream, he worked the pole over the stern of the boat. The end of the pole and its wire noose moved closer and closer toward the pointed snout and the red eyes. The lower portion of the noose slipped under the jaw.

Corky dropped the bait cord. Still moving slowly, fearfully, he gripped the pine pole with both hands and stood up in the boat. Then, suddenly, viciously, murderously, he twisted the pole. He felt the wire noose tighten. He even heard it rasping against barnacled hide.

All kinds of hell broke loose. The crocodile swapped ends so suddenly that Corky flew out of the boat like a guided missile. As he struck the water he yelled, "Hoo-eeee!"—and it was not a shout of fear, but a cry of triumph. He kept his grip on the pole even though the skin had been ripped off his right hand.

The crocodile thrashed angrily, dived for Corky. He held it off with pole and noose. The crocodile swam in circles. It sounded to the channel bed. It surfaced. Corky came up with it, belching water and gulping for air. Ashore, at the fishing camps and cottages that line the east

## The Boy and the Watch

By Eleanor Halbrook Zimmerman

At last the boy has laid his
hands on Time,
Caught in a narrow circle with
a face
Of moonlike innocence, and
with sublime
Optimism, delights the hours
to trace,
Having no smallest inkling of
disaster,
No thought that this shall one
day be his master!

bank of the waterway, lights came on. Outboard motors roared into action.

Corky felt, rather than heard, the noose pole cracking. He felt the noose slacken, just a trifle, and he could see more of the great teeth as the jaws parted just a little. Then he heard the wheezing of an old outboard, and Simon Bishop came alongside. Simon beamed a light on Corky's head and then focused it on the eyes of the croc. Simon, standing erect in the stern of his boat, raised a double-barreled shotgun.

"No!" Corky screamed. "He's mine, Simon! No!"

Simon Bishop hesitated. Then he muttered, "Mahn, you is crazy." But he lowered the gun. Other boats were arriving. Simon grabbed a coil of rope. He tossed one end of it to the skipper of a small cruiser who had just arrived.

"Hang on to that, mahn!" Simon shouted. "I'm fixin' to he'p Corky." Simon dived overboard with the other end of the rope; overboard and directly beneath the crocodile. He surfaced, dived again and resurfaced.

Half an hour later, in tow of Simon Bishop's old boat and encircled by a dozen stout ropes, the crocodile was hauled onto the strip of coquina beach in front of Corky's little asbestos-shingle home. Corky, still clinging grimly to the pole, watched carefully while Simon and some neighbors drove cypress posts deep into the sand and mud, and attached the ropes to the posts. Only then did Corky relax his grip on the noose pole.

Mrs. Walker made pots of coffee and Deputy Sheriff Sadler and a crowd of neighbors shuffled up and down the beach, holding steaming mugs and beaming flashlights on the captive crocodile.

Sadler asked curiously, "Now how in the name of all that's unholy, son, did you know it was a salt-water croc?"

Corky shrugged. His mother was applying ointment to his battered face and his torn hand. "Twar'n't hard to figure, sir. Old Cannibal used to belong to Mr. Setzer, who ran the tourists' reptile ranch near Ponte Vedra. He used to pay me for live snakes an 'gators. When the place burned down, back in 1950, most of the snakes and 'gators got killed. But not Old Cannibal. She was too smart."

Sadler whistled. "She must weigh at least eight hundred pounds. Fifteen feet long, anyhow. But I still don't know how you knew it was a croc."

Corky went into the house. When he returned he was carrying half a dozen eggs, about three inches long and an inch and a half wide. They were hard and smooth.

"Seen a raccoon diggin'—up to Barrett's Bay—long time ago," Corky said. "Went ashore. Found these. The 'coon had et at least a dozen. These is salt-water-croc eggs. I got a book with pictures of crocs and 'gators." Corky blushed. "A book Randy loaned me."

Sadler slapped a well-padded hip. "I'll be dogged. Now what you going to do with that croc, Corky?"

"Tomorrow," Corky said savagely, "I'm going to kill her. Like she killed dad. Then I'll sell the hide."

But in the morning, almost before sunup, the Walker yard was crowded with strangers, most of them newspapermen, radio reporters and television cameramen from Jacksonville, Miami and Orlando. Randy arrived early, too, and she hugged Corky and cried a little when she saw his battered face and bandaged hand.

A short, red-faced man shook Corky's left hand and said pleasantly, "Remember me? I'm Setzer. I run a reptile ranch now at Ribault Springs."

Corky looked first alarmed, then angry. "I caught that croc. She's mine, now, Mr. Setzer. You got no ——"

"Shush!" Mr. Setzer said. "You earned her, son. I'm just offering you five hundred cash for her. I'll haul her away—put her on exhibit. Live exhibit, that is."

Corky's jaw stiffened. "No, sir. That croc killed my dad. I'm fixing to kill it."

Deputy Sheriff Sadler drew Corky and Randy aside.

"Son," Sadler said mildly, "it's your croc an' you can do as you plain see fit. But your father's funeral et up most of his savings, according to your maw. Now five hundred cash is ——"

Randy interrupted excitedly. "Don't you see, Corky? You could still get her the washing machine and the freezer box, and maybe even get Simon Bishop a better boat. Make Old Cannibal pay!"

Setzer joined them. "Don't want to disturb nothing private, folks," he said affably, "but that croc's got a lot of publicity value. How she survived the winters in open waters this far north, I'll never know. I'll raise my offer to seven hundred and fifty dollars providin' I can make some pictures of you, Corky."

Randy's eyes flashed. "Mr. Setzer," she snapped, "a captive croc—a feeder—is worth at least a thousand. And you know it!"

"Well—now—miss," Setzer said hesitatingly, "I just don't know about that. I—ah ——"

Deputy Sheriff Sadler laid a large arm across Corky's broad shoulders.

"Let's mosey, son," Sadler suggested. "You got a mighty fine business manager. Mighty fine, son." THE END



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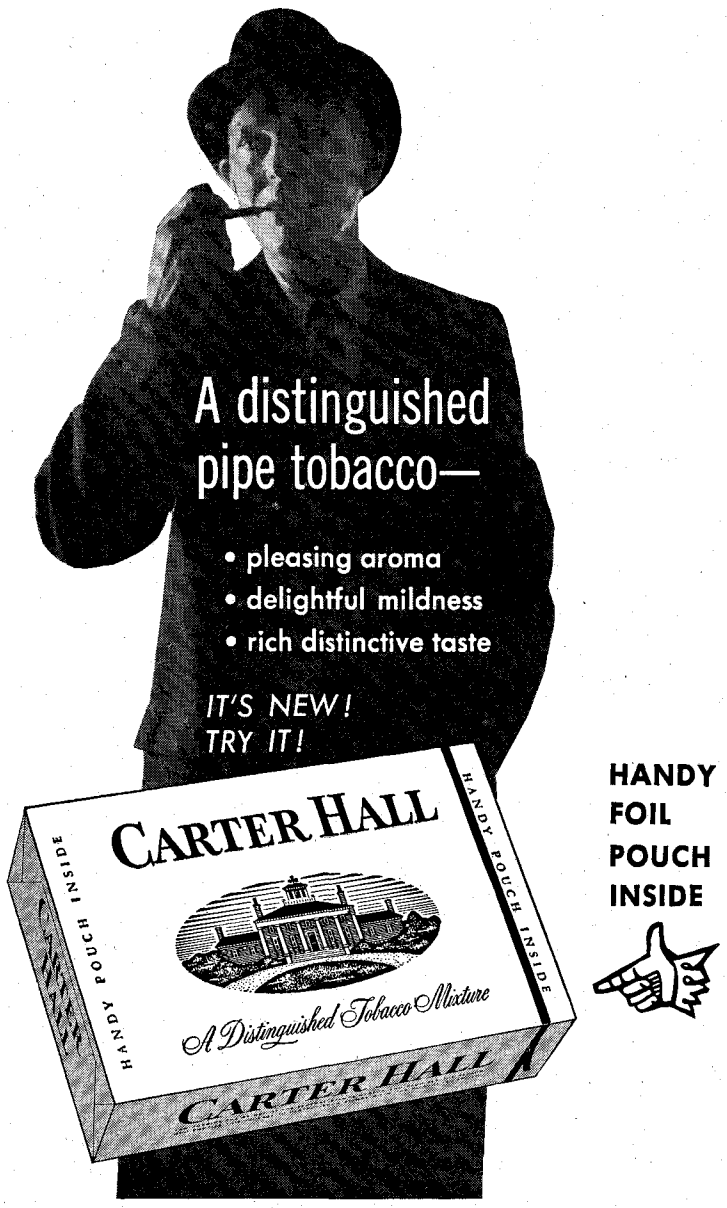

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# The Ugly American (Continued from Page 20)

enough water so that John was covered by six inches. For a few seconds he felt panic. Then he discovered to his relief that he could breathe through the reeds.

Five minutes later, three soldiers from the Japanese patrol came into the clearing. John stayed where he was, and ten minutes later he felt a gentle tug on the reeds. He sat up, muddy water dripping from his face. Deong was grinning at him.

In the next eight months the two men roamed over most of Sarkhan, blowing up Japanese munitions trains, demolishing military bridges and putting time bombs on the hulls of Japanese river patrol boats. Once the two of them hid in a Sarkhanese temple, this time evading no ordinary platoon of Japanese, but a special detail of anti-espionage troops flown in from Indonesia for the specific purpose of running Colvin to ground.

The temple was occupied by two monks in saffron-colored robes. The monks paid no attention when Deong and Colvin climbed high up into the temple and hid themselves among the heavy stone rafters. When the Japanese patrol arrived, the two priests, their shaven heads gleaming in the sun, continued to bend over their folded hands. Their chant went on above the harsh questions of the Japanese lieutenant. Their voices did not cease even when the lieutenant, his face contorted with anger, placed a pistol against the head of one of the priests. When the lieutenant pulled the trigger, and the brains and bloody fragments of bone shot across the steps of the temple, the other priest kept on praying.

In the presence of such single-mindedness, the Japanese lieutenant was helpless. He led his detail away from the temple after a perfunctory search.

Colvin and Deong remained among the stone rafters long after the Japanese had left, talking softly. Deong patiently explained the beauty and grandeur of death in the land of Sarkhan; but he also explained why he did not wish to die that day. He was a country boy who wanted to live in a city and find a more exciting life.

In his eight months in Sarkhan, Colvin came to love the natives. They were small, delicate people, their skins a lovely shade of brown; all of their motions were graceful and restrained. Even people of the meanest caste, he noticed, had dignity and charm. And generosity—they gave him food and information and help. They ran great risks on his behalf, and all they asked was that he discuss philosophy with them. In Sarkhanese, Colvin learned, the word "philosophy" covered questions of life and death, cruelty and generosity, good manners, the rearing of children, the delights of strong wine and the possibility of a life after death.

Just before the liberation, John taught Deong about ipecac. They had received instructions via radio to meet a submarine in an isolated cove. The submarine captain told them that United States marines would land in Sarkhan in five days. He gave them a twenty-five-pound tin of ipecac, and told them to try to introduce the powder into the food at the Japanese Army camp the morning of the landing.

John explained to Deong that ipecac was one of the most powerful emetics known to medicine. Until it was eliminated from a person's body he had energy for only one thing—vomiting. If he were given enough of it, he could die.

With the aid of the Sarkhanese cooks in the Japanese camp, they were successful. The next day they waited in a clump of bushes outside the camp. At 7:30 A.M. the Japanese ate breakfast. At 8 A.M. the marines landed. At 8:10 A.M. the Japanese came staggering out of the camp.

For a few moments it had been funny—a road full of soldiers who stopped running to vomit. But the men began to stagger and fall, their bodies racked by spasms. An hour later, when marine patrols approached the camp, the road was covered with bloody and exhausted men too weak to move.

It was the last thing Deong and Colvin did together. Three weeks later, Colvin was flown back to the United States. A year later he had resigned from the OSS and was running his family's business in Wisconsin, buying bulk milk, drying it and packaging the powder. It was a good business, and Colvin ran it well.

Late in 1952 the newspapers reported that Sarkhan was having internal troubles and was leaning toward Communism. Colvin could not believe it. He wrote long letters to his Congressman, explaining the elaborate fabric of Sarkhanese culture and suggesting how the Sarkhanese should be handled. He got back polite letters informing him that his suggestions had been forwarded to the State Department.

In desperation, Colvin wrote to the wise old Washington lawyer who had recruited him for service in the OSS. The reply he received was long and rambling. One blunt paragraph struck home:

"I hear there are over two million official Americans and their dependents stationed overseas. That ought to do us a lot of good, John, but numbers mean nothing. Too many of them are slobs who go overseas because it gives them a chance to live high on the hog for the first time in their lives. It's too bad we don't send abroad some good old-fashioned ugly Americans—lean and wise and modest, and willing to suffer for their country. Think it over."

When border difficulty with the Communist country to the north of Sarkhan began, Colvin grew impatient. He was convinced that the Sarkhanese situation was being mishandled. He was also convinced that he had a personal responsibility, and he came up with an ingenious plan.

The rainy hillsides of Sarkhan were covered with a thick grass, so tough that it was not easily uprooted to make way for food crops. Colvin sent for samples of the grass and found that it suited a fast-growing breed of cattle that had been developed in Texas. Perhaps the people of Sarkhan could be taught to use milk and its by-products; the cattle would certainly prosper on land that was otherwise useless. And there were good markets in Asia for the by-products. The butter could be reduced to ghee and sold to India, the leather could be tanned and made into finished goods by the artisans of Sarkhan, the entrails could be used in native medicines preferred by non-Christians.

But first the Sarkhanese had to be introduced to milk. Colvin did this part himself. He returned to Sarkhan to sell milk made from powder. When the Texas cows arrived, he would switch to fresh milk. Once the business was well established, Colvin intended to sell out and leave.

Since the venture was risky, the first thing Colvin did when he got back to Sarkhan was to look for Deong. But Deong had vanished. So Colvin, without help, set up the first milk-distribution center outside the city of Haidho. He had been operating it only two weeks when Deong suddenly appeared from nowhere and pulled a gun.

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Lying in the quiet hospital room, Colvin remembered how he had felt the muzzle of the gun pressing cold against his skin, and how unreal it had seemed in the normal routine of his day. The soft jungle breeze had been moving through the open warehouse, and outside the door a queue of Sarkhanese women waited for their milk, their voices a low murmur. Next to Colvin stood the huge automatic milk mixer ready for the 100-pound tin of powdered milk. But in the midst of these ordinary sounds and sights were unrealities—the package of ipecac on the floor and Deong, his old companion, with a gun held against Colvin's ribs.

Deong broke the silence. "Come on, John. Start your machine and put in the milk and ipecac."

"Deong, you're crazy," Colvin said. "Put away the gun."

"Whenever a man is about to die he always thinks his executioner is crazy," Deong answered softly. "But you're wrong. There's a reasonable time for everyone to die, and this may be your time."

"What's reasonable about it?" Colvin asked. "I'm not in politics. I'm just trying to organize a milk-distribution center for your people."

"John, powdered milk is part of politics, and therefore part of history," Deong said. "Hurry up. Put the powdered milk and the ipecac in the machine. I don't have much time."

"No," Colvin said. "I won't put ipecac in the milk; you know what it does."

"I know," Deong said. "You taught me."

"Deong, these people might die from the ipecac," Colvin pleaded. "They're your people."

"You can't make an omelet without breaking eggs," Deong said. "Come on, John, start the mix going. If I knew how to work it, I'd do it myself. If you don't do it by the time the doors are opened in about three minutes, I'll shoot you and tell everybody that it was you who planned to put the ipecac in the milk."

"But it's a crime—who will it help?"

"Look, John, if you get this milk-and-cattle scheme of yours going, it could in time change the economic balance of Sarkhan."

"What's wrong with that?"

"Nothing. It's a good idea. But you're the wrong person to be permitted to do it. If it succeeded, the Sarkhanese would believe that America was their savior."

Colvin understood. "Deong, you're a Communist," he said.

"As if there were a choice!" Deong exclaimed. "John, you took me off the back of a water buffalo and taught me about the big world outside. And I learned that the side with the most brains and power wins. And John, that's not your side any more. It was once, but not now. America had its chance and missed. Now the Communists are going to win."

"Deong, you trusted me once," Colvin said quickly. "I can tell you that our side is going to win. We've still got the power and the will."

"No, you haven't," Deong said, his voice rock hard with confidence. "You've done nothing but lose since the end of the war. And for a simple reason—you don't know the power of an idea. The people you send over here are mere clerks who try to buy us like cattle."

Colvin knew then that there was no chance of persuading Deong. He realized sickly that he could only save himself.

"Hand me the ipecac," he said bitterly.

"Pick it up yourself and put it in the mixer," Deong said.

For the first time Colvin felt the muzzle of the gun removed from his back. With a quick whirling motion he spun his body and hacked his hand through the air, aiming for the base of Deong's neck. If he struck in exactly the right place, Deong's gun hand would be paralyzed.

The blow landed with terrific force, but it was slightly off the mark. Colvin came to his feet in a half crouch—but the gun was still in Deong's hand and now it was aimed at Colvin's chest. There was a look of great pain on Deong's face, and he appeared to be near fainting. Colvin dove for a stack of powdered-milk drums. Deong fired. In that instant, as he was falling to the floor, Colvin was aware of two things. First, that the bullet had hit him in the right forearm and broken the bone. Second, that Deong was about to drop the gun because of the pain he was suffering.

Colvin scrambled to his feet, darted down the row of barrels, and came around them with no attempt at deception. Deong was staring at his hand; it opened convulsively, and the revolver crashed to the floor. Colvin lunged forward, his right arm hanging helpless at his

## What's Going On Here?

An uproarious victory demonstration rocks the nation's capital one autumn night in 1924 and continues into the morning. Jubilant citizens, waving banners, parade along Pennsylvania Avenue singing and dancing. Congressional and Government figures join in the rejoicing, which assumes national aspects. President Coolidge issues a statement of congratulations. Who won what?

**Herb Bursky**

*(Answer on Page 111)*


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side, and crashed into Deong with his left shoulder.

In a moment they were struggling on the floor. Colvin wrapped his legs around Deong's middle and tightened them in a powerful scissors grip. He heard the breath being forced from Deong's lungs. But Deong had seen Colvin's damaged right arm, and he hammered it with his fist. The pain came roaring up out of Colvin's arm in a white-hot bolt, and his legs relaxed. Deong took several sharp breaths. Colvin twisted his legs so that Deong could not reach his injured arm again, and the pain slowly lifted.

With a sense of dull surprise, Colvin saw that the line of Sarkhanese women had moved up to the door of the warehouse. They were peering in at Deong and Colvin.

"He was going to put *cocol* in the milk!" Deong shouted. "I had to shoot him. Help me get away from him, and we'll turn him over to the police."

For a moment Colvin's numb mind did not comprehend what Deong had said. Then the levers of memory shifted and he felt an enormous outrage. *Cocol* was a native drug derived from coca beans; it was supposed to be a powerful aphrodisiac. There were numberless folk stories in Haidho about girls who had lost their virtue through *cocol*, and other tales about its use as the fatal technique by which virgins were persuaded to become prostitutes. The Sarkhanese believed in its power and feared it greatly.

"He's lying!" Colvin screamed. "This man was trying to make me put ipecac in the milk."

For several seconds the men remained locked together, staring at a sharp-eyed old woman at the head of the queue. It was evident that she was a leader. Deong gasped out his accusation again. Colvin tried to shout his denial; but with a sense of futility he realized that his voice was so weak that the women were not hearing him correctly. They had been deeply shocked by the mere mention of *cocol*.

Colvin had only five more minutes of consciousness, and they were minutes of violent nightmare. The tiny, delicate women of Haidho fell upon him like outraged hawks. Small hands tore at his legs and sent stabs of pain through his body. Fingers tore through the cloth of his shirt and scratched red lines across his chest. Hands slapped his face, adding to his mental confusion.

"I am a friend," Colvin said. But his voice was an inaudible whisper.

The blows of the women fell upon him with increasing violence. One woman was standing on his shattered forearm. Through a white mist of pain and shock, Colvin dimly perceived the mass of women screaming and shouting above him.

The fingernails, the tiny, angry nails, came at him from all sides. He felt as if he were being scratched to death. At some point he stopped feeling the pain, even the pain that came from having his head gripped by both ears and banged savagely against the concrete floor. His eyesight faded, his hearing grew dim, and he felt his tongue start to bulge from his mouth. Blood flowed from his nose and ears, and Deong escaped from the grip of his legs. Colvin embraced oblivion.

Two hours later Colvin's unconscious body was dumped on the steps of the American Embassy in Haidho. He was entirely naked, and his body was covered with hundreds of tiny scratches which had hardened into purple ridges of dried blood. Attached to his chest by a large pin which had been driven twice through the flesh, was a note in English. "Here is an American rapist. You can have him back. The same thing will happen to other Americans who attempt to seduce our daughters."

Prince Ngong was in Ambassador Sears' office. He had been through these interviews before.

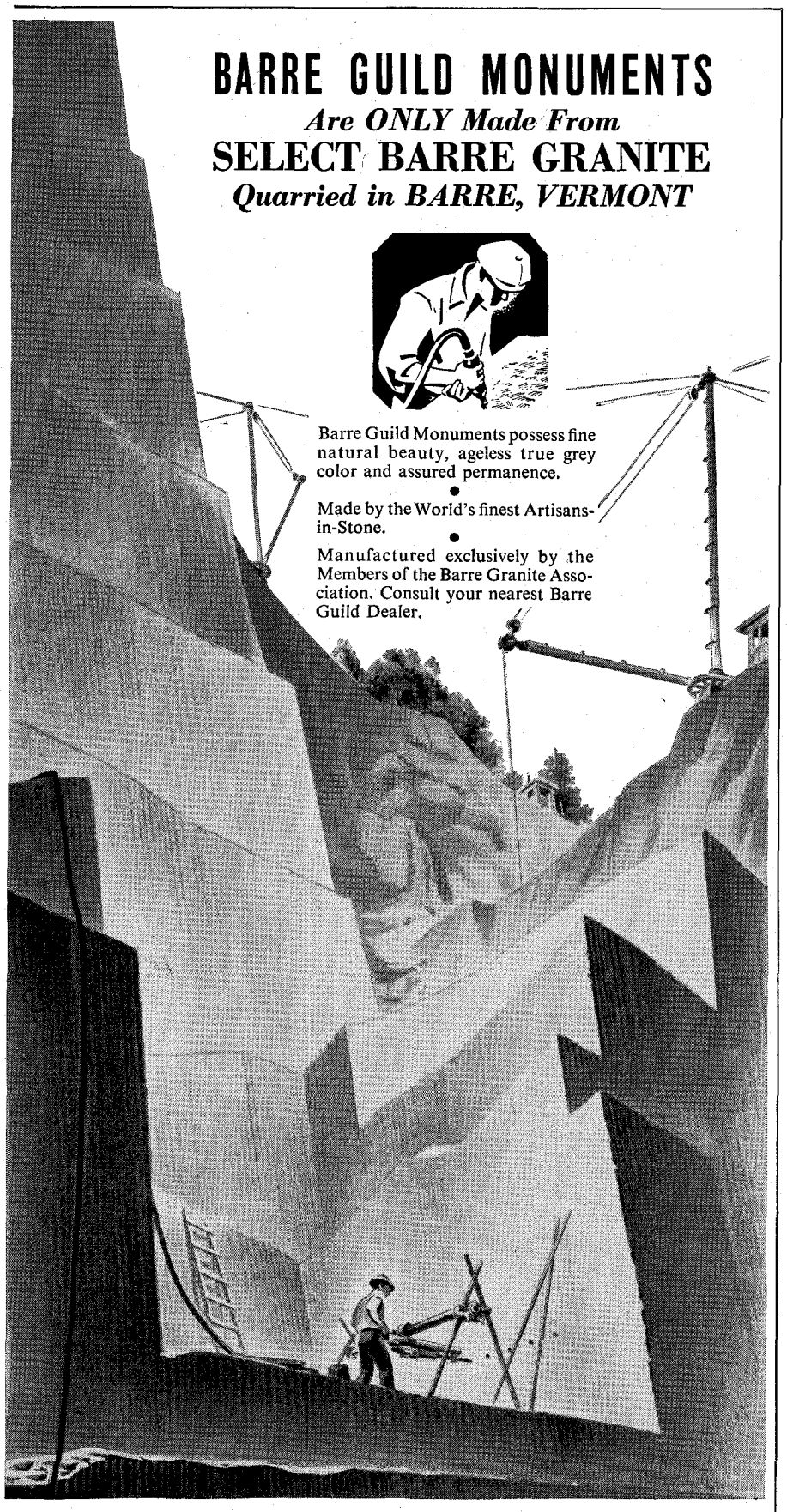
"A few more cartoons like this," Ambassador Sears was saying, "and I'm going to report to Washington that your people are not sympathetic to American representatives. It doesn't mean anything to me personally, but cartoons like this are disrespectful and hurt relations between our countries."

Prince Ngong was one of Sarkhan's most distinguished poets, but like all Sarkhanese intellectuals he was expected to serve his country where his talents were needed most. Right now he was needed as a protocol officer.

"Mr. Ambassador, I will not try to deceive you," Prince Ngong said. "I think that the Eastern Star has, perhaps, become somewhat critical of our foreign policy. In particular it is reluctant to have us grant air bases in exchange for foreign aid. But as the representative of a democratic country, you can surely understand our reluctance to interfere with a free press."

That afternoon the special advisory committee of the Sarkhanese cabinet met in executive session. Prince Ngong spoke first.

"Gentlemen, I think we've never deceived ourselves about our relations with the United States and the Soviet Union," he said. "We don't want to be in the camp of either of these nations. What we desire is Sarkhan's independence and development. This means that we'll take aid and assistance from anyone who will help us,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but not at any price. And not at the price of the loss of our independence."

"So the Communists accuse us of being 'lackeys of the colonialists,'" the prime minister put in, "and the Americans say we are neutralists."

"We'd like to be helped, but without any strings," Prince Ngong went on, "but this apparently is almost impossible. So we do what any small nation surrounded by powerful nations must do—we bargain. I think we're agreed that there are only two types of men with whom one can bargain with profit—with the wise man who can see one's problem clearly and is without vanity; or with the stupid man. The Americans, for reasons which are not clear to me, have chosen to send us stupid men as ambassadors."

"Tell them of your conversation with Ambassador Sears this morning," the prime minister said.

"Lucky Louis is not in a happy frame of mind," Prince Ngong said. "Do not underestimate this man. He is more stupid than most, but he is quite capable of protecting himself. He was deeply offended by this morning's cartoon in the Eastern Star. There was no way to joke him out of it. I think that the twenty-million-dollar loan we're trying to negotiate with the United States will be in serious jeopardy if Ambassador Sears' feathers aren't smoothed."

No one in the room offered to comment. The prime minister made a signal, and hot tea was served.

"Gentlemen?" the prime minister asked. Everyone sensed what had to be done, but it would have been impolite for the prime minister to have asked directly for action.

"I suppose that we could ask the publisher of the Eastern Star to run a flattering cartoon and editorial on Ambassador Sears," U Nang said. Nang's brother-in-law was the publisher of the Eastern Star.

"I should think that would be an excellent solution of the problem," the prime minister said. Then, to save U Nang's feelings, he quickly went on to the next order of business.

Late that afternoon Ambassador Sears went to the hospital to see John Colvin. Sears was in an excellent mood. The publisher of the Eastern Star had phoned and read to him the substance of a flattering editorial he was going to run the next day.

Sears paused as he came into the hospital room. Colvin's face was covered with a multitude of tiny scratches. The ambassador leaned over the bed in a confidential manner.

"Well, son, you must have picked yourself a real hellcat," he said cheerfully. "You look as though you'd tangled with a buzz saw."

Colvin closed his eyes. "Do you know what happened to me yesterday?" he asked.

"Why, sure, my press attaché tells me you tangled with the wrong girl. Now, son, this kind of stuff puts America in a bad light. I'm going to arrange for you to go back to the States as soon as you can be moved."

Colvin did not open his eyes again. The ambassador turned to go. When he was at the door, Colvin spoke with such intensity that it stopped the ambassador short. "Sears," he said, "I won't go."

As an ambassador, Louis Sears had a fatal tendency to make mistakes. His first mistake was in underestimating his opposite number, Louis Krupitzyn, the ambassador to Sarkhan from Soviet Russia.

Louis Krupitzyn was born in Ivanovo, Russia, in 1917, the son of a farmer. One day when he was still a boy he stood in the doorway of his family's sod hut, listening to his parents argue with a lieutenant in charge of a group of soldiers. Finally the lieutenant drew his revolver and shot Louis' father between the eyes. Wheeling, he then shot the mother.

It happened too quickly for Louis to feel anger or loss. All he felt was fear. He was sent to the Orphans' Educational Center at Murmansk, where he learned that his parents had been killed because they were guilty of "willful obstructionism of state agricultural policy." They were kulaks, a group whom Louis was being taught to hate.

In 1934 his essay, The Dynamics of Soviet Dialectics, won the Lenin Prize for Komsomol Literary Achievement. Everyone knew that young Louis Krupitzyn was a comer. (*Continued on Page 113*)

Answer to

**What's Going On Here?**

(Page 109)

The Senators, Washington's home-town team, won their first and only World Series October 10, 1924. When they finally defeated the New York Giants in the twelfth inning of a hard-fought seventh game, Washingtonians all but blew the dome off the Capitol in letting off steam.


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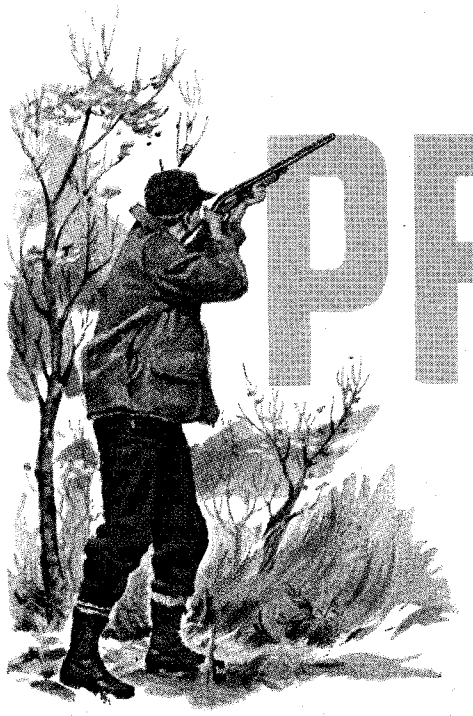

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New methods and new materials combine to give you a Featherweight version of that 46 year favorite, the incomparable Winchester Model 12 shotgun. A perfect companion to the new light hunting boots and clothes that make days afield so much more pleasant, the Model 12 Featherweight carries easily, points perfectly and swings faster . . . you'll appreciate the difference at the end of a long day. 12 gauge only, 28" or 30" Full Choke, 28" Modified or 26" Improved Cylinder. Model 12 Standardweight also available in 12, 16 or 20 gauge—priced from $104.95.*

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WINCHESTER TRADEMARK

MODEL 12 STANDARD OR FEATHERWEIGHT

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# FREE! WINTER-START INSURANCE ON YOUR PRESENT BATTERY

***regardless of make or age!***

**YOU START OR WE COME OUT AND START YOU! HERE'S ALL YOU DO:**

*Let an Exide Dealer check your battery.* Look for his sign or in the Yellow Pages. Your battery doesn't have to be an Exide. If it tests okay, it's insured all winter. If your battery needs charging, you're eligible for Winter-Start Insurance as soon as he brings it to full charge.

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When it's an Exide...*you start!*

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(*Continued from Page 111*) Some of his colleagues began to call him "Lucky," but not to his face.

In 1935 his diplomatic career began with assignment to the Soviet Trade Commission in New York as chauffeur. All diplomatic servants—chauffeurs, valets, charwomen, and scullerymen—were chosen from the Foreign Service Apprentice Corps. They worked half-time as servants and spent the rest of their time at assigned studies. In this way the Russians avoided having alien servants in their embassies or commissions, and at the same time trained their young foreign-service officers.

In 1937 Krupitzyn went to Prague, again as chauffeur. In 1938 the Foreign Office sent him to Peking as the clerk for a cultural commission. In 1939 he was recalled to Moscow, where he spent two years in the Foreign Institute Academy. At night he worked as a decoding officer.

There is no record of what Krupitzyn did between 1941 and 1945, although it is definitely known that he was not in military service.

In 1945, now twenty-eight years old, he was assigned as observer on the staff of Mao Tse-tung. Mao sent him with a battalion to Yunnan to see "how the military arm is used as a political and economic instrument." Except for three home furloughs of six months each, Krupitzyn was in China for almost five years. On his last home furlough he married Nada Kolosoff, who was a fellow foreign-service careerist.

In 1950 he returned to Moscow, where he was attached to the Asia Section of the U.S.S.R. Foreign Office. Later, he and his wife sailed on the surveying ship Gorki, which was employed by the Sarkhanese Government to chart Southeastern Asian waters adjacent to Sarkhan.

They then returned to Moscow for training at the Moscow School of Southeast Asian Areas. On the class roster Louis Krupitzyn was listed as "Ambassador-designate to Sarkhan." This position was defined as a first-class ambassadorship, not only because Sarkhan was a rich country with over 20,000,000 people but also because of its strategic position. In a secret file on Sarkhan the Soviets had written the number "30," indicating that they hoped to bring the country within the Communist orbit in thirty months.

At the Moscow School for Asian Areas, both Ambassador-designate and Madame Krupitzyn went through two years of rigorous studies to prepare for their new job. They learned to read and write Sarkhanese. They learned that the ideal man in Sarkhan is slender, graceful and soft-spoken; that he has physical control and outward tranquillity; that he is religious—Buddhism is the prevalent religion—and that he has an appreciation of ancient classical music.

The ambassador-designate molded himself into this pattern. He dieted and lost forty pounds; he took ballet lessons. He read Sarkhanese literature and drama and became a fairly skillful player on the nose flute. And he regularly attended lectures on Buddhism.

Ambassador Louis Krupitzyn arrived in Sarkhan exactly one week after the new American ambassador, Louis Sears, had presented his credentials.

Only a few officials were at the airport to meet Ambassador Krupitzyn. After greeting them courteously in their own language, he drove to the Soviet Embassy. The next morning he presented his credentials to the prime minister. In the afternoon he traveled to the great monastery on the outskirts of the capital, to pay his respects to the chief abbot, leader of all Buddhists in Sarkhan.

Krupitzyn's arrival caused confusion, because white men rarely came to the monastery. The monks in the outer hall looked at him curiously, smiling and nodding. One of them scurried away to find a superior. Finally a young man in a bright robe came hurrying up and asked the Russian ambassador in English, "May I help you, sir?"

Krupitzyn replied in English. "I have come to pay my respects to His Reverence, the Grand Master," he said, and presented his calling card, which was printed in Russian on one side and in Sarkhanese on the other.

The young monk excused himself and left the room. Returning after ten minutes, he said, "The Master will see you now. But since he speaks no foreign languages, I will accompany you as interpreter."

After winding their way through long, dim corridors, they entered an enormous room which was empty except for a large gold chair in which an elderly monk was sitting. Louis Krupitzyn bowed low and said in classical Sarkhanese, "It is very gracious of Your Reverence to accord me this privilege."

"You did not tell my secretary that you spoke our language."

Krupitzyn, still bowing low, replied, "It is traditional, Your Reverence, that one saves his best words for the master."

Krupitzyn seated himself on the floor, cross-legged. The Grand Leader of all the Buddhists of Sarkhan, and Louis Krupitzyn, the Russian ambassador, began to talk. At first it was chitchat, and then it turned to philosophy. They sat there for the rest of the afternoon, until it became dark.

There was bad fortune that year in Sarkhan. Typhoons blustered over the land just before harvest time, destroying most of the crops. Months later there was a famine in the southern areas. By then the mobs had ransacked the granaries of the rich.

At the Russian Embassy they learned from one of their informers, employed as a translator at the American Embassy, that the United States was shipping 14,000 tons of rice to the stricken area. Soon after, the Russians learned from another informer—the American ambassador's chauffeur—that the first of the American grain ships would be arriving in two days.

Krupitzyn acted with initiative and boldness. He bought several tons of rice in the capital at black-market prices, loaded the rice into a truck, and drove 300 miles south to the area where famine was most intense.

When he arrived at Plutal, the main city of the south, a large crowd was gathered. The Communist newspaper there had come out with a special edition—headlines announced that Russia, the friend of Sarkhan, would relieve the famine; the Russian ambassador would arrive that day with the first token contribution of rice.

And then Krupitzyn himself came. Speaking in Sarkhanese over a loudspeaker system and over all radio stations in the area, Krupitzyn said that Russia was bending every effort to help her friends. The few tons of rice which he had brought with him were all they could find locally. But be patient, he told them; several Russian grain ships would arrive soon with thousands and thousands of tons of rice, which would be distributed free. He went on to say that Sarkhan and Russia were friends and allies, and had to stand by each other, because it was obvious that the colonial and capitalistic countries would not help another nation except for profit.

The first American grain ship arrived two days later in the harbor of Haidho, the capital. The USIA was there with cameramen and tape recorders. The prime minister was present to accept the relief grain from His Excellency Louis Sears, the American ambassador to Sarkhan. When the speeches were over, stevedores began unloading the bags of rice, carrying them to American trucks which were waiting to take the rice to the stricken area.

Halfway down the dock, each stevedore stopped at a weighing station so that his bag of rice could be weighed. In Sarkhan, stevedores are paid by how much they carry, not by the hour. At the scales, a checker stenciled a few words in Sarkhanese on each of the bags that went by.

When the trucks arrived in Plutal, they were met by a crowd of 10,000 people. A loud-speaker announced in Sarkhanese that here was the rice which had been promised them a short time ago by the Russian ambassador; and here was proof that Russia keeps her word.

There were objections from the crowd. "But these are American trucks and they are driven by Americans."

"We have hired them from the Americans," answered the leading Sarkhanese Communist. "Didn't the Russian ambassador warn you that the capitalists would do anything for profit?"

The crowd was still doubtful. They had heard that the ships which brought the rice were flying the American flag. But when the trucks were unloaded, the populace knew that what the Communist propagandists were saying over the loudspeakers was true. The Russian ambassador had carried out his promise. On each bag of rice there was stenciled in Sarkhanese for every citizen to see: THIS RICE IS A GIFT FROM THE SOVIET UNION.

The Americans took pictures of the distribution of the rice and the smiling faces of the people. Since none of the Americans could read or understand Sarkhanese, they did not know what was going on.

A week passed before the American Embassy found out what had happened. Ambassador Louis Sears made a fiery speech, and from Washington came angry rumblings about instant retaliation. Subsequent American grain ships were properly safeguarded, but the people of Sarkhan continued to believe that Russia was their friend and provider.

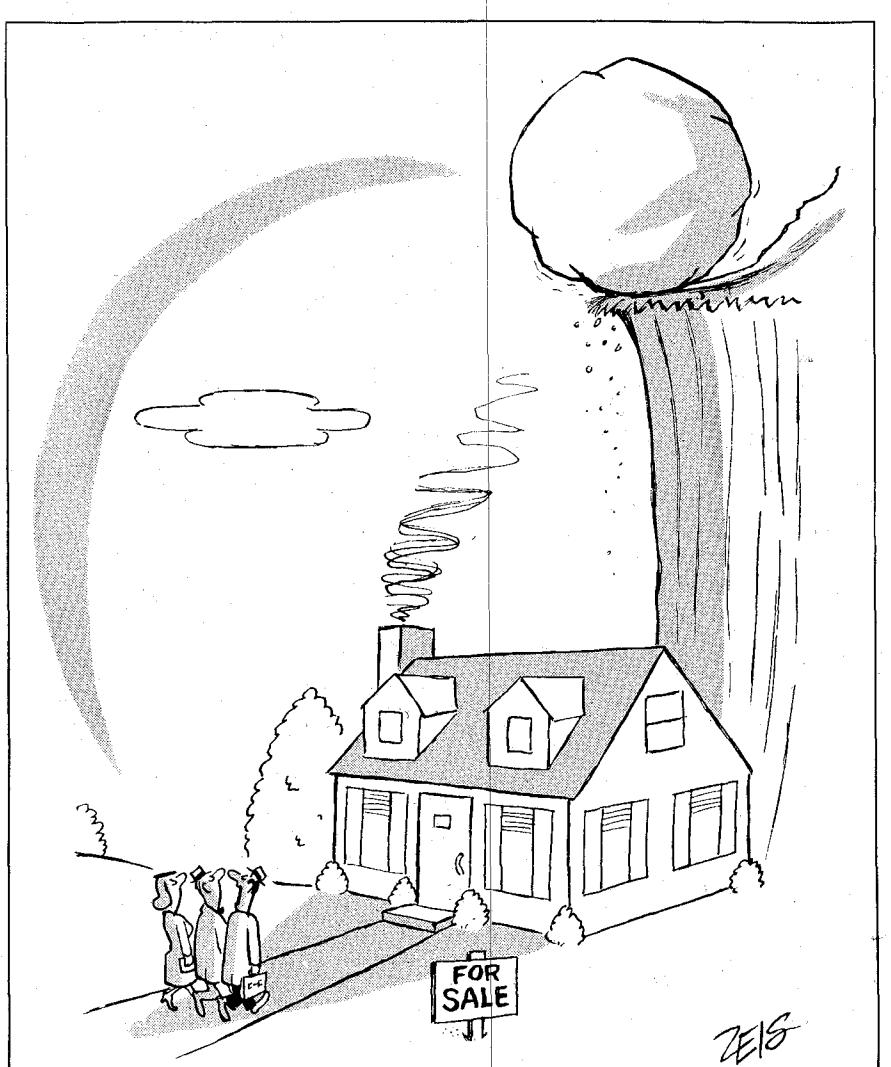
About a month after the grain incident, ambassador Louis Krupitzyn made his first report to Moscow. It was a long letter, telling how Communist activities were progressing in Sarkhan. The report went into details of the Communists' co-ordinated effort, discussing the cultural, economic, political, religious and military aspects of Russia's struggle to acquire power in Sarkhan.

Near the end of Krupitzyn's report was an interesting comment.

The American ambassador is a jewel. He keeps his people tied up with meetings, social events, and greeting and briefing the scores of Senators, Congressmen, generals, admirals, under secretaries of State and Defense, and so on, who come pouring through here to "look for themselves." He forbids his people to "go into the hills," and annoys the Sarkhanese with his bad manners.

I note with concern, however, that the American press has been very critical of Ambassador Sears for his inability to counter the trick we played on him with the grain ships. If these American press attacks continue, in time he may be removed. It is to our advantage to have him remain here. Therefore, during the next week or two, I will see to it that editorials in the local newspapers praise him for being an understanding American and a brave fighter. I suggest that Pravda attack him bitterly. This combination will be enough to convince the U.S. State Department and the U.S. public that Ambassador Sears is doing a superb job.

TO BE CONTINUED




"The owner has it priced for a quick sale."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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# Whistle-Buoy Brady (Continued from Page 24)

Brady, technically a civilian, but with the seagoing title of master, had come up through the hawsepipe to command. After twenty years of hard pick-and-shovel work on the open roadstead of the sea, he got himself a ticket as mate and a berth on the old Hyacinth.

Brady's becoming master came about one thick night off Anacapa Island. The skipper went overside, scooped up like a spoon in the hand of a great curling wave. They never found the body. Brady grieved. He didn't like many people, but he had liked his skipper. The lost captain's legacy to Brady was his coat with four tarnished stripes on the sleeves and a vague commitment, given some years before, to look out for himself.

Scoffing at pomp and circumstance, and loudest at gold braid on a seafaring man, Brady was for taking off the stripes. He had been meaning to do this when, with a brilliant flash, there came to him the beautiful thought that the coat offered a new, quick and sure way to hector Swanson further. Here was an idea that should be taken up by the scruff of the moment. Four stripes make a captain on any man's ocean. Even Swanson, with only two, would be the first to admit this.

With Brady strutting on the dock or more pointedly standing by the bedraggled flag at his own taffrail, Lieutenant Swanson discovered himself rendering honors in spite of himself. It was subconscious and against his will; even against strict necessity. It was the involuntary gesture of tipping one's hat to the cloth.

Even when Brady was without his drinking-and-deviling coat, as he called the legacy with four stripes, he had the annoying habit, when meeting Swanson on the dock, of starting a smart salute and as the Coast Guard officer returned it, scratching his ear. The four yellowish-green stripes literally became worth their weight in gold to Brady in nuisance value alone.

Swanson's own uniforms annoyed Brady beyond reason. He insisted on the regulation black tie at all times, cinched tightly at the collar. For work aboard Juno the ends could be tucked into the shirt, but the tie must be worn. The uniform of the day in the mildish climate of the Eleventh District was usually tan. Whenever possible, however, Swanson wore service blues with the stiffest starched collar. Brady started a rumor that he wore his silver bars on the neck of his pajama coat.

The feud between Brady and Swanson reached the masthead on August fourth, Coast Guard Day. At least that is the date chalked up in every Fifth Street saloon as official, in case anyone wanted to bet a beer on it.

On that morning Juno shone like a yacht. The awning over her fantail was as white as the top of Swanson's hat, and the brass of the stanchions winked back at his own buttons.

Swanson, entertaining a group of frilly ladies and flanneled gentlemen, wished that the Filipino mess attendant's white uniform hadn't stretched so badly in laundering or that the ship had a larger Filipino.

A dutiful if somewhat dull public-relations officer, Swanson sketched the glorious history of the Coast Guard from August 4, 1790, to date as the guests drank iced tea and wondered if it was worth it.

Lounging on his own deck, Brady drank a bottle of beer, lifting it in affable toast to the prettiest woman on Swanson's deck, which, Brady made a mental note, wasn't saying much. When he had finished the bottle, he tossed it overside and was happy to note that a fortunate tide kept it bobbing and bumping against Juno's steel hull. The noise was just exasperating enough for Swanson to send the boatswain to sink it with a boat hook.

Brady was sorry he couldn't stand by for more hectoring, but the Hyacinth had a routine call. The whistling light buoy that should have been off San Nicholas had carried away. Shipping had been notified, but the honking, blinking hunk of metal, dragging its broken cable as a ghost carries its chains, was a menace to navigation and it was the tender's job to go out and pick it up.

People who have practiced for years finding needles in haystacks should try finding a drifting buoy. With the compressed-air whistle croaking at every caprice of the waves and the carbide light glowing in spite of hell or high water, a twelve-ton buoy floats like a feather in the breeze; only faster. It carried away, let's say, off San Francisco and should go ashore off Arguello, but does it? "No," growled Brady. "Like as not the thing will turn up off Guadalupe." Mariners looking for an established whistle and light as given on the chart could easily follow such a will-o'-the-wisp to the rocks and everything from a fishing smack to the fleet could pile up.

Hyacinth found the wandering buoy, put a line on it and dragged it to position. They tethered the bleating old goat with its one blazing eye and, the day's work done, swung the bow of Hyacinth toward shore.

Not to San Pedro and Hyacinth's slip, but to a far more pleasant place. This was Point La Dessa, a thin rocky finger reaching out from the arm of the shore to beckon the sea. A seven-hundred-thousand-candle-power light; two hundred thousand candles short of the SanVicente tower down the coast, but nevertheless a welcome light in the window of the land. Approaching it from shoreside would send a jeep rearing back on its haunches. For the first two months of the year boisterous seas hurled stones at the light, sometimes shattering the glass. Most of the summer they apologized with small waves that sucked in their breath like Orientals, then receded politely with little bows, and no mention, please, of January and February.

Mrs. Margaret Smith, of the Iowa Smiths, joined the Lighthouse Service twenty-five years ago, when she married Keeper Smith and went to live at Point La Dessa. To the lamplighter's great distress, and her own, his bride developed a deep dislike for the sea. Mrs. Smith planted a row of poplars to shut off the view of the ocean. As seen through the trees, the sea was only a field of waving grain. When Keeper Smith died, his wife became sort of resident dowager of the station, satisfying the Lighthouse Service with prim little reports and keeping the beacon and the dock as clean and efficient as her own kitchen. Brady stopped regularly at Point La Dessa in Hyacinth. It was a part of the ship's duty and the master's personal pleasure.

Coming around the point and standing in, Brady was irritated to see the cutter Juno at the lighthouse dock. The patrol boat had a perfect right to be there, but Brady felt that Swanson was fishing in his waters. He was glad to estimate that Swanson was a little too young to be competition for the widow, but was he now?

The thought so upset Brady that he made a farmer's landing—the lubberly performance of splintering the dock with his bow and letting Hyacinth's fat stern swish out into the stream. He hoped Swanson wasn't on board to notice. Throwing an eye aloft, Brady saw the lieutenant's absentee flag flying. But Lieutenant Swanson wasn't far. He was making a duty call on Mrs. Smith in her quarters, and doing it very properly indeed. With Swanson was Mr. Kerr, Lieutenant (j.g.), the Juno's excessively handsome executive officer.

Brady discovered this through glasses from his bridge, when he had finally snubbed Hyacinth to the dock by a breast line and a kick in the stern. He saw two white-topped hats on the veranda table.

Whistle-Buoy Brady pulled on a clean shirt and brushed his coat with the four stripes.

The tea was as formal as the Wedgwood pot from which it was poured. Lieutenant Swanson and Mr. Kerr were charming and Brady noted that the widow's crisp jabot fluttered like the leech of a luffed sail as she laughed at their polite and strictly regulation sallies. Brady couldn't think of anything to say. So he bowed himself backward off the porch and went up the dock with somewhat less of his usual swagger. On Hyacinth he ranked without question. He was eager to cast off.

Brady's routine in going to sea never varied. It was a holy ritual. First he took his drinking-and-deviling coat and tossed it through the open door of his cabin. Then he went to the rail and lowered a draw bucket over the side to bring it up full of sea water. In this, like the rite of baptism, he washed off what he called his shore face, and dried it on the tail of his shirt. Captain Whistle-Buoy Brady was then ready for duty.

A great wind had whipped up out of the northeast, making badlands of the sea. It is called a Santa Ana on the coast because it seems to come from the direction of the small city of that name. Actually, Brady had heard, it was so called because it was first logged by another mariner on one tempestuous St. Anne's Day. Seamen will match its three-day offshore force and fury with any blow in the world. Brady brought Hyacinth up into the wind, gave orders to hold her there as well as possible, and settled down in the wheelhouse to play pitch with Mr. Bruce, his excessively plug-ugly mate. Hyacinth was riding it out well enough when a tanker, pitching south, saw the tender hove to and assumed she was in trouble. The tanker radioed a query. Brady had a reason not to answer. He was amused, after the tanker had made another try, to hear the vessel make a call to the Coast Guard. Brady knew that Swanson, with his feet in the oven at Point La Dessa, would have to answer. Juno would have a dusty trip of it, and Brady rejoiced.

Brady, from the wing of his bridge, watched the approach of the cutter. Juno looked like a gray gull perched on the peak of a green mountain. And then the mountain fell out from under it, and another lifted in its place.

When Swanson brought Juno as near as he dared to Hyacinth, the dialogue between the captains was beautiful to hear over the roar of the wind. Brady's bland explanation was that his radio was dead.

"Why don't you go home, Little Boy Blue?" he yelled through his megaphone.

Swanson turned the cutter, careful lest he be broached in a trough, and ran before the storm.

Brady, chuckling, had dealt Mr. Bruce a new hand of pitch when a seaman thrust his head into the wheelhouse to announce that Hyacinth was setting in toward the shoals.

Only mildly concerned, Brady jangled the engine-room telegraph for more power. He would claw off the beach and stand to sea. From the engine-room voice tube came intelligence of more importance. The old engines which had huffed and puffed dutifully for thirty-odd years refused to give more power, and the little joke about the radio being dead was true. With Juno's hull down on the darkening horizon, Brady, for the first time in his career, was reduced to the embarrassing necessity of sending up flares.

Juno's lookout, catching the feeble glare of the (Continued on Page 117)

"All on one check?"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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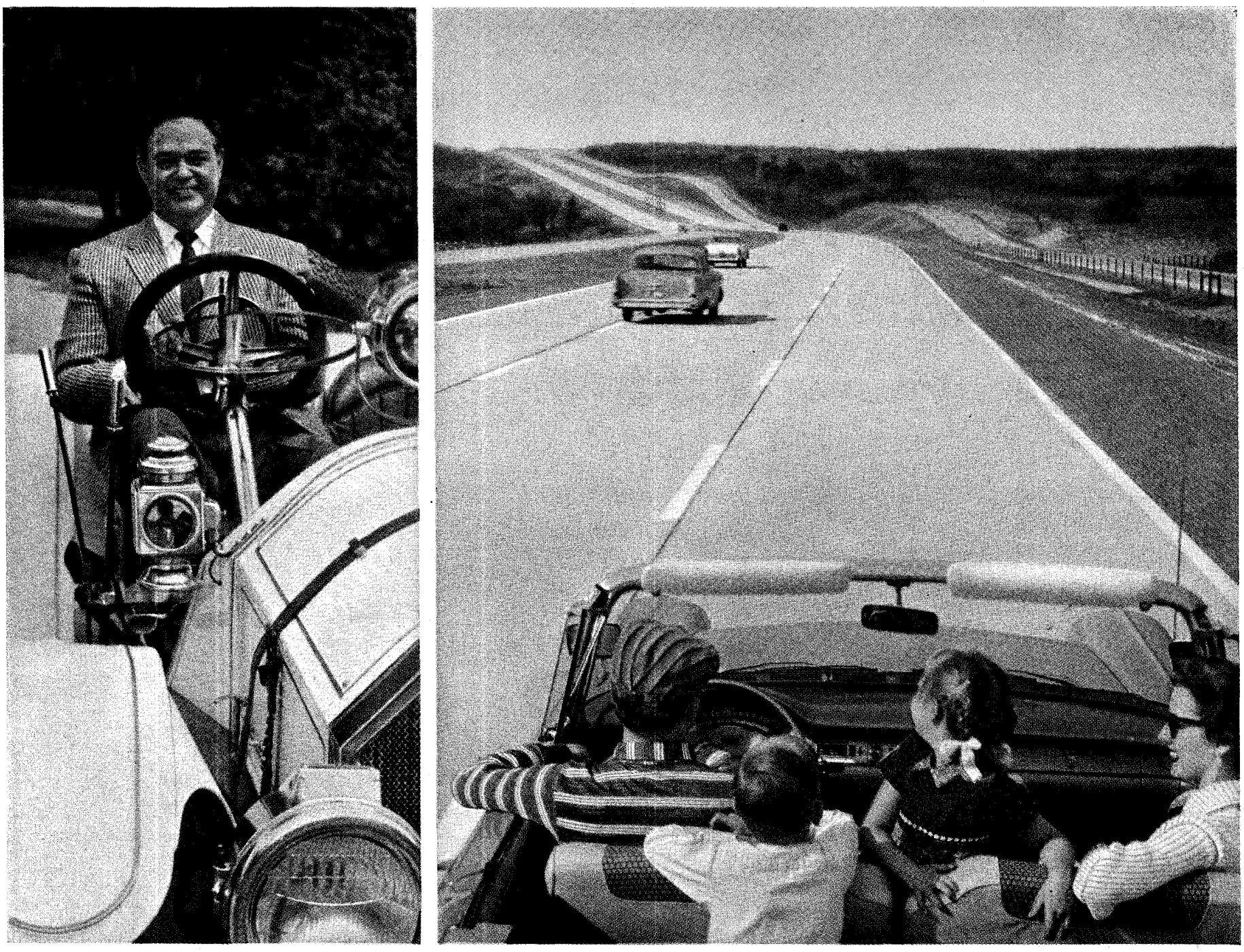

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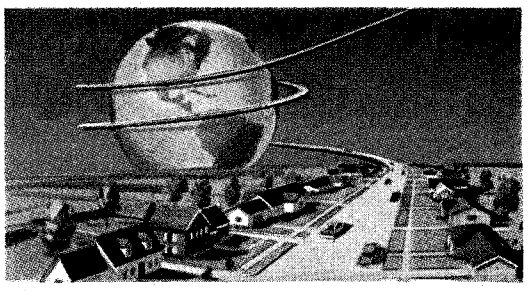
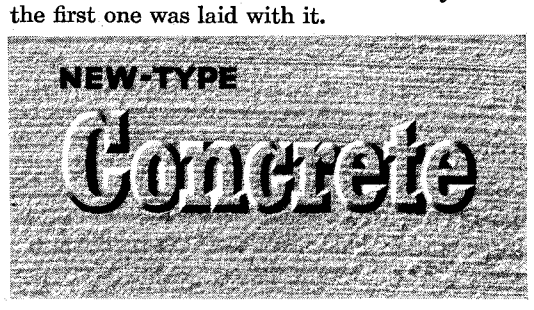


**A street girdling the earth more than two times,** wide enough for 4 cars, could be built with the concrete used for U.S. streets and alleys since the first one was laid with it.

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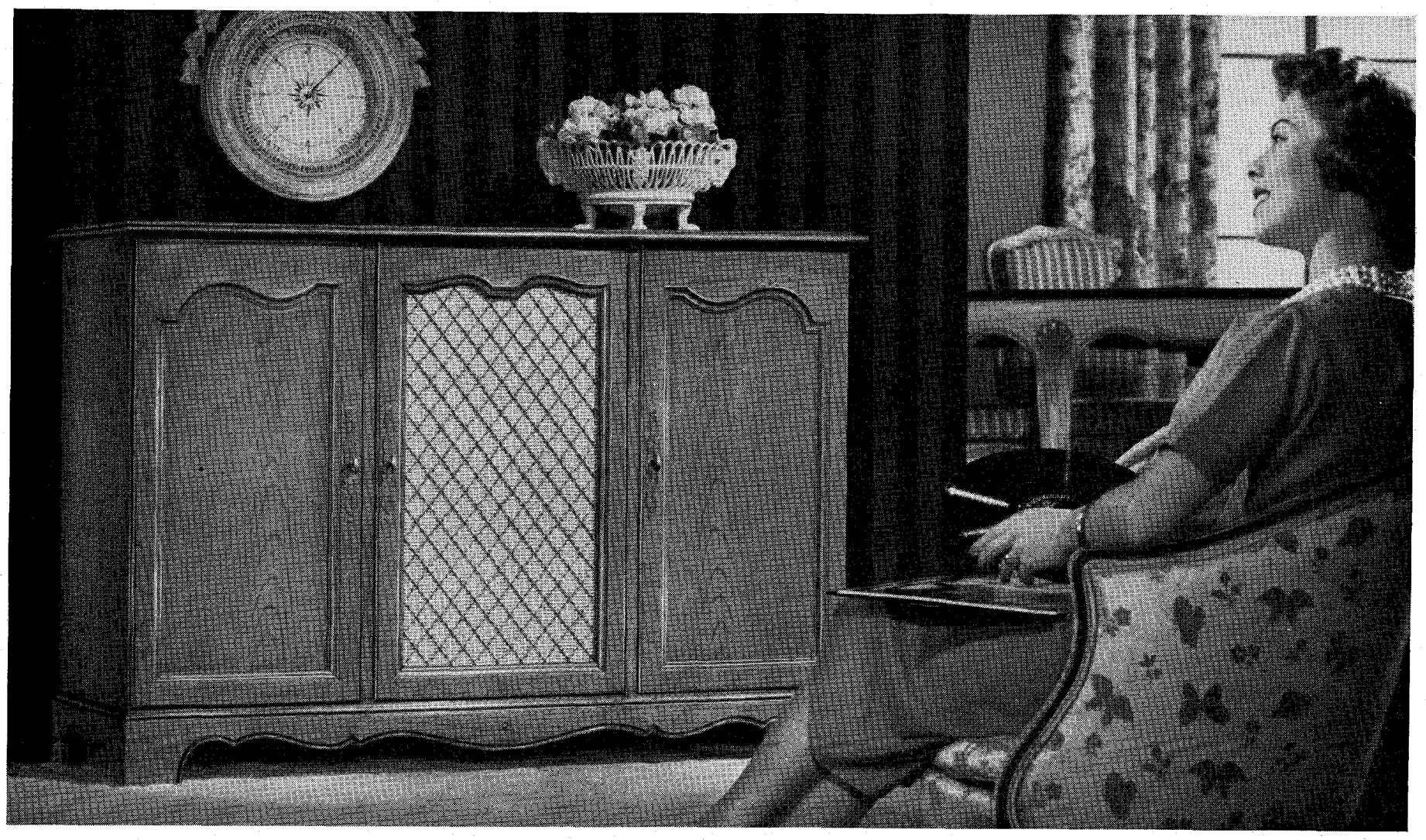

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The complete line of Zenith High Fidelity Instruments includes deluxe, full stereophonic instruments, self-contained in magnificent classic, traditional or modern fine-furniture cabinets. Also stereophonic equipped high fidelity instruments with companion Zenith remote speaker systems which may be added now or later for full stereophonic sound. See—and hear—the new Zenith at your Zenith Dealer's.

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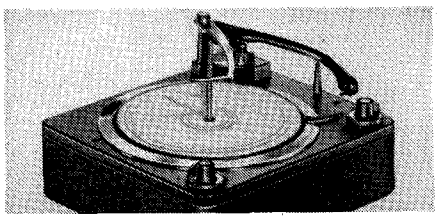
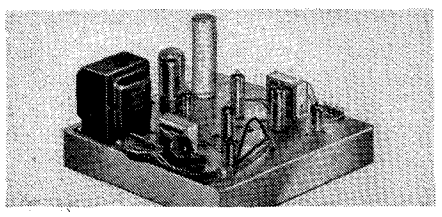
*Specially designed Zenith quality components—for world's finest sound*

Exclusive Zenith features, to please even the most knowledgeable high fidelity enthusiast, are incorporated in these remarkable new Zenith instruments.



**Exclusive Cobra-Matic® Record Changer** has four speeds. Zenith's all-new Cobra® Tone Arm—with its dual-needle cartridge for stereophonic sound—preserves records with a feather-light touch, yet picks up every recorded sound with incredible fidelity.



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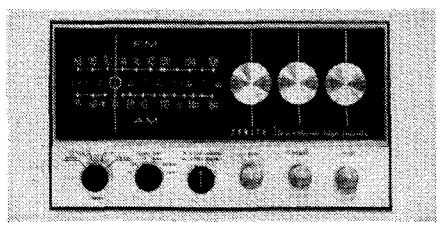
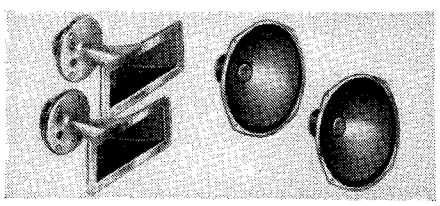


**Stereo Studio Sound Control Panel,** another Zenith exclusive, gives you precision control of tonal response—virtually the same control as that of a recording studio sound engineer. Has Zenith's exclusive Presence Control; Stereo Balance Control.



**Powerful speaker systems** employ at least four high-rated Zenith quality speakers—two woofers with heavy Alnico 5 magnets, two high frequency exponential treble horn speakers. Crossover networks separate and channel frequencies into their proper speaker systems.

ZENITH

(*Continued from Page 114*) flare against the night sky, logged the incident, and the young officer who had the deck gave Juno a hard right rudder and braced himself as the cutter labored through the trough and headed back into the following sea.

In his place Brady would have gloated, but Swanson was completely impersonal as he fired a heaving line on Hyacinth and watched the towing hawser being dragged aboard. It was made fast and Juno started back to San Pedro with the wallowing wallflower in reluctant tow.

It took six weeks to patch up Hyacinth's old bronchial tubes, but with the first cough of the engine, Brady took her out into the stream to cut didos as though she were a brand-new yacht. He waved the quartermaster from the spokes and relieved the wheel, jangling the engine-room telegraph like a Swiss bell ringer.

Juno was hove to just outside the breakwater, on the probability Hyacinth might again bog down. Instead, Hyacinth rolled slowly up the coast on placid run-of-the-millpond patrol. Brady modulated speed to troll for a stray barracuda and listened to the music on the radio. When the announcer began singing about soap, Brady switched the dial. In turning it, he almost switched off his heart. It was a news broadcast and the first item was that the Coast Guard had taken over the Lighthouse Service.

Almost before Brady recovered from the shock, he made out Juno coming purposefully up over the horizon with the clear intent of overtaking the tender. The bottom dropped out of Brady's bucket. It could mean only one thing. If Swanson had anything to do with it, he'd lose command of Hyacinth. He hove to as Juno came alongside. Swanson made the jump from his own deck to Brady's and ordered the cutter to trail along.

Swanson congratulated Brady on having been taken over by the Coast Guard and said that his orders were to make an immediate inspection of all Lighthouse equipment and personnel in the district. He'd begin with Brady and Hyacinth.

According to Coast Guard standards of shipkeeping, Hyacinth was a sorry-looking craft. After a thorough inspection, but only a scathing glance at the ragged crew, Swanson said he'd write his first report then and there if—and he stressed the word—Brady had a pen and ink and a place to sit down aboard. Brady, suffering acutely, took Swanson into his cabin and saw Swanson spin the swivel desk chair to lower it a notch. The symbol was unmistakable. At an arm signal from Swanson, Juno sprinted alongside. Swanson tossed the envelope aboard and the patrol boat turned smartly off for San Pedro. In the envelope went the life and works of Whistle-Buoy Brady.

Swanson thanked Brady most politely for the use of his cabin and ordered him to make the Lighthouse landing at Point La Dessa. Juno was to stand by in San Pedro. No use tying up a ship when a barge would do.

Brady rared back on his tail like a sea horse. He was still commanding Hyacinth and he wouldn't go in to Point La Dessa or any place else. His standing orders were to stay out for six weeks and inspect all the buoys between Arguello and Coronado. He went into the shack and pulled the radio out by the roots. His attitude was that of a man who was sure to be beached, but while he was at sea, he'd still be master of his ship. He gave Swanson a room, little larger than a locker, and forbade him the bridge unless invited, which was extremely doubtful.

The weather changed suddenly to match Brady's mood. A westerly, but half a gale of it. Old Hyacinth, always down by the head with its deck load, took it green over the wheelhouse and half the time the screw was out of water and threshing the air like a mad windmill.

Swanson feared for the safety of the vessel, now a Coast Guard responsibility, when Brady, ignoring the chart, ran Hyacinth within ten yards of the rocks and took the way off her with a fearful backlash of the ancient engines. He dropped a hook where a sane man would drop a prayer. A pitching buoy now up, now down, on the peaks or in the canyons of the mountainous seas, was blacked out with seaweed like a burglar's lantern. The glass panels over the light were heavily festooned and if the signal was to be seen at the visibility established on the chart, it must be cleared.

Even Brady's own men were dubious as he ordered a boat put over. Swanson said that a skiff would be swamped in that sea and that trying to get near the wildly thrashing buoy would not only be foolhardy but impossible. He protested that even the tender itself was in danger, and indeed she was. Hyacinth strained at her cable and her old bones creaked in anguished apprehension.

Brady knew he did not wear gold braid with much of a dash and that his ship looked like a lobster pot, but he was a Lighthouse man and his job was to keep the whistles sounding over any wind and the light glowing through any darkness. And that he would do.

Swanson made one last effort to take over command. He ordered the boatswain to secure the skiff, now in the water and about to stave itself in against the tender. He told Mr. Bruce to go to the bridge, get the hook up, if possible, and stand to sea.

Mr. Bruce and the boatswain looked at Brady for confirmation. He shook his head. The Coast Guard had taken over the Lighthouse Service, but Swanson hadn't taken over the Hyacinth.

With a knife to clear the lens of the buoy, and a spanner in his pocket with which to unbolt the heavy lid so that it might be lifted to untangle the seaweed, Brady scrambled into the skiff. Swanson slid down the rope behind him.

"Get the hell out of here!" Brady ordered, but the skiff was pitching wildly and by then was wide-parted from the tender.

"This will be a good time to learn how to be a lamplighter, or at least command them," Swanson said.

He pushed Brady aside on the thwart and took one of the oars. It was the first time Brady and Swanson had ever pulled together. Brady was in his element; perhaps a little beyond it, but what discomfort his braggadocio cost was costing Swanson more.

"This is no work for a boy," Brady taunted when Swanson caught a crab instead of biting deep with his heavy oar.

Swanson looked over his shoulder. "Your ship is dragging," he advised Brady.

"Let 'er drag," Brady growled.

But Hyacinth was dragging in the wrong direction. It was coming down on them under a driving sea and a Brady-banshee gale faster than they could pull the heavy skiff. The bow of the tender shunted the skiff aside like a chip and sideswiped the buoy heavily. Brady heard the jangling of the engine-room telegraph in the wheelhouse high above, and was relieved when the ship answered and clawed off the shoal. They had an inch to spare, and that, he told Swanson, was enough in the Lighthouse Service. Brady waved to Hyacinth to dangle the anchor and stand off.

In the rapidly increasing seas, they were swept alongside the fouled buoy and made fast. The whistle howled dismally. The tender had moved off and was hove to, heading into the storm.

Brady made a perilous jump to the buoy.

"Try to keep that skiff from busting itself up," he ordered Swanson. Swanson was doing as well as he could when an avalanche of a wave swamped the boat. He made the buoy literally by his fingernails and Brady grabbed him up the slippery slope.

The sea runs in threes. Sailors call the three great waves the King, the Queen and the Jack. The King picked up Hyacinth and sent her sprawling. Brady could make out her silhouette describing circles as though her rudder had jammed; which it had. The Queen had swamped Swanson in the skiff, and then the Jack snapped the chain on the buoy, already damaged by the impact with Hyacinth. Brady and Swanson were adrift and drifting fast. They estimated a good seven knots.

Only when an hour passed did Mr. Bruce become worried. He searched the seas for the glint of the buoy, then began sweeping the darkening waters with the ship's searchlight. The buoy was gone.

Clinging to the little rail around the light with numb hands, Brady tried to

"Gee, that's swell. Thanks . . . I'll be the only girl on the block with one of these!"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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gather his strength for what he knew he must do by dark. Nor could he let Swanson give up. Brady tried to think of some abuse that would stimulate him. The spray, whip of a thousand lashes, flicked at their faces like a squally cat. Brady tried to remember the old hymn at the mission for those in peril on the deep. But all that he could think of was: "Take it easy, son." Drowning, he'd heard, wasn't bad. A brief moment of trying to breathe, then all snug in God's blue pea jacket—the one He wears at sea.

Brady made small talk of many things. Of when he was just a brawling lad around the docks in San Francisco. And Swanson talked about when he was a little boy on a farm in Minnesota and their old white horse was just a ship's figurehead on the harrow, but the harrow itself was a great ship, and the seven fields were seven seas—and how a fellow can misunderstand another fellow and not like him at first, and ——

"Well"—Brady checked himself abruptly and looked out into the dark—"it's about time to turn out the light and go to bed."

Both men knew what had to be done. With the light visible in the dark for nine miles and the whistle audible, even over the wind, for three, their chances of being picked up would have been fair. But a drifting buoy, showing its established light and blatting its whistle frequency, was a murderous menace to navigation. A ship need only to follow it briefly to pile up on the rocks and shoals.

The lid of the twelve-ton buoy weighed two hundred and fifty pounds. The rim was as sharp as a cleaver. Getting it open on land or in still water was a job. For two men, hanging on for life against the sea, it was almost impossible, but the light must be put out and the whistle stilled.

Brady freed the bolt with his spanner and he and Swanson united their last strength to swing the heavy glass cone back on its hinges. Then the sea slammed it shut. It fell across Brady's arm like a guillotine.

Swanson snatched the neatly knotted tie from his collar and made a tourniquet around Brady's arm above the elbow. He twisted it tight. Smashing the glass with the spanner, Brady thrust what was left of his arm through the jagged hole and cauterized the stump. The light went out.

Juno picked them up in the morning off Point Firmin. Brady was unconscious, but Swanson was cheery and babbling. He talked about the farm in Minnesota and the old white horse on the harrow and of the Coast Guard Academy. In his delirium he confused himself with Brady and talked of when he was a boy on the San Francisco docks. Then he asked them to put out the bright light so he could go to sleep.

On Swanson's recommendation—the one he had written on Hyacinth the day Brady thought he was scuttled—Brady was commissioned a lieutenant commander in the United States Coast Guard and, because of his arm, retired in the same orders.

Becalmed and beached, Brady spent most of his time in Mrs. Smith's prim drawing room.

"What can I do with only one arm?" he asked one day.

"Put it around me," the widow answered, to the amazement of them both.

That, Whistle-Buoy Brady did.

# Mickey Cohen: The Private Life of a Hood (Continued from Page 30)

and without any professional training whatsoever he has dreamed up stunts that would appall even a razzle-dazzle publicity man. Thus, when things are dull at the papers, Mickey blows up a storm. He slugs a waiter, argues with a traffic cop and gets arrested, takes a new girl to a night club, writes sarcastic letters to columnists, accuses a Federal officer of framing him, shows up at a Billy Graham rally, pops up with Lana Turner's love letters, attacks the police on a TV show, sues somebody for something or goes to a distant city, such as Nashville, Tennessee, and invites the police to pinch him. All these things are news and in Los Angeles, at least, they sell papers.

The nerve center for Mickey Cohen, No. 1 Hoodlum, is what he loosely calls the den in his West Los Angeles apartment.

The floor is covered with white rugs thicker and softer than a polar bear's hide, and one whole wall is taken up by a custom-built, white leather divan. There is a desk with a yellow telephone, and the stationery, as softly blue as a baby's eyes, says: FROM THE DESK OF MICKEY COHEN. The room is air conditioned, and Mickey often works or talks there until dawn.

Here he keeps his confidential files and his current scrapbook. The volume is bound in red leather and in it, protected by celluloid envelopes, are clippings on Mickey's activities since he was paroled from McNeil Island Penitentiary in 1955. A memento of considerable personal pride is a color photo arranged by Life magazine which shows Mickey, standing spread-legged like a miniature colossus, before a montage of newspaper front pages in which his name or his activities got the banner lines. Life had published a similar pose in black-and-white.

On one wall are two oil paintings of his bulldog, Mickey, Jr.; an autographed picture of the Rev. James Vaus, a reformed wire tapper and ex-con who occasionally preaches for Billy Graham, and an enormous color photo of entertainer Sammy Davis, Jr. On the opposite wall is a photograph of a pretty dancer which Mickey leaves there only because the lass is so decorative.

"This little girl gave me an ultimatum," he said nostalgically.

"Ultimatum?" I asked.

"Yeah. She says: 'I want to get married.' Now I have no intentions of ever getting married again, and that's the last time I seen her."

"It would be tough being married to you," I said. "You're emptying ash trays every three minutes."

"You're right," he said. "The only one who could live with me was Lavonne, and even then we couldn't agree."

There is another souvenir which, though he keeps it dusted and in plain sight, represents a major error in judgment and he would probably like to forget it.

In the spring of 1957 he was invited to appear on the Mike Wallace television show. Mickey insists now that he was a reluctant guinea pig and that he kept the date only because Billy Graham told him to go there and bare his soul. In any case, intoxicated by the heady wine of national publicity and further soothed by some $1800 in nontaxable expense money, Mickey flew east and sat in the Wallace hot seat on May 19th.

Mickey started right off saying he had had a "bellyful" of the rackets. Then, alas, with Wallace goading him, he viciously chopped up Police Chief Parker and Capt. James Hamilton, director of the Police Intelligence Department in Los Angeles. The A.B.C. network desperately tried to neutralize the venom a week later with an unprecedented personal apology from Vice President Oliver Treyz, but the victims would have none of it and filed libel suits. Eight months later—with Mickey screaming that Wallace had left him holding the bag when he was ready to prove the charges—the network settled the cases. Chief Parker got $45,975.09 tax-free cash; Captain Hamilton was given $22,987.55.

> A glamorous woman is one who looks poured into the kind of dress other women look dumped into.
>
> G. NORMAN COLLIE

Mickey's memento of this disastrous soul-baring, unfortunately, is not spendable or even useful. Mike Wallace gave him an Italian-made red leather cigarette box with a silver plate on which is engraved Mickey's name and the date and title of the show. Mickey doesn't smoke.

Living up to the legend of Mickey Cohen has to be a tour de force when the power and the big money have gone, when you have to manufacture your own news to stay alive in print, and when you owe a million dollars in taxes and personal debts you can never repay.

These obstacles, rather than sidetracking him into obscurity, have had a remarkable opposite effect. "When Mick went to McNeil Island Prison," one surprised police official said, "we thought he was as good as buried. But here he is again, running around like the rabbit at the dog track."

Mickey's consumption of energy starts the instant he rolls out of his kingly bed, usually late in the morning. He is communing on one of his six telephones even before he gets his face washed or his hair combed, hoarsely carrying on staccato and cryptic conversations. No Don Quixote, jousting with the windmills, ever put more drama into nonessentials. Mickey squirms, shouts, cusses, frowns, commands. Few of those called—they include lawyers, newspapermen, bookies, ex-convict pals and assorted girls—ever shout back because, when he is crossed, Mickey's language can singe an asbestos suit.

However, there are a few friends and acquaintances who, knowing Mickey better than he knows himself, shout back at him, or joke with him once in a while. Human nature being what it is, it is not surprising that Mickey takes it when they dish it out. The regular dissenters include Leon Metzger, owner of a dry-cleaning plant; Jim Richardson, retired city editor of the Los Angeles Examiner; Willa Haywood, Mickey's former housekeeper; and Helen Phillips, wife of Abe Phillips, Mickey's bail bondsman.

Mrs. Phillips, for example, phoned Mickey one evening while I was there and said: "What are you doing tonight?"

"Nothing," Mickey said.

"Nothing?" she said. "Well, go out and kill me a couple of people."

Mrs. Phillips frequently taunts Mickey with this sardonic humor, and when I last saw her she was planning a unique Christmas present for him—a miniature electric chair.

It is in the morning, when his metabolism struggles to shift gears for the day's high-speed run, that Mickey most looks like a hood. Unshaven, hair askew, heavy eyelids. A scowling rebel scarred by guns and fists and knife blades. "A simian figure," Senator Kefauver once said disparagingly, "with pendulous lip and spreading paunch." Skin dark as twilight. Five-feet-six. "Pint-sized mobster," the newspapers always say. This is what bothers him. Those devastating words: Pint-sized mobster.

We were in the gleaming, custom-built kitchen one morning, with Mickey casting a dubious eye on the four built-in spigots which dispense root beer, cola, soda and ice water—but no coffee. He was opening a can of imported coffee—"I use the best and I make the best damn coffee in Los Angeles," he said—and I asked him how he felt about the newspaper descriptions of himself.

"It don't bother me because I know I'm not," he said.

"How would you define yourself then?"

"Look," he said, "in the early days I could have been referred to as a mobster, or even a gangster. I know that today I'm not a mobster or a gangster. If I were in the rackets now I'd run around in a cheap car and I'd stay out of night clubs and I wouldn't get any publicity at all. But I can't live this way. Me driving a big car is what's aggravating Police Chief Parker. I do this because this is me."

Mickey doesn't have to work overtime on this thesis, of course, and in Los Angeles there is no need to announce that "this is me." He is as quickly recognized, on the street or anywhere else, as many a movie star, and he instinctively straightens up a little when people gape or whisper: "Hey, that's Mickey Cohen." The "big car" he refers to is a 1957 limousine which cost $15,300 and which he keeps in a carport at his Barrington Avenue apartment. The car, which has a stainless-steel top, air conditioning and a built-in bar, though he never drinks himself, is almost a tourist attraction in the community, and when he rolls it out for the day's business many of his neighbors are surreptitiously gawking from their windows. There is occasional confusion about this car in Beverly Hills because Nicky Hilton, the hotel heir, drives a similar model, and both use the same choice parking space. But when Mickey himself is at the wheel there is no mistaking the cocky tilt of the head, or the pugnacious thrust of his chin.

There was a time recently—before Mickey began yelling persecution—when relays of detectives kept a daily check on Mickey's friends and their movements around town with him. Mickey told me he was aware of this surveillance, but, because he had a souped-up engine in his car, he was confident he himself could shake the shadows when he felt like it. "Now, I'm not such a bad guy," he said. "Lotsa times I seen these young rookies tailing me and I'd step on the gas and leave 'em behind. But then I figured—these poor guys'll catch hell for losing me. And so I'd pull up at the curb and wait for 'em. I don't think they appreciated it." Captain (*Continued on Page 120*)

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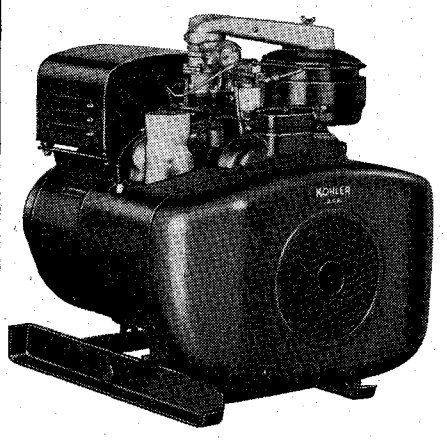

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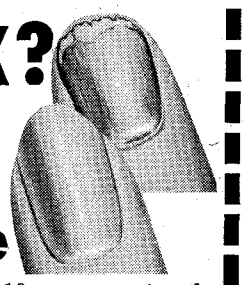

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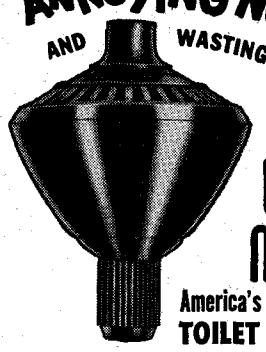

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(*Continued from Page 118*) Hamilton concedes Mickey's car was faster, but says his claim that he waited for prowl cars to catch up is "hogwash."

Few citizens know that Mickey's flashy new vehicle, like so many other aspects of his life, is more or less of a sham.

He explained to me that when he got out of McNeil Island in 1955 he was modestly driving a low-priced car loaned to him by the Rev. Jim Vaus. First he bought a secondhand sedan. Then he went to a dealer friend in Beverly Hills and was told, yes, they would be happy to put him into a bigger and newer car. He had bought so many expensive cars there in previous years—including one or two for small-town police chiefs who let him run a little crap game now and then—that he was almost in the fleet-operator class. "Mickey was always good for it," said Jerry Hellestoe, general manager of the company, "and we had confidence he could pay. We took in his older car in trade and let him have the new one with a comparatively small down payment."

The facts are that Mickey owes Uncle Sam $512,000 in back taxes and thus dares not own anything that can be attached. So the car is registered to George and Lillian Weiner—Lillian is Mickey's sister—and is actually owned by the finance company. Mickey is buying it in easy monthly payments like any other poor slob—at $341 a month—and he cannot take it out of the state without written permission from the owners. Rather than go through this humiliating procedure, he borrows a henchman's car, or uses a plane on out-of-state trips. He even had to finagle auto insurance from a personal friend in the insurance business because the big companies turned him down long ago. Rival mobsters used him for target practice so often that no company wanted any part of the risk, and to this day he can't get insurance on anything that might get holes in it, including himself.

Though Mickey now keeps telling himself that the gang war is over, there was a time when his enemies were regularly celebrating National Bump-Off-Mickey-Cohen Week. He looked with envy on the armored cars that serviced the Hollywood banks, but he wasn't prodded into action until a near disaster at four o'clock one morning.

Mickey had an electronic gadget on his dashboard which would turn on floodlights while he was still a block away from the gate at his Brentwood home, but this time he delayed pushing the button. He was twenty feet from the gate when the lights went on and the tommy guns opened up on two sides. Mickey says he spun the wheel, slid off the seat and blindly drove down the street while the bullets were shattering every piece of glass in the car.

Shortly after this miraculous escape Mickey commissioned an auto-body company in Beverly Hills to design a bullet-proof body for a big sedan. The car cost $25,000, took nine months to build and eventually proved an item of embarrassment to the Los Angeles police. It seems the company asked police ballistics experts for help without identifying the buyer, and various kinds of steel plates were actually tested on the official police gunnery range. The plates that finally went into the car resisted everything but a bazooka rocket, and this armor was augmented with a beveled front and slits through which Mickey could safely fire back at opposing torpedoes.

When the car was finally ready for combat—by that time Mickey had had his hair singed by a couple of other executioners—he was stunned to learn that state officials would not let him drive an armored car on the public streets and roads. The costly vehicle gathered dust in a garage while Mickey vainly pulled strings, and at last he announced it was for sale. Among those who wrote, phoned or sent emissaries, he says, were Emperor Haile Selassie, Juan Perón and a certain Latin-American dictator whose name he can't recall. There was a revolution brewing and this latter gentleman needed armor plate in a hurry, but unfortunately he was mowed down even while his agent was en route to Los Angeles to pick up the car.

The machine was eventually sold for $12,000 to a Texas auto-racing association for display at county fairs, and Mickey indignantly turned down a $5000-a-week offer to make personal appearances at the wheel.

Whether the armored car would have helped Mickey or prevented any of the bloodshed is debatable.

Mickey was one of the combatants in a murderous war with an enemy he now loosely refers to as "the Sicilians," and his thesis, as he expressed it to Jim Richardson, was this: "The people of Los Angeles ought to get down on their knees and thank God for Mickey Cohen because if it wasn't for me the Wops would have this town tied up." Richardson says that in the Cohen lexicon the word "Wops" means Mafia. And Mickey knew the names and motives of the men who wanted to bump him off and take over the gambling setup in Los Angeles.

"I'm not naming names, you understand," he said to me. "That war is over and that's in the past. But it wasn't only a war of control. There were certain people who thought they were losing face. They were old-world people and they were losing stature with their own kind in other parts of the country. It's like I was taking the play away from them, but not doing it intentionally. Actually I had great respect for many of these people who were trying to get rid of me, and lots of times I did 'em a favor. There was one main guy behind all this and even his own people were trying to make peace."

"What happened to him?" I asked.

"I can't answer that question," Mickey said.

"Is he dead? Was he killed? Somebody take care of him?"

Mickey gave me a wry grin. "Look," he said, "there's nothing I can answer on that unless I want to lie."

"But after this man went away or died or whatever happened to him—there was no more threat?"

"No, thank God," he said fervently.

"You feel safe now?"

"I know I'm safe."

The Los Angeles police know who was gunning for Mickey. I think I know too. But, as Mickey says, the war is over and he won it. It is not really much of a mystery why Mickey won it. He was unbelievably lucky and, more important, he was a home-town boy and he had the connections in the right places. Los Angeles was essentially a provincial area and some of the powers there, especially those who were benefiting from Mickey's enormous and far-flung gambling operations, resented having city slickers from the East trying to muscle in.

Nevertheless, the enemy kept trying to knock him off—armored car or no—and although Mickey admitted only five such strafings to Senator Kefauver, he now says there were at least ten.

The battle started in Mickey's haberdashery on Sunset Boulevard. This place, a bookmaking headquarters where the help had little interest in the merchandise, was protected by steel walls, electronic eyes and other safety devices, but all these installations didn't keep the killers away.

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On August 18, 1948, Mickey was in the place with three of his boys—Harry (Hooky) Rothman, Al (Slick) Snyder and Jimmy Rist. Another punk, one Jimmy Frattiano, had just gone out after chewing the fat with Mick—a fortuitous departure that has since given Mickey food for thought. Mickey was on the phone waiting for a long-distance call when, for reasons it would take a crystal gazer to explain, he decided to wash his hands. Mickey has had this compulsion for years, as I said earlier, and washes his hands dozens of times during the day.

He handed the phone to Snyder and went to the washroom. At that moment a man walked into the office with a gun. Snyder hit the floor, but the first shot hit him on the arm. He grabbed the pistol from the killer and got another wound on the ear. When Hooky Rothman heard the shots he had the tough luck to bump into a second hood carrying a shotgun, waist high.

Hooky could have passed for Mickey Cohen in the dark, and the point-blank blast ripped his face off. Jimmy Rist was hit with a piece of flying metal, too, but Mickey was safe in the washroom, sprawled on the floor and keeping the door shut with braced feet.

None of the Cohen lads admitted recognizing the gunmen, of course. The gun, abandoned by the first man, was examined by the sheriff's men, but its ownership was never traced. Recently, while I was still in Los Angeles, Mickey drove past the old place and got a nostalgic twinge when he saw that it was once again being operated as a haberdashery. On a sentimental impulse he walked inside and introduced himself to the owner.

"You like the place?" he asked.

"Sure do," the man said, "but I'd like to meet the crazy architect who designed this store."

"That was me," Mickey said modestly. "What's wrong with the joint?"

"Oh, nothing much. But every time I look around I find a new trap door."

"Yeah, I know," Mickey said. "But between you and me—if you're in trouble they won't do you any good."

The major onslaught took place on the fashionable Sunset Strip, a section of unincorporated land between Hollywood and Beverly Hills, on July 20, 1949. Mickey had dropped in for a late snack at Sherry's, a pub then owned by an ex-New York cop named Barney Ruditsky. Mickey was surrounded by his usual retinue of courtiers and their ladies, and in the entourage that night were Dee David, a pretty young actress; Neddie Herbert, his beefy bodyguard whose skull had been missed by a couple of opposition hoods in an ambush not long before; Frank Niccoli, a heist guy and ex-con from Cleveland; Johnny Stompanato, who was stabbed to death earlier this year by Lana Turner's daughter, Cheryl; a second bodyguard named Harry Cooper, who had been assigned to protect Mickey by California Attorney General Fred Howser; and Florabel Muir, of the New York Daily News.

Mickey came out on the sidewalk at about four A.M. and sent for his car, and at that moment the gunners opened up from a vacant lot across the street. Herbert was filled with slugs and later died. Mickey got a chunk of lead in his shoulder and Cooper was hit in the stomach. Miss David was creased in the back, and Florabel Muir was unromantically nicked in the fanny, as she later reported in her autobiography. One piece of lead even ricocheted into the restaurant and sliced a small piece of flesh from the left ear of the piano player, Margaret Padula.

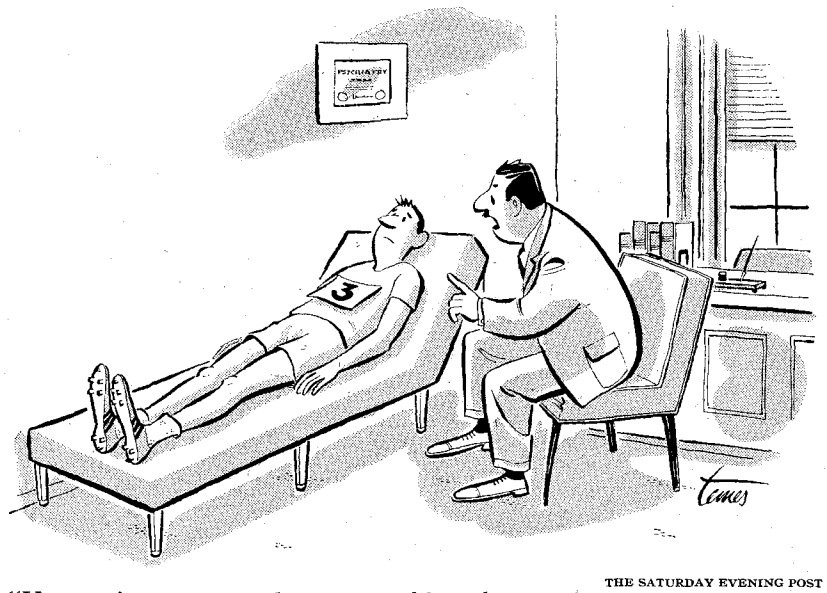
"Them guys was mad-dog punks," Mickey said at the hospital. "They ain't human." The mad-dog punks, alas, were never caught. Neddie Herbert was buried and, in effect, so was Attorney General Howser. It was never quite satisfactorily explained why Howser had assigned one of his agents to guard Mickey, and for this and other reasons the voters put him out to pasture and gave the job to a man named Edmund G. (Pat) Brown, currently the Democratic candidate for governor of California.

Nowadays, though he instinctively drives his present car as though he might be ambushed at any minute, it is generally conceded that Mickey is no longer important enough to kill. Mickey himself admits he fears nobody but Chief Parker's sleuths who, he says in chronic and tiresome rebuttal, are sitting up nights plotting to frame him on almost anything. He forgets he was using the same crying towel eight years ago when Senator Kefauver put him through the hoops.

There was a period when, while riding around the county, Mickey could kid with the sheriff's men and other law-enforcement officials, and among other props he carried to demonstrate his connections was a miniature California Highway Patrol badge. He made the mistake of wearing it openly during a 1957 court case involving one of his hoods, and in the corridor afterward he was ordered to produce it for inspection by Sgt. Mark Benson of the patrol.

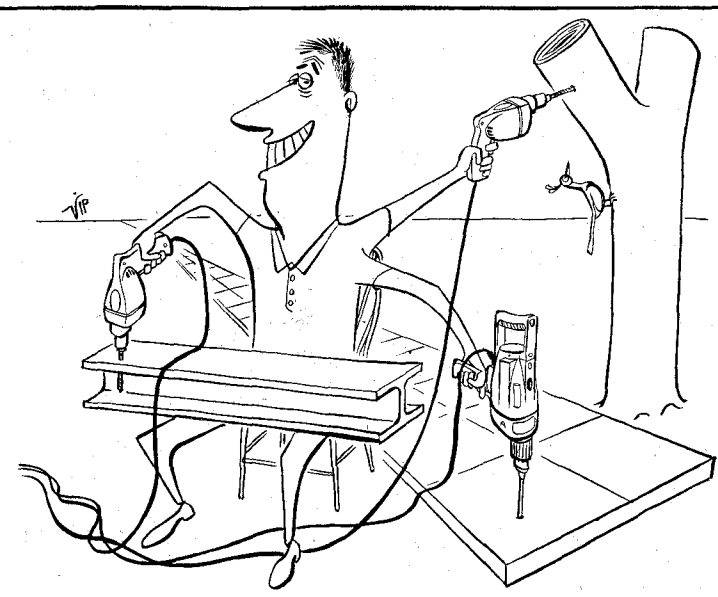
"Where'd you get this, Mick?" Benson asked.

"I bought it," Mickey said. "It cost me a hundred."



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"You can't expect to solve your problems by running away from them."

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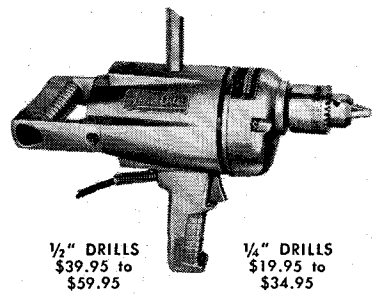

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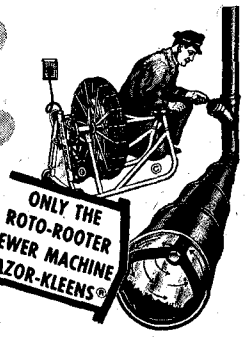


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Benson handed the badge back. "You got stuck," he said dryly. "You can buy these for two bucks in any jewelry store."

Mickey's daily routine, which seems as aimless as buckshot fired into an empty sky, often starts with a late breakfast at the Carousel, a nearby ice-cream parlor managed by his sister, Lillian. There is a small office in the rear and there, while waiting for his grapefruit juice and ham and eggs, Mickey makes a second round of calls on a phone he is reasonably sure has not been tapped. Mickey's grapefruit juice, incidentally—as more than one harassed Los Angeles chef has learned the hard way—has to be carefully squeezed by hand and strained to remove even the tiniest piece of pulp.

The Carousel, as the police know, is a favorite rendezvous spot for the hoods and ex-cons who cluster around Mickey. These gatherings, for obvious reasons, take place during the darkest hours from one to four A.M. and Mickey wolfs a pint or two of ice cream—his favorite food—while he and the boys discuss what's new. The police, by the way, have written down the license numbers of all cars parked there after one A.M. for the past two years.

Mickey is proud of this establishment and not long ago, realizing that in Los Angeles it is practically *de rigueur* to have autographed pictures of celebrities on the walls, he began scraping up a few here and there. He got a couple signed by entertainer Sammy Davis, Jr., and two different poses of comedian Ben Blue, but the walls looked singularly naked the first time I went there with him, and he was plainly distressed.

"Where are all those new pitchers we was gonna get?" he shouted at Lillian.

"I don't know, Mickey," she said quietly. "Nobody's brought any."

Jules Salkin, architect and manager of the apartment building in which Mickey lives, was anxious to remedy the oversight. When I last saw him he was digging up an old print of Beethoven, which he was going to sign: "Good luck, Mickey. Your friend Ludwig." Meanwhile, however, Mickey has scrounged a number of others for his gallery, and the following faces are now hanging on the wall: Pat Morrissey, Mike Wallace, George Raft, Audrey Totter, Leo Diamond and Kay Cee Jones. Never let it be said that the Carousel is not the place to go for a banana split even if Duncan Hines hasn't been persuaded to come around.

Twice during my Los Angeles stay, Mickey's big car developed a squeak or a vapor lock or some other irritating flaw, and so in the emergency I was conscripted as his chauffeur for the day.

The first time, with Mickey giving me precise directions on where and how to park—he is exceedingly allergic to traffic cops—we drove my rented car to a clothing store in Beverly Hills. Mickey sprang from the car, trotted into the store and emerged moments later waving a check. "Just want to show you how my credit is around here," he said. "I make a two-minute stop and I come out with three grand."

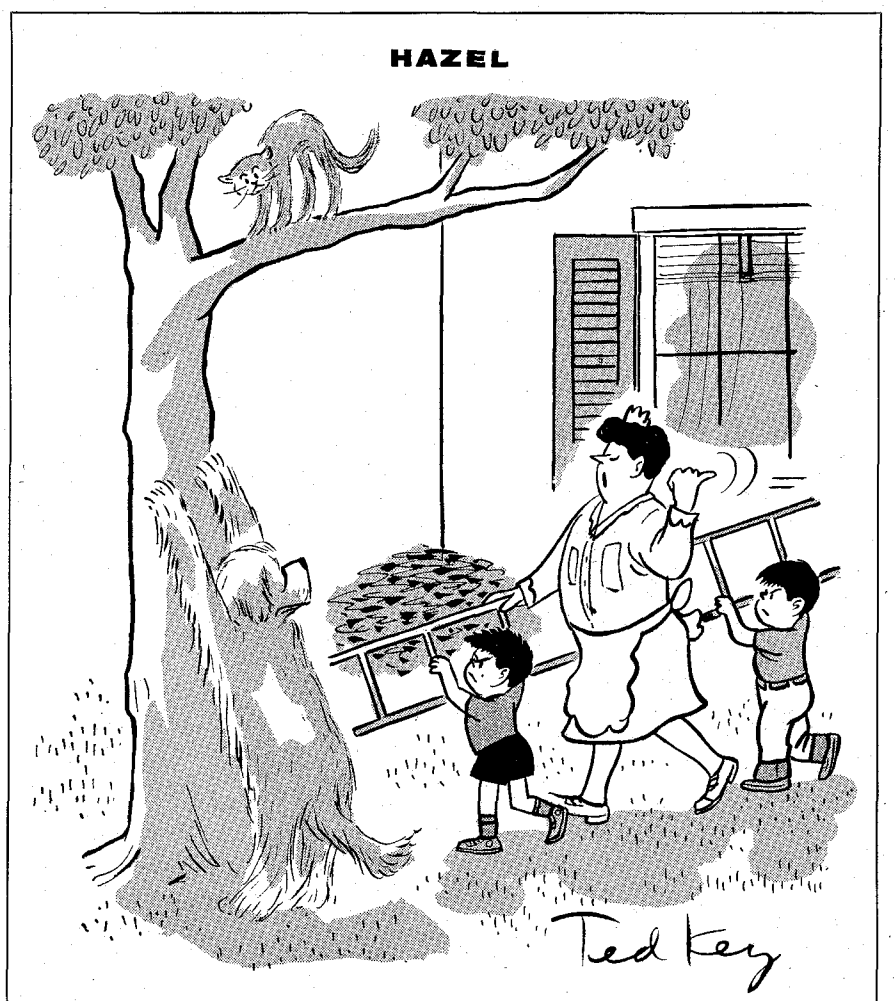
Next we went out Fairfax Avenue to a night club called Billy Gray's Band Box. Mickey spun in and out of the club and a building next door some four times, like a man trapped in a revolving door, made two calls in a public phone booth and joined me. He had picked up some mail at the Band Box—he has strategic drops like this all over town—and he slowly read aloud a fan letter from some admirer. "Listen to this," he said. "Here's a woman who says: 'Dear Mickey. Keep up the fight and don't let them cops frame you.'"

"Who wrote the letter?" I asked.

"It don't say. It's just signed: 'A friend.' I get 'em like this all the time."

He stuffed the *billets-doux* into his jacket and we went on to the Beverly Wilshire Health Club at 1125 South Beverly Drive. This establishment is to Mickey what the magic slipper was to Cinderella, and in the club barbershop, with the help of skilled hands and a few sawbucks sprinkled around, he can remove all traces of the scullery.

Mickey goes to the club twice a week, and there is an appreciable flurry when he shows up. He takes an hour or more to get a haircut, manicure, shave and facial massage, and he has his thick eyebrows shaved. There was a portable, plug-in telephone ready for him and it started to ring the moment he sat down. Mickey's movements are reported by some strange tom-tom system I was never able to fathom, and his cronies and relatives know where he is at almost any given hour. All I know is that the Carousel is a sort of answering service, with Lillian taking personal messages for her brother.




"O.K., wise guy."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

The day I went to the health club with Mickey—and this must have been by prearrangement—he was soon joined by ever-present Fred Sica, Max Tannenbaum and Itchy Mandel, three of the constant companions I mentioned in an earlier chapter. Mickey not only paid his own bill but also picked up the haircut and manicure tabs for his friends. The bill was somewhere around $50 with substantial tips, but later Mickey griped to me about how times have changed.

"In the old days," he said bitterly, "my standard tip for a barber was twenty bucks. So I get a new guy the other day who'd never shaved me before and I slip him three bucks. Can you believe that this guy never opened his mouth but looked at me like he's thinking: *Three bucks. The cheap bum!*"

One of the drawbacks to these health-club visits is that Mickey can't help running into certain members who make his blood pressure jump and who, if this were not a civilized community, might get whacked over the head with a gun butt.

One of these citizens is Paul Caruso, a prominent young attorney who represents actor James Mason, *couturier* Don Loper, boxer Art Aragon and other Beverly Hills celebrities. When Mickey came home from prison in 1955 he retained Caruso to handle various civil matters. There developed a close personal relationship which, among other things, saw Mickey and Lavonne Cohen dining at the Caruso home two or three evenings a week.

"Mickey was always the perfect gentleman at my home," Caruso says. "He doesn't drink or smoke, of course, and he didn't swear once. In time Mickey and I had a gradual cooling off, and I began to see that he was not really soft-spoken at all. He was dangerous and the fact that I was his attorney was damaging me with other clients. By the time we parted company he owed me $7900 and he refused to pay."

On February 1, 1957, Caruso phoned Mickey at a nursery he was then operating and said he wanted some money.

"Come and get it if you're man enough," Mickey snapped.

"Are there any of your hoods around?"

"No," Mickey said. "I'm alone."

Caruso drove to the nursery on South Vermont Avenue and found Mickey in his little office with two gangster friends who promptly disappeared. Mickey's sister, Lillian, was standing beside Caruso when Mickey suddenly pulled a .38 blue-barreled revolver from the desk. Caruso says his stomach flipped and he was sure Mickey was going to let him have it. He made a desperation grab for Lillian, pulled her around in front of him and slowly backed out of the office.

Caruso now has only the vaguest recollection of stumbling out to his car, using Lillian as a shield all the way. Mickey was livid and speechless holding the gun, and finally turned back to the nursery as Caruso drove off in a panic. The lawyer called the police when he got home, but Mickey was gone when a prowl car got to the nursery. No gun was found, and Caruso was so scared that he left the scene without trying to get the names of two people on the sidewalk who saw Mickey with the gun.

At two A.M. that same night Caruso was called on the phone by one of Mickey's men whose voice he recognized. "Listen, Caruso," the hood said, "you got the little fellow mad at you. He don't like you and it's gonna cost you a grand to square this beef." Caruso didn't pay.

The Caruso incident, although reported to the police, was never turned over to the press and is being related here for the first time. Mickey denied the whole affair to me and said that as an ex-convict he'd be a fool to carry a gun. The police department, on the other hand, says it is not illegal to keep a gun for protection in a business establishment.

Caruso, who never collected any of his fees, is now philosophical about his frightening encounter with Mickey and says: "Mickey lives on the theory that people are afraid to talk. I'm sure he thought I'd never say a word to anybody. But I hope to be a lawyer around here for a long time, and I'm not going to live in shadows and worry about Mickey Cohen."

For the record it might be mentioned here that Mickey was a known gun-toter, though he cannot legally own one now. Two revolvers, one a .38, were found in his desk when Lt. Rudy Wellpott raided one of his crap games some years ago. Mickey himself admits he pistol-whipped a Chicago thug named Katsy back in the early days, and he pistol-whipped Jimmy Utley, a gangster who is currently at San Quentin. And it was a .38—as Mickey confessed—that put his enemy Max Shaman into the morgue in 1945.

The Utley case, incidentally, demonstrates what happens when the mob turns on a man. Utley, a gambler and political fixer with a long criminal record, was attempting to muscle in on the Cohen enterprises during the early years when Mickey rose to power in the Los Angeles underworld. In August, 1946—before no less than a hundred horrified witnesses in a restaurant—Utley was clubbed into unconsciousness with a pistol butt. During the Kefauver hearings five years later Utley said he never saw his assailant, and denied under oath that Mickey Cohen had anything to do with it. Mickey also denied the attack.

Later, however—and this story has never been told until now—Mickey made a social call at the Arcadia home of his friend Jim Richardson, then city editor of the Los Angeles Examiner. Mickey showed up in what Richardson described as a "god-awful riding habit with polished boots and cap"—although he did not have a reputation as a horseman. Mickey brought gift boxes filled with French pastries, and after dinner, mellowed by the setting sun and the woodsy charm of Richardson's garden, Mickey swung in a hammock and talked.

"I've been meaning to tell you about Utley, but not for publication," he said. "Jim, we had a meeting. Just like a board of directors. We took a vote on Utley, whether to kill him, put him out of business or what. The verdict was that we'd beat him up, and I was given the job."

"Mick," Richardson said, "do you mean to say you sat around and actually balloted on a man's death?"

"Yes," Mickey said.

"Mick," Richardson said, "I never knew you'd do a cold thing like that."

Mickey shrugged and changed the subject.

Editors' Note—This is the third of four articles by Mr. Jennings. The fourth will appear next week.

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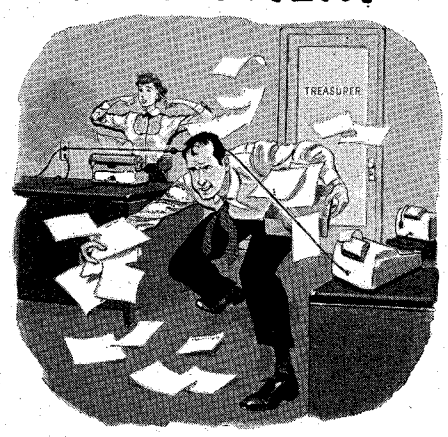


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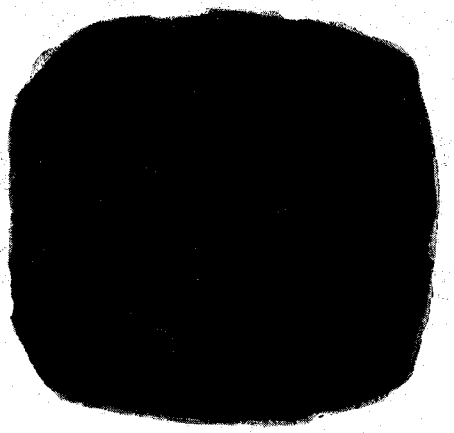

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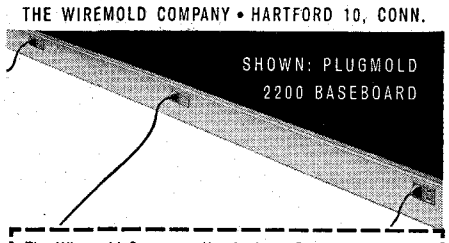


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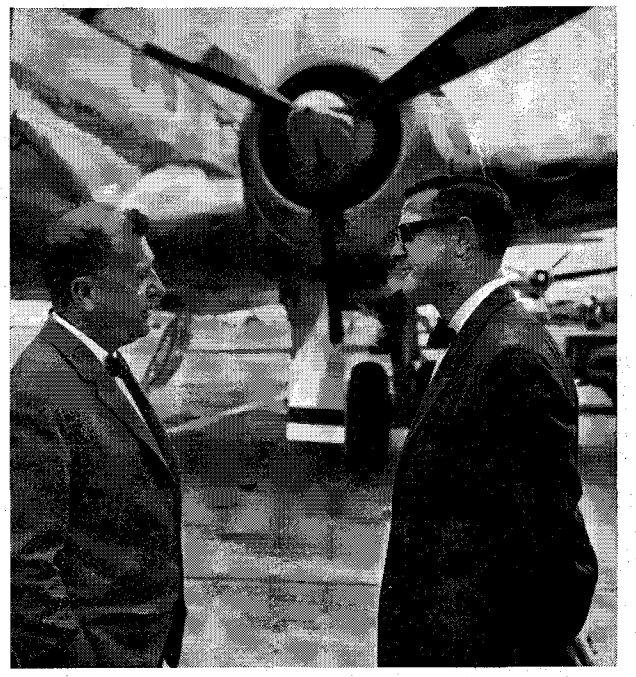
# Keeping Posted

## "The Ugly American"

Some time ago two old friends, **Capt. William Lederer, U.S.N.,** and **Eugene Burdick,** met in Honolulu, and found themselves chatting about how America's prestige was waning in Southeast Asia and the failure of Americans to realize this. So they decided to write a book about it. Besides being first-class writers, they had much in common to recommend their decision. Bill Lederer, a Post contributor and author of the best seller, All the Ship's at Sea, is an expert on Far East political trends and, as he puts it, "has commuted a lot" to Asian countries as special assistant to Adm. Felix Stump, who until recently was commander of U. S. military forces in the Pacific. Bud Burdick (his best seller was The Ninth Wave) was a naval officer in World War II and is now assistant professor of political theory at the University of California. What the two men *don't* have in common is geographical propinquity: Lederer and his wife and three boys make their home in Honolulu, when he has time to be home, and naturally Burdick—with his wife and three youngsters—lives 2000 miles eastward in Berkeley. Burdick left for home the day after the book decision.

Well, they got themselves dictating machines, and for a couple of months they talked the book over by mailing each other platters of dictation. Then Lederer hopped over to San Francisco for a few days, and they apportioned chapters for each to write. By now they had the deadline of a book publisher (W. W. Norton and Co.) coming up in ten weeks, so the ensuing writing period was a weird mélange of overseas phone calls, ocean-hopping back and forth between the U.S. and Hawaii, mailing of platters—and writing. When the novel was nearly finished, they decided they didn't like the tone of it and would have to write it all over again. In Honolulu, with the help of four stenographers and oceans of coffee, they did the rewrite in six days flat. By then, Eric Swenson, of the Norton company, was right on the spot with outstretched hands, ready to snatch up the manuscript. So all ended well. The Ugly American is being published October first, and the Post's series from the book opens on page 19.



**Old friends: Bill Lederer and Bud Burdick.**

It might be well to stress that the setting for this book is a fictitious country, Sarkhan, and that the characters all are imaginary. But the action—shocking, sometimes tragic, often violent—is founded on fact. So in this series of warning tales unfolds the inside story of how America has been losing the cold war.

## Tales of the Authors

**Ray Bradbury** says he's busy. He has just finished a book of short stories which Doubleday will publish this winter (it includes the novelette on page 28); he is finishing a novel for 1959 publication; and he is working on a stage play, a screen play, and on a TV series based on his science-fiction stories.

Author **Jean Stafford,** of page 34, calls herself a phonophobe; she's allergic to noises like pneumatic drills, vocal dogs, whistlers and bellowing TV sets. As a result, she is constantly moving to what seems, to her, quieter quarters. Once she moved into a new building and discovered *after* she was settled that she was right above a music school for children. She lives in New York—at least she did when last heard from.

**Dr. Pietro Belluschi** of page 36, who is dean of the School of Architecture and Planning at M.I.T. and a brilliant practicing architect, says that with a few exceptions he doesn't think too well of the architects of his generation (he was born in 1899), and he believes that the great challenges of human environment are still to be met. "The young architects now coming out of the schools are much better prepared to meet and understand the problems of contemporary society. I find their enthusiastic minds a continuous source of delight."

**Children's hour in Ray Bradbury home.**

**NEXT WEEK'S POST:**

"The 'J P': Should He be Abolished?"

A startling report on how archaic state laws enable dishonest justices of the peace to gouge defendants and convict the innocent.

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